THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Jan./Feb. '84 $1.75

Calling on Avon

Flying Saucers: Are They Us?

Soups for Health

Vets on Pets

Chuck Colson

Real Rockwell People

Scoliosis

Denver's Kiki Vandeweghe

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The Norman Rockwell Figurines

Gramps at the Reins

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Figurine above shown actual size.

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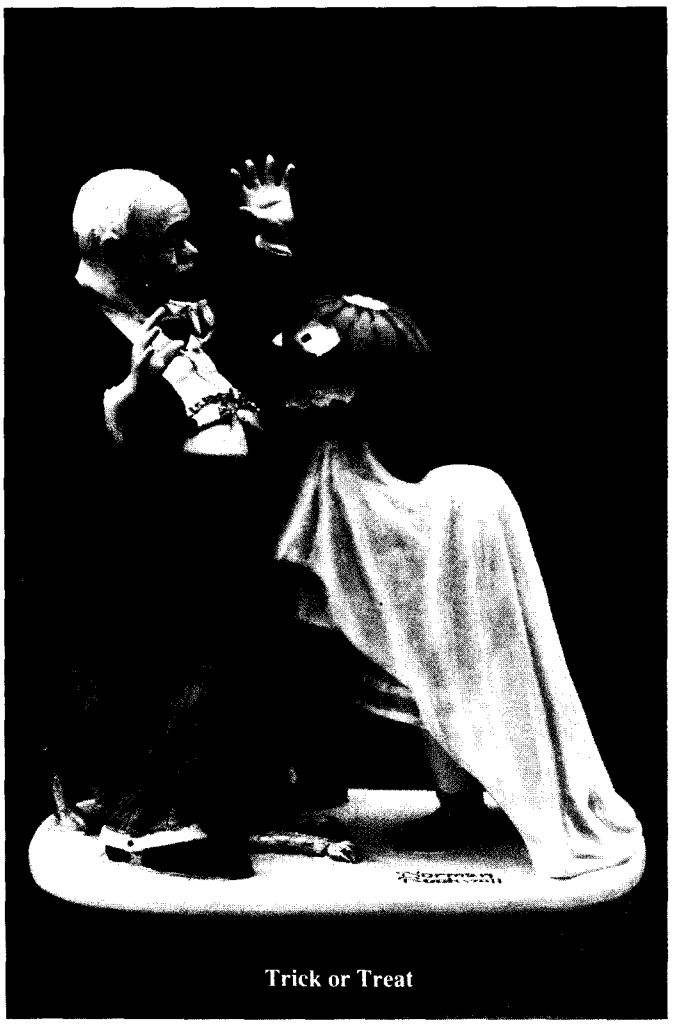

Trick or Treat

Granpa Snowman

Figurines above shown smaller than actual sizes which range from 5⅞″ to 6½″ in height.

A collection of twelve hand-painted figurines in fine imported porcelain inspired by the unforgettable Saturday Evening Post *classics of Norman Rockwell.*

He is unquestionably America's best-loved artist – and it's easy to understand why. For Norman Rockwell loved *us*. With a heart as big as his talent, he celebrated our heritage, championed our values, and affectionately caught us unawares in our moments of triumph, tenderness, joy and embarrassment. He looked kindly upon our foibles, made light of our daily dilemmas, and again and again affirmed an unshakable faith in our basic goodness.

Extraordinary Collector Demand for Rockwell Figurines

Nowhere is the special charm of Rockwell's work more apparent than in the unique artistic medium that is taking the collecting world by storm – *Rockwell figurines*.

Beautifully-executed figurines inspired by the great works of Norman Rockwell have grown so popular because they combine the stunning lifelike realism of Rockwell's art with the added realism of *three-dimensional sculpture*. The joyous result is that classic Rockwell scenes appear in their most lifelike renderings ever!

Announcing an Historic Rockwell Tribute

That is why the Danbury Mint is proud to present a landmark tribute to this authentic American genius. By official authority of *The Saturday Evening Post*, this collection renders twelve of Norman Rockwell's classic paintings in beautiful, hand-painted figurines of fine imported porcelain.

As you probably know, Rockwell gave his best years and talents to *The Saturday Evening Post*. From 1916 to 1963, Rockwell's *Post* covers delighted countless mil-

(continued)

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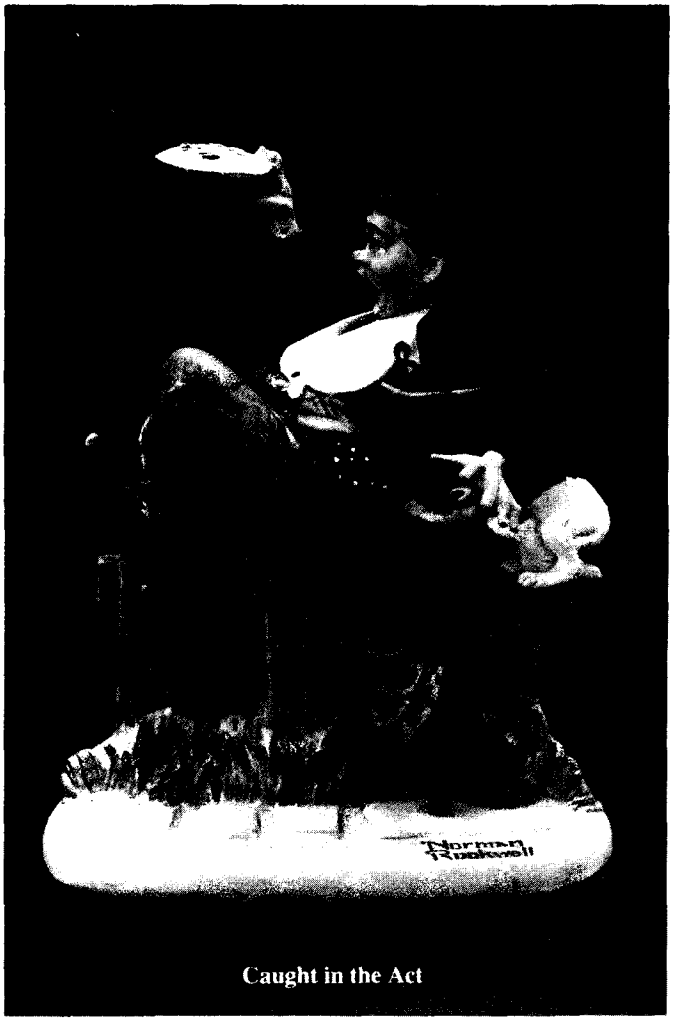
Young Love



Caught in the Act

Figurines shown smaller than actual sizes which range from 5⅞" to 6½" in height.

(continued from previous page)

lions of Americans with warm and witty "visual vignettes" of everyday life in America. Together these *Post* covers comprise one of our nation's richest artistic treasures, a magnificent collection of genuine 20th century Americana.

The Finest Rockwell Figurines You Can Find Anywhere!

These twelve Norman Rockwell figurines are unsurpassed. They are exceptional because of their composition, their complexity of form, their wealth of detail, and their richness of color. You simply cannot compare them with lesser figurines cast from a single mold and hastily painted with a few conventional colors.

While the photographs here are two-dimensional, you can begin to see why these figurines are altogether different. Each scene, on its own integral base, consists of several different sculptured forms which must be brought together, with the most painstaking care, to create the genuine three-dimensional effect and true dramatic realism of the total composition.

Each Figurine Individually Hand-Painted

To enhance their artistic fidelity and capture Rockwell's brilliant mastery of lighting, texture and color, each figurine will be painstakingly hand-painted with a wide palette of ceramic colors.

To charm and delight you is the grandpa who's behaving more like a child than his grandson in *Gramps at the Reins*... in *Trick or Treat* you can almost hear the impish little girl giggling under the sheet as she "surprises" her kindly victim... the boy who has abandoned an old friend in pursuit of a new "puppy love" in *Young Love* ... and other favorite Norman Rockwell classics especially selected from the best of his works.

An Exceptional Value

Rockwell figurines of such outstanding quality often sell for up to $125 each in stores. Yet the Danbury Mint is making each of the figurines in this collection available at only $65. The exceptionally low price is made possible by the economics of this convenient, direct-by-mail offer – where the savings get passed along to you.

An Exclusive Edition. Price Guaranteed Only Until March 31, 1984

In keeping with its unique collectible status, *The Norman*

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Shown above are six of the figurines in this collection in one of the many ways you might display them in your home.

Rockwell Figurines will be available exclusively from the Danbury Mint. No figurines will be available in even the finest stores. The current price is guaranteed only for subscriptions entered by March 31, 1984.

Convenient Acquisition Plan

You can reserve your collection of *The Norman Rockwell Figurines* by simply completing the attached reservation application. There is no need to send money now. The twelve figurines will be issued at the rate of one every two months. You will be billed for each figurine in two convenient monthly installments of only $32.50 each.

Your Complete Satisfaction Guaranteed

Of course, if you receive any figurine you are not completely satisfied with for any reason, you may return it within 30 days for replacement or refund. And you may discontinue your subscription at any time.

Act Promptly to Avoid Disappointment

This is an extraordinary opportunity to open your home to the gentle wisdom, timeless appeal and great artistic skill of America's best-loved artist. *Reserve your collection today!*

RESERVATION APPLICATION

Y509

The Norman Rockwell Figurines

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
P.O. Box 5280
Norwalk, Conn. 06856

Price guaranteed only for subscriptions entered by March 31, 1984.
Limit: one set per subscriber.

Please accept my reservation to *The Norman Rockwell Figurines*. I understand this is a collection of 12 hand-painted porcelain figurines featuring classic Norman Rockwell paintings from *The Saturday Evening Post*.

I need send no money now. The collection will be issued at the rate of one figurine every two months. I will pay for each figurine as billed in two convenient monthly installments of $32.50 each. Any figurine I am not completely satisfied with may be returned within 30 days for a replacement or refund, and this subscription agreement may be canceled by either party at any time.

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Avon Rings the Bell—with its sweet smell of success in dollars and scents for more than a million sales representatives. 42

Dynasty's Real John Forsythe—He's a dynamic character you haven't really met until now. 52

Savory Homemade Soup—hearty enough for the main course in winter's unsavory weather. 20

The Scourge of Scoliosis—in the electronic age, no longer braces victims for a disrupted lifestyle. 62

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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(Cover painting by Ann Thompson)

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WE LOVE OUR MOTHER'S.

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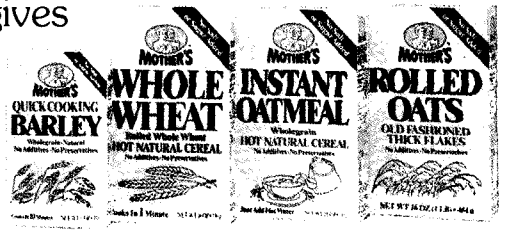
So will you. The Mother's™ brand name now leads straight to a wide and welcome new variety of good tasting natural grain products, waiting for you at supermarket nutrition centers and health food stores today. Like Mother's OAT BRAN – (the tasty new water-soluble fiber source that may actually lower serum cholesterol when used as part of a total dietary program*) – every other Mother's product also gives you a delicious, completely natural food.

There's no added salt, no added sugar, no added preservatives, no added anything. Mother's knows what's good for you.

*Kirby, R.W. *et al* Oat-bran intake selectively lowers serum low-density lipoprotein cholesterol concentrations of hyprocholesterolemic men. Am. J. Clin. Nutr. 34:824, 1981.



Four new reasons you'll love your Mother's.

QUAKER

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About Those Flying Saucers—and more than a cupful of down-to-earth conclusions. 66

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Kiwanis International—Men of this volunteer organization are known by their rolled-up sleeves. 58

Reigning Cats and Dogs—proof that families with pets are barking up the right tree. 28

Norman Rockwell's Models—remember the artist as "always going around looking at faces." 64

Letters

Cancer Questionnaire

My husband died this past summer at the age of 59, two months after a cancer specialist had called him "an unusually healthy man," from a massive renal tumor. His mother was a victim of bone cancer at age 57. His sister was found to have cancer of the bowel at age 60. Two female cousins, related through both mother and father to my husband, also died of cancer in their 50s. At the time your cancer questionnaire was published, I was not aware of this family history of the disease. If you are still sending the forms, I will be glad to fill one out.

Thank you for your efforts toward understanding and conquering this dread killer.

Mrs. Phillip Barbrick
Coopersville, Michigan

Kate Smith

Kate Smith! She is as American as apple pie, *The Saturday Evening Post* and Norman Rockwell! She is a war hero who never fired a shot, but devoted her talent and life to aid the success of our war effort and to inspire weary Americans both on the battle front and home front!

Though now aged and ill, I'm sure my generation would like to see an article, and today's generation should have an opportunity to know about "America's Sweetheart"!

A tribute to the living is so much more heart warming. In my opinion, Kate Smith is the most beloved and outstanding American woman of the 20th century! Where better to honor her than in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Betty C. Frazier
Wellsboro, Pennsylvania

Mein Favorite Post Scripter

I want to tell you how much we have enjoyed Dave Morrah's writings over the years. My husband used to memorize the Germanized tales *mein grossfadder* told me for the benefit of his niece who teaches German in high school. We were wondering if there is possibly a volume of his writings available. I clip quite a few of the tales but have lost many over the years. I'd love to

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Cory SerVaas, M.D., *Editor and Publisher*
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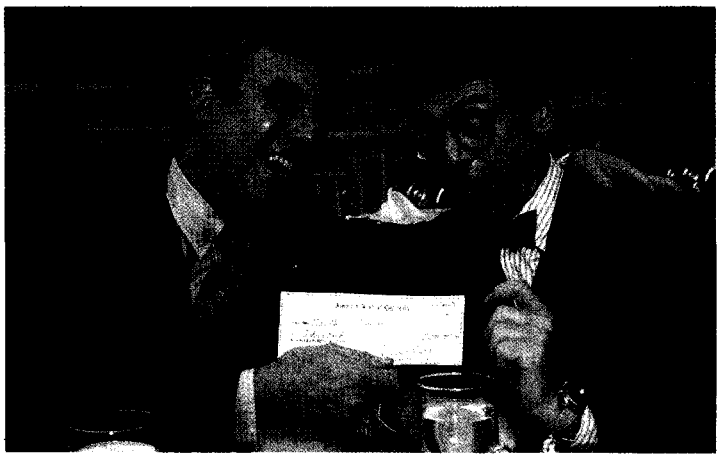

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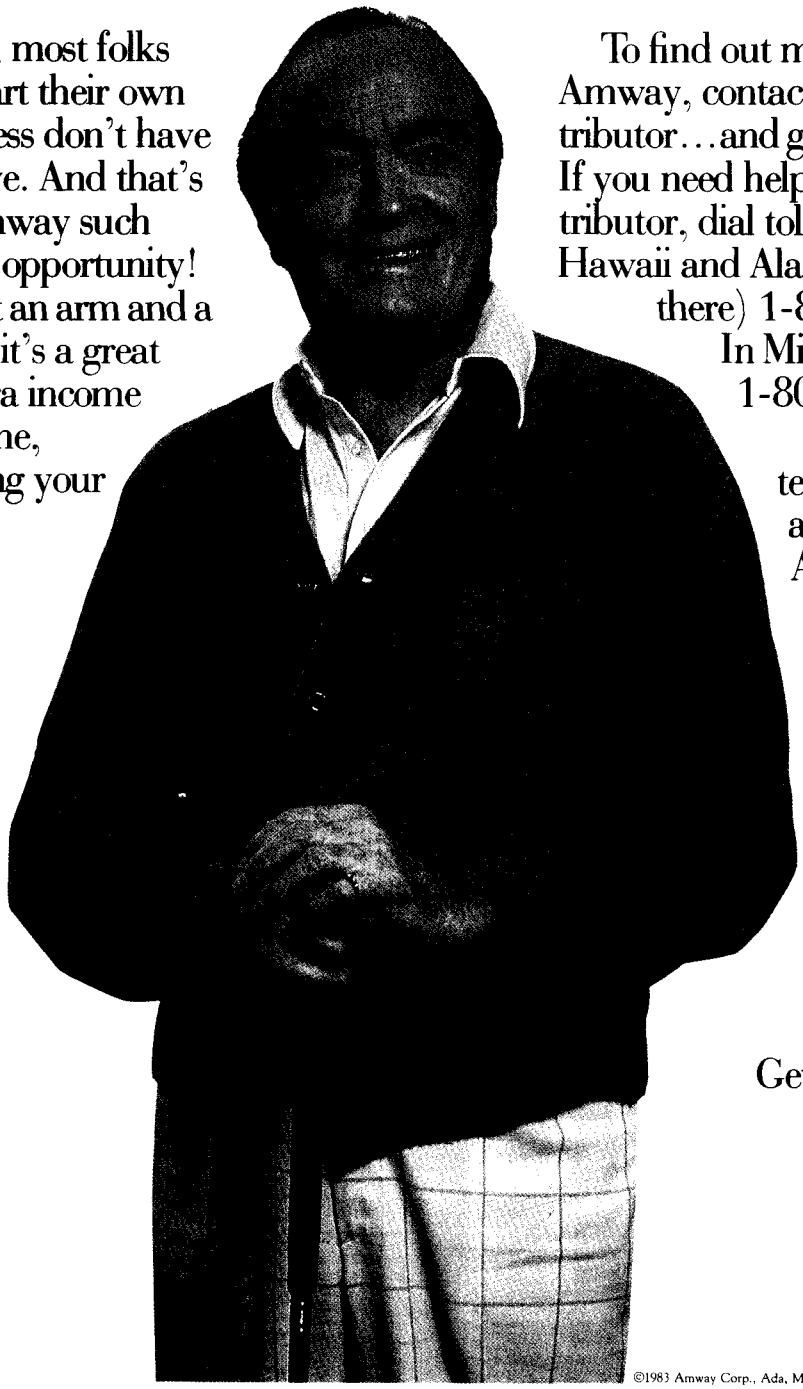

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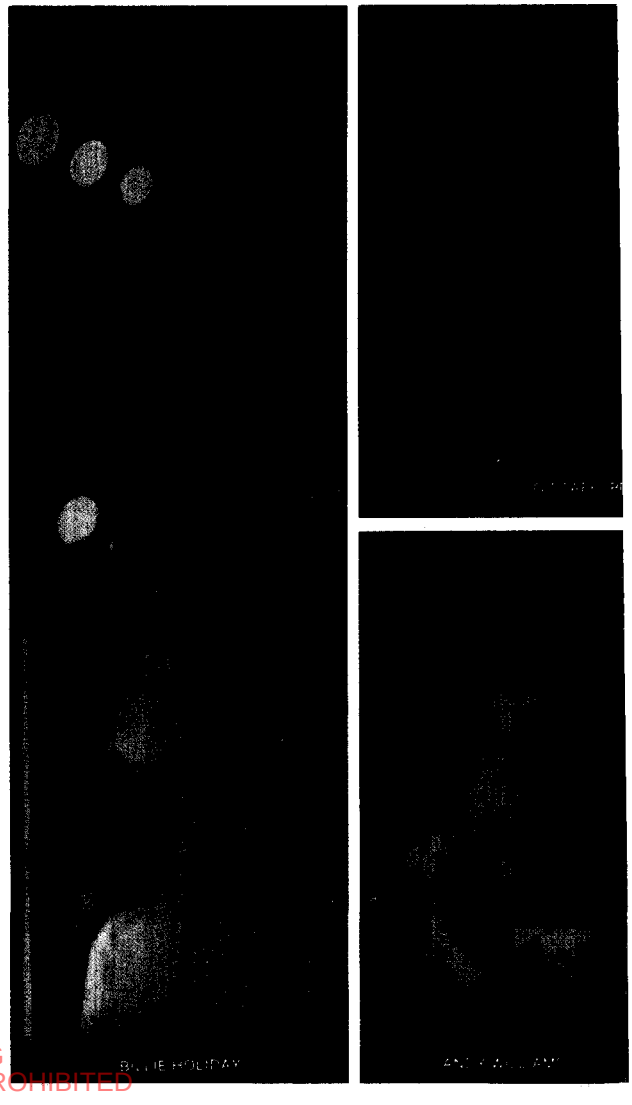
And on and on through the entire honor roll of the great vocalists of our time.



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Andy Williams will delight you with his many hits including *Moon River* and *Somewhere, My Love.* And the list goes on and on...Lena Horne singing *Stormy Weather*...Johnny Mathis and *Misty*... Ella Fitzgerald's *A-Tisket A-Tasket* and all-time favorite after all-time favorite by Bing Crosby. In all, the collection, covering the spectacular performances of all the great singers, is the greatest galaxy of stars and popular music talent ever assembled.

A collection you simply could not duplicate on your own!

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Naturally, your satisfaction is guaranteed; you may cancel your subscription at any time.

This is a rare opportunity indeed—a collection to bring back memories, and share with family and friends. Why forego the pleasure? Send us your reservation today.

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THE GREAT SINGERS

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purchase several copies of the volume if it exists. Please help!

Mrs. Dale Wiedmann
Shafter, California

Thank you for bringing the *Post* back—an old friend has returned. Ich ben readen der Schnibble beforen das Post quiten und starten. Der heart been downsinken not finden der Schnibble. Iss hopen der heart been upbeaten ven readen next timisch. My apology to Dave Morrah.

Beth Wagner
Thompson Falls, Montana

Das editor's noten: Mein Lieber, Der Herr Schnibble komt am soonsten back in der Posten.

Sunny Side Up

My compliments on Willard Scott's refreshing, inspirational article "Living on the Sunny Side" in the December '83 *Post*! In these cynical times it is indeed reassuring to read one outspoken Christian's statements of faith. Thanks!

Patricia S. Haeffner
York, Pennsylvania

It has been years since I have written letters to the editor. How could I not thank you for "Living on the Sunny Side"!

Willard Scott radiates his Christianity. We are inspired by these soul-reaching words: simplicity, rich and beautiful. We yearn for such abiding faith and admirable attitude.

If everyone could follow in his footsteps, there would be no crime, no wars—only complete joy in living and assurance of even a better life in dying.

Sarah R. Barnes
Gadsden, Alabama

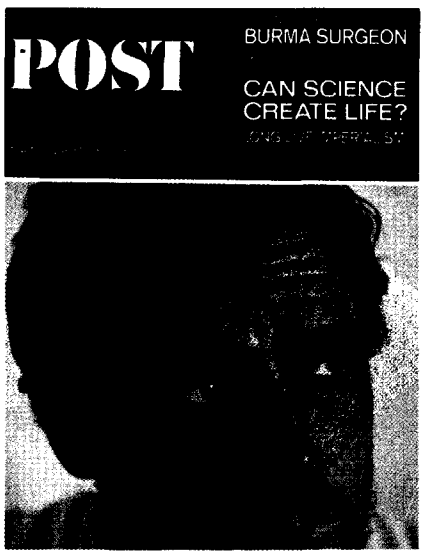
Her Cup of T

The article in the December '83 issue on Mr. T was well worth the price of the magazine. Now I know why Lawrence Tero is a favorite actor of mine. When I told my daughter-in-law how much I enjoy seeing "The A-Team" on TV and especially Mr. T, she looked at me as if I'd grown two heads. Now I know why I like him. My spirit witnesses to his spirit and we're one in Christ. How exciting. I'll be buying (I have a subscription) several copies to pass around to friends and to give to my two adult sons. Thank you, Roger Elwood for the article, and you for publishing it. I really enjoy the whole magazine and read it from cover to cover when it arrives.

Frances Schacht
Pacific Palisades, California

Thou Shalt Get It Right

I was very impressed by the article you published in *The Saturday Evening Post* for November '83. It covered the ground and was effectively and entertainingly written, it seems to me. (Mind you, actors tend to think well of articles that say nice things about them.)



I was, however, bemused to note that your cover editor misspelled my name. As a newcomer I suppose I have to expect that, but all he had to do was check the galleys on the article itself. Perhaps when I've been around a while longer, this probably won't come up.

Thanks again for the article.

Charlton Heston
Beverly Hills, California

When you were a newcomer to the Post *in 1965, our editors checked the spelling of your name. We've loved you for nearly 20 years. Familiarity breeds poor spelling.*

Prostate Cancer

Congratulations on an excellent article on cancer of the prostate.

It is unexplainable and inexcusable that the medical profession, in particular the family physicians and urologists, are not more assertive in getting their male patients in for yearly rectal exams. It is hardly ever stressed in any lay literature about cancer. Compare this with the yearly exams for women. I know very few women who skip their annual pap smears. Are we men second-class citizens? Why this neglect?

One question about one of the statements in your article: You cite Dr. Mosbaugh saying that an unfulfilled sex drive might increase the risk of contracting the disease.

Could you (or Dr. Mosbaugh) fill me in on your source of information—medical articles—textbook?

Thank you in advance.

Andre C. Westendorp, M.D.
Wyomissing, Pennsylvania

We welcome suggestions on how to glamorize "the yearly rectal." Women need them equally for preventing cancer of the colon.

Dead Set on Smoking

I was shocked to learn that *The Saturday Evening Post* will now refuse to accept advertisements for tobacco products. I strongly suspect that your founder, Benjamin Franklin, is turning over in his grave because he was, as you know, quite a smoker.

What concerns me the most is your discrimination against a product which the laws of our nation have made entirely legal to produce and market. I wonder what category you will plan to eliminate next.

For years I was a loyal reader of the old *Saturday Evening Post* and was very impressed with your efforts to revise this classic American publication. In the light of this recent action, I must inform you that I have purchased my last copy of the magazine and, furthermore, I shall inform other smokers to do the same.

I am particularly angry about your decision, but more than that, I am very disappointed.

Robert J. Moore
Richmond, Virginia

We hate to lose a loyal Post *reader. In fact we are giving up cigarette ads because the odds of keeping our readers alive longer are better if they quit smoking. We know of no evidence that Benjamin Franklin was 'quite a smoker,' as you suggest. Since there were no cigarettes in his day, pipes and a little snuff were the worst they had. However, if you have any information on the subject, we'd like to see it.*

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Important Medical News

THE LONGEST COUGH RELIEF ACTION EVER DELIVERED IN ONE DOSE

NEW Extend 12™ LIQUID

(Dextromethorphan Resin Complex)

Antitussive 12-Hour relief of cough

Breaks the Cough-Relief Time Barrier...
GIVES ALL DAY/ALL NIGHT RELIEF

With cough relief that lasts 12 hours, one dose controls your cough all day while you work—or all night while you sleep. And you get all this extra relief without any narcotics or alcohol. Used as directed, Extend 12 is safe for the whole family.

From the makers of Robitussin®

More cough relief for your money! Dose for dose, the 2-oz size gives you as much or more cough relief than the 4-oz size of most ordinary cough medicines. Family size also available.

A·H·ROBINS
Consumer Products Division

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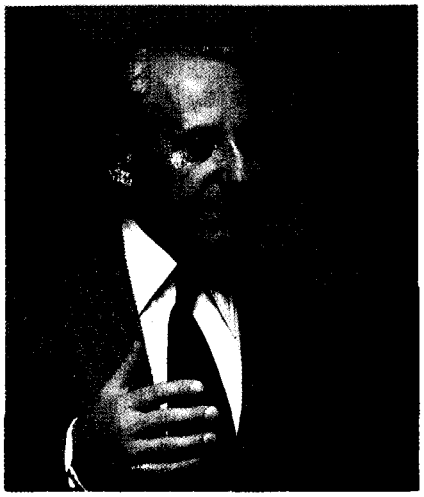
Post People

In Indianapolis to speak at a luncheon during the historic re-enactment of the signing of the Treaty of Paris, Secretary of the Army ***John O. Marsh, Jr.,*** encounters a cover Norman Rockwell painted for the *Post* at age 22.

From the legend printed beside the painting, Mr. Marsh learns that of Rockwell's 317 *Post* covers, 22 of the first 25 were of children. And this cover appears in black and red because the *Post* presses at the time could not print four-color reproductions. Mr. Marsh seems to agree, however, that Rockwell's skill makes the characters come alive.

Dr. Karoly Lapis of Budapest, Hungary, distinguished president of the 14th International Cancer Congress,



comes to the United States as the first Hungarian citizen ever to work for the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda. He has received the NCI's prestigious Fogarty Fellowship for 1984-85, during which time he will work and travel with other Fogarty scholars. Under his direction, the next International Cancer Congress will take place in Budapest in 1986.

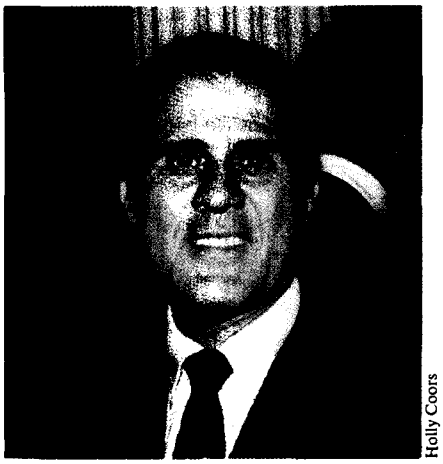
Vanessa Williams, the first black Miss America, says, "I don't believe the fact that I am black had anything to do with my qualifications. I am making some waves," she admits. "But I'm prepared to handle it."

Although some say her outspokenness may reduce this Syracuse University junior's expected $100,000 in earnings, she believes the extra publicity will make up for any losses.

Holly Coors

Say what you like about ***Joan Rivers*** —she says what *she* likes about her targets, herself included. "I'm such a bad housekeeper, people wipe their feet before they leave," she says. And, "When I cook I serve Tums for after-dinner mints."

Discovered at age 28 by Johnny Carson, and his only guest host this season, the queen of comedy has reason to believe her days of ketchup soup are over.



Holly Coors

It isn't news that plenty of bad news has come out of Lebanon. But when it comes to "good news," there is Moore. ***Sam Moore.*** Born in Lebanon, Sam Moore has become a genuine American success in—what else?—Bibles. He's now president of Thomas Nelson Publishers, America's foremost publisher of "the Good Book."

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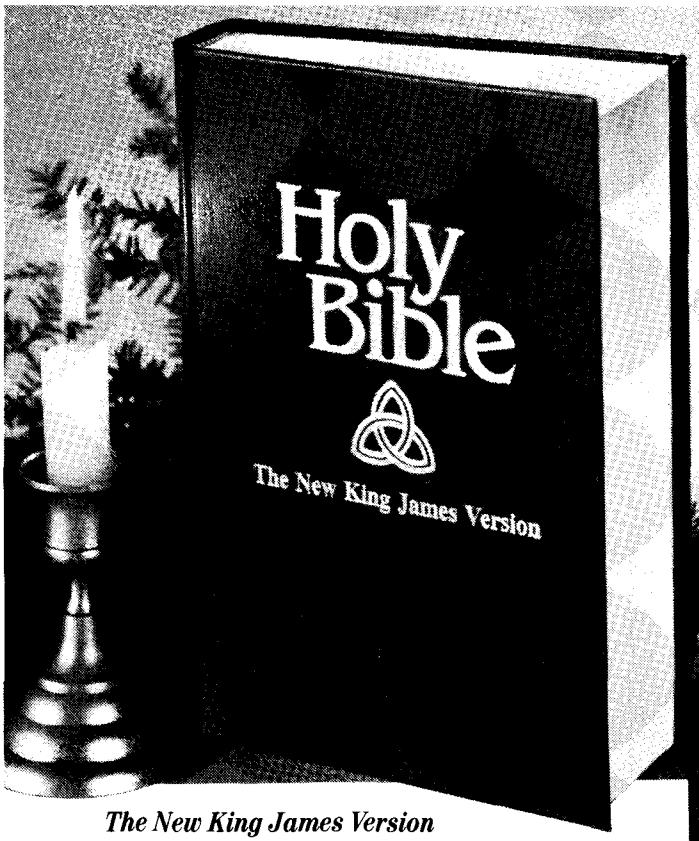

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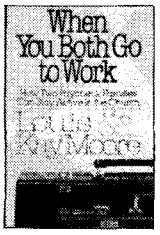
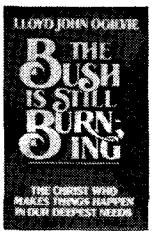
WBC 42A

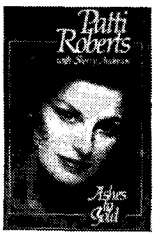


0243 • WHEN YOU BOTH GO TO WORK
Louis and Kay Moore
Published at $8.95
Discussion of how couples and churches can cope with the lifestyle that's fast becoming the dominant one in America.

0246 • SAY YES TO YOUR POTENTIAL
Skip Ross
Published at $8.95
What kind of person would you be if you were the best you? Faith, time, attitude and discipline are keys to unlocking your potential.



0204 • THE BUSH IS STILL BURNING
Lloyd John Ogilvie
Published at $9.95
An exciting biblical study of Jesus "I Am" statements, showing how God's continuing presence meets our deepest needs.

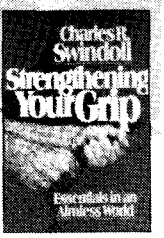


0227 • ASHES TO GOLD
Patti Thompson (formerly Patti Roberts)
Published at $8.95
A sensitive message about marriage and ministry today—from an entertainer who won out, through faith, over disappointment and the pain of divorce.

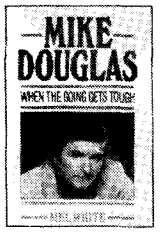
0206 • TILL ARMAGEDDON
Billy Graham
Published at $8.95
"This may be one of the most important books I've ever written"—Billy Graham. This spiritual survival kit tells you how to find hope in the midst of suffering.

0210 • LONG TERM MARRIAGE
Floyd and Harriett Thatcher
Published at $8.95
In-depth interviews with many couples married 20 years or more reveal the processes that make or break a lifelong partnership.

0201 • IRREGULAR PEOPLE
Joyce Landorf
Published at $8.95
The author's sensitivity to people's feelings and to the will of God will deepen your perception of human relationships as she explores with you how to deal with painful people.

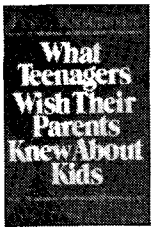


0203 • STRENGTHENING YOUR GRIP
Charles R. Swindoll
Published at $10.95
A permissive age tempts us to loosen our grip on life's essentials. The best-selling author of *Improving Your Serve* now affirms biblical standards worth clinging to.

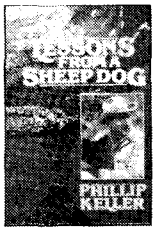


0232 • MIKE DOUGLAS: WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH
Mel White
Published at $9.95
This is Mike Douglas's story, one of strong persevering faith in a tinsel world, and of a strong marriage that helped him keep going.

0200 • STRAIGHT TALK TO MEN & THEIR WIVES
Dr. James Dobson
Published at $8.95
The author discusses a man and his wife, children, work, money, authority, emotions, sexuality, God, mid-life crisis, and finally, death.



0215 • WHAT TEENAGERS WISH THEIR PARENTS KNEW ABOUT KIDS
Fritz Ridenour
Published at $8.95
A book to help bridge the generation gap, enabling teenagers and their parents to "maybe sit down and talk."



0207 • LESSONS FROM A SHEEPDOG
W. Phillip Keller
Published at $7.95
A sheepdog's training illustrates God's way of taking a rebellious life and helping it reach its full inborn potential.

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OPEN FORUM

WHY YOU SHOULD BE A LEADER

The toughest challenge you'll ever face. . .and why you should accept it.

by Art Williams

If you've paused to see what this article's about, read on. You've already proved that deep down you think you have leadership potential. And you do.

Everyone, regardless of his personal or business status, has an influence in other people's lives. How great your influence will be is entirely up to you.

I want to encourage you to think about that responsibility. A decision you make—or do not make—today could mean the difference in the direction of your life and the lives of a lot of other people. You can decide to stand back and let relationships go as they will—or you can decide to be a leader.

Leadership is one of the most misunderstood concepts in our society. I've found that most people believe that leaders are born, not made. Nothing could be further from the truth. Much of the reason for confusion is that, in our modern-day society, we've come to equate leadership with management—another, and totally different, concept.

Management is a science and can be taught right out of a textbook. Leadership is an art. It can be learned and developed, but only through action—in other words, the hard way.

The most vivid example of the difference between managers and leaders came from a gutsy U.S. naval officer interviewed recently on the "60 Minutes" TV show. "Managers manage things," she asserted, "leaders lead people." That, in a nutshell, is what is so important about the concept of leadership—*people*.

People need leaders today more than ever before—when there seem to be fewer and fewer leaders around. There's a real shortage of people to admire, to be inspired by and to emulate.

Now you're probably asking, "Me? I'm not a business tycoon. I don't have any opportunity to be a leader." But you're wrong. You don't have to hold a high position to be an effective leader.

Maybe you're not even involved in business. There's a vast world beyond the business community that includes a very large group of people. You may be involved in your neighborhood or community, you may coach a little-league team, be a PTA leader or a scoutmaster, teach Sunday School or lead a civic group.

One of the most obvious, and the most overlooked, examples of how you can provide critically needed leadership is in the home. Many parents today employ a surprising "hands off" policy with their children. In an attempt to be "modern" parents, they almost seem to be bystanders in their children's lives. It's so easy to be passive and take the path of least resistance. But parents who forgo the opportunity to help children learn lifelong values and attitudes also lose a rich opportunity to lead.

Leaders are, above all, *examples*, and maybe people just don't see themselves as potential examples for others.

That's where we make two basic mistakes. We tend to think that, to be leaders, we must also be saints. And we think we must dedicate ourselves to a task involving thousands of people. In truth, leaders are desperately needed in every walk of life, at every level of society—in every individual household. And the qualities that make a leader aren't charisma or power or wealth or genius. The most important qualities I've observed in the leaders I've known personally or admired from afar were caring, concern, courage, determination, commitment—and love. If you've got those qualities, you're leadership material, and somebody you know needs you.

Nobody ever said being a leader was easy. But there are a few common denominators I've observed in all the leaders I've known or studied. Look them over and see if you're willing to face the challenge of leadership.

The ability to dream. A leader isn't content to be one of the crowd. But that doesn't mean you can't be an ordinary person in an ordinary town. I'm talking about what's in the heart. Leaders have the ability to dream big dreams—to have high expectations—both for themselves and for others, as well as the ability to instill those feelings in others. Again, this activity doesn't have to take place in the business world. I can't imagine anything more worthwhile than teaching your own children discipline, self-reliance and an

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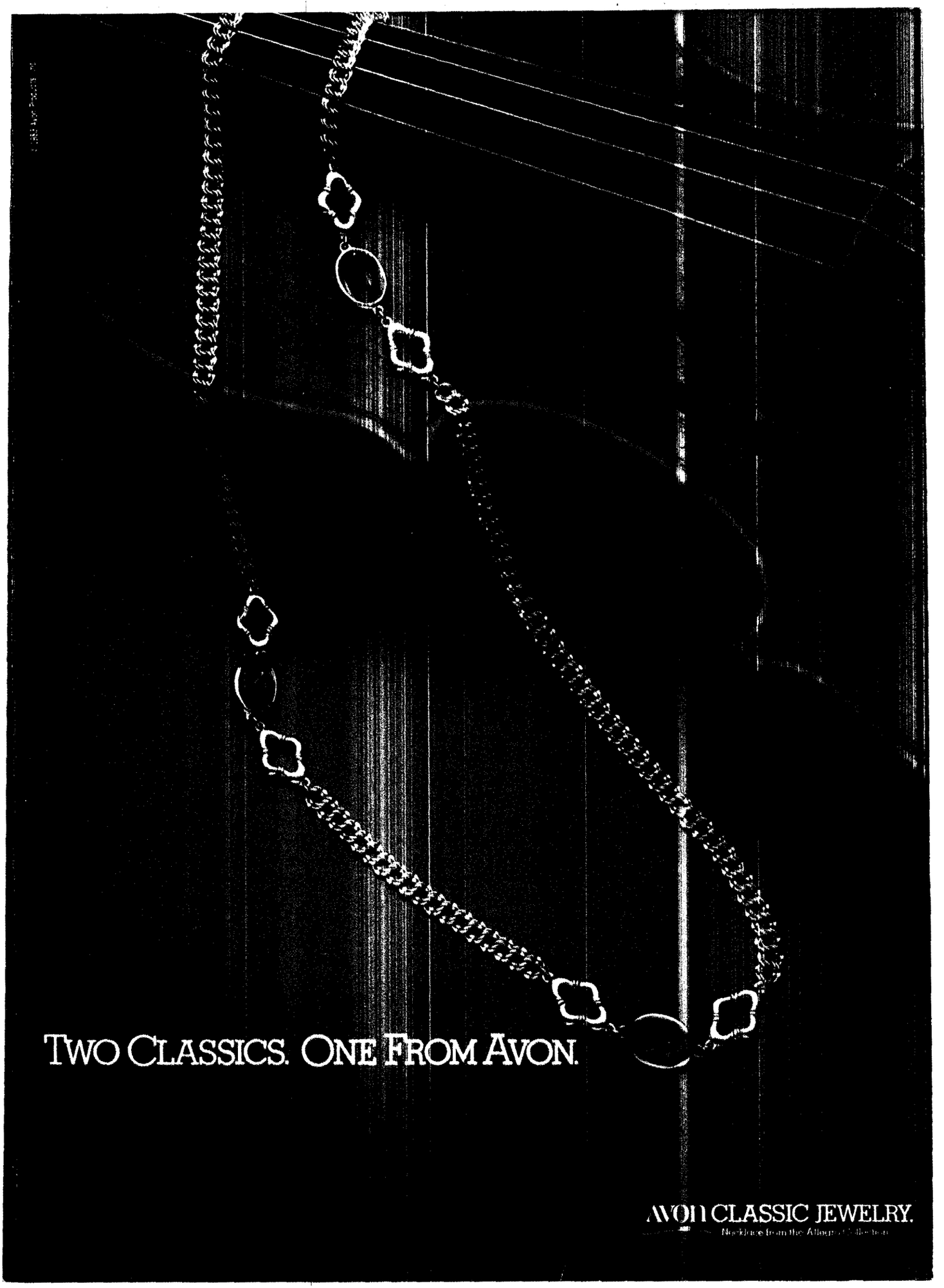

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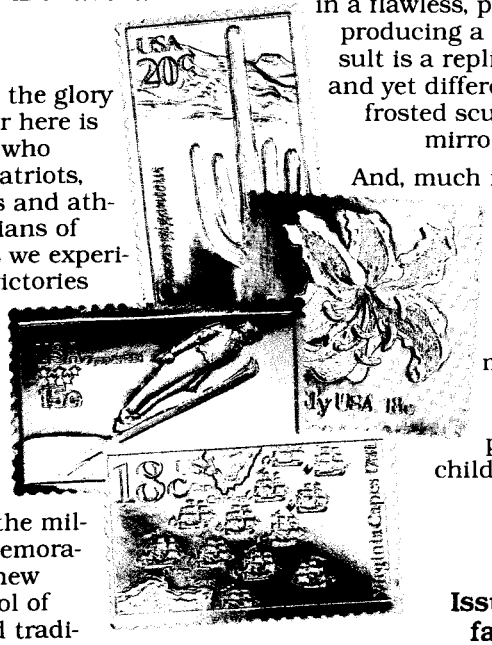

Nothing captures the grandeur and the glory of this land like America's stamps. For here is where we honor the men and women who made this nation great—Presidents, patriots, pioneers...investors, explorers, authors and athletes...crusaders for justice and guardians of liberty. Our spirits swell with pride as we experience the high points in our history—victories won, challenges met, visions fulfilled. Our hearts rejoice in America's beauty—flowers, wildlife, works of art and architecture, wonders of nature stretching from sea to shining sea. Our affection for America deepens—in tributes to our customs and folklore, institutions and ideals.

For all these reasons, collectors by the millions look forward to each new commemorative issue of the United States. Each new stamp is a patriotic treasure—a symbol of American pride, accomplishment, and tradition. Each new stamp is also an original work of art in its own right – created by one of our country's finest living artists.

Imagine the excitement, then, when each new stamp is immortalized on a gleaming surface of 22kt gold—an exact replica, struck to uncompromising standards and preserved in mint condition as part of a luxurious, limited-edition First Day Cover. Imagine, too, the opportunity to own rare and beautiful gold stamps at the low price of just $5.50 each.

Each 22kt gold stamp replica will be authentic down to the smallest detail.

For each new U.S. Commemorative Stamp that is issued, the U.S. Postal Service makes available a photograph of the original design. From this photograph, a number of painstaking steps must then be taken to recreate the stamp on thin sheets of paper-backed 22kt gold precisely to the original's size, shape, and official design.

First, the skilled craftsman must hand-inscribe every line and stroke of the original in raised relief on the die. After careful inspection and approval, the die is carefully polished and is used to strike the 22kt gold surface in a flawless, proof-like finish—just as if one were producing a magnificent medal or coin. The result is a replica that is faithful to the original—and yet different. A dramatic three-dimensional, frosted sculpture standing in high relief on a mirror-smooth surface of gleaming gold!

And, much in the manner of a precious medal or coin, each proof-like gold replica will be displayed against a rich velvety background. Moreover, it will be preserved forever in mint condition within a clear protective capsule. Thus, the immaculate surface of the gold stamp replica is forever shielded against dust, loss, or harm from fingerprints—a perfect specimen for your children, your grandchildren, and their children to enjoy in years to come.

The actual First Day of Issue Stamp will attest to the faithfulness of the replica!

Perfectly complementing the gold stamp relica and attesting to its faithfulness will be the stamp itself. As you examine the intricate details on both the stamp and its replica, you see how perfectly the two correspond! In each case, the actual stamp will bear the Official First Day of Issue Postmark of the designated post office of first issue. These postmarks will certify that these gold replica bearing First Day Covers can never again be issued.

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22KT GOLD REPLICA. Not an ingot or a medallion but an exact replica of a U.S. Commemorative Postage Stamp, struck in high, frosted relief on a gleaming surface of 22kt gold.

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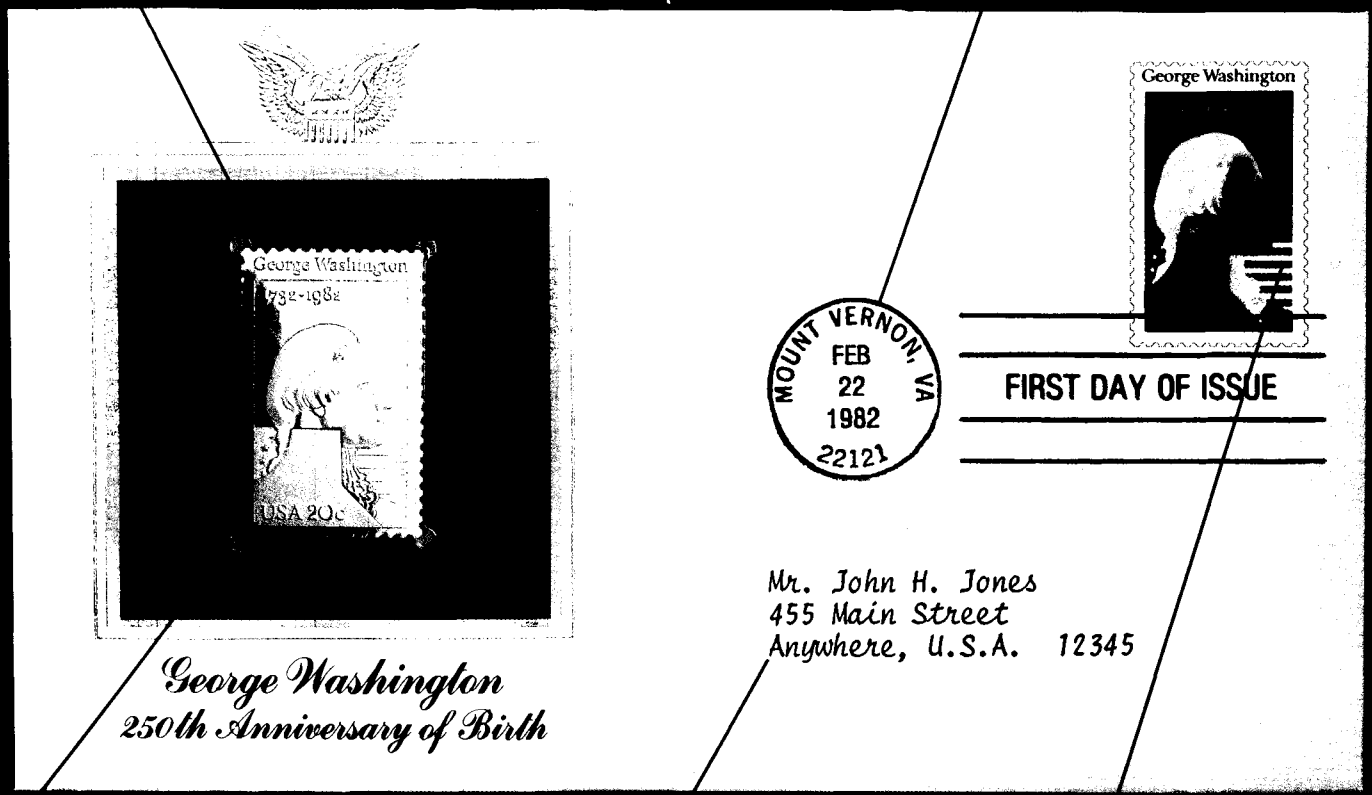

PROTECTIVELY ENCAPSULATED to guard against dust, scratches, and fingerprints. Each gold stamp replica is permanently sealed in the cover and set against a rich velvety background

PERSONALIZED with your name and address, if desired.

THE OFFICIAL U.S. COMMEMORATIVE POSTAGE STAMP—which is the basis for each 22kt gold replica.

A final striking is inspected to insure that it meets the high quality standards established for 22kt Gold Replicas of United States Stamps.

LEFT: A skilled engraver puts the final touches on the steel die from which 22kt gold stamp replicas will be produced.

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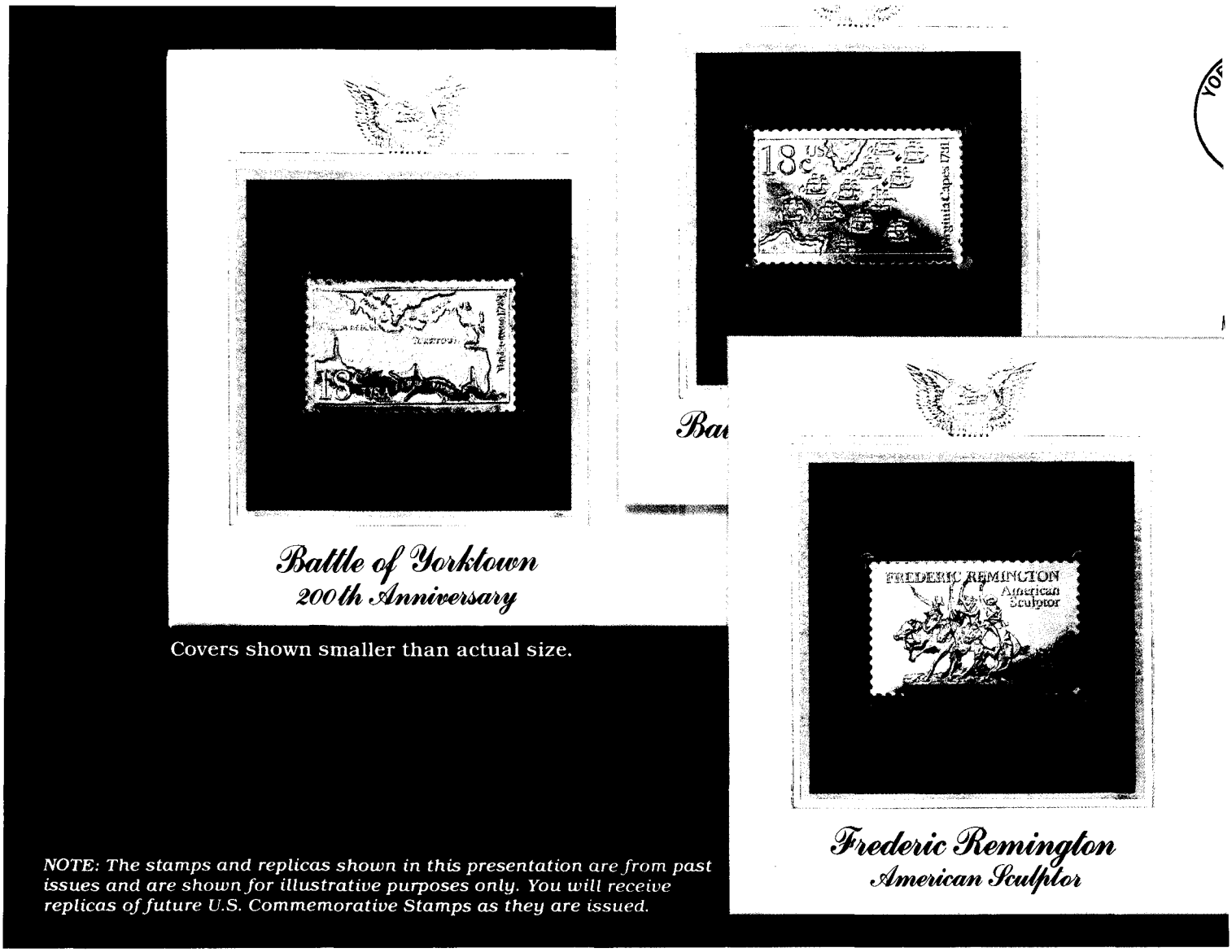

Battle of Yorktown
200th Anniversary

Covers shown smaller than actual size.

Frederic Remington
American Sculptor

NOTE: The stamps and replicas shown in this presentation are from past issues and are shown for illustrative purposes only. You will receive replicas of future U.S. Commemorative Stamps as they are issued.

(continued from previous page)

A custom-crafted collector's album will showcase your covers to best advantage.

A luxurious collector's album will be custom-crafted for you. Your name will be stamped in gold on the front cover. Inside, transparent vinyl pockets will display each cover, with its gold stamp replica, to best advantage. You may slide each cover from its pocket for closer inspection and still not worry about the replica itself—it will remain sealed within its clear protective capsule. You can imagine the many rewarding hours you and your family will spend enjoying the collection.

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Subscribing before the end of the current enrollment period guarantees that you will be enrolled at the favorable issue price of just $5.50 per cover. This price includes the gold stamp replicas, the protectively sealed capsules, the First Day of Issue stamps, the Official First Day of Issue Postmarks, and the descriptive fact cards. There is no extra charge for the personalized collector's album with clear vinyl pockets.

This value is all the more remarkable when one notes that other covers bearing gold stamp replicas have been offered to collectors for more than twice the price!

No payment needed now.

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Join us now for this magnificent philatelic tribute to the greatness of America. A collection that surpasses anything ever seen before. A collection that your family will treasure for untold generations to come.

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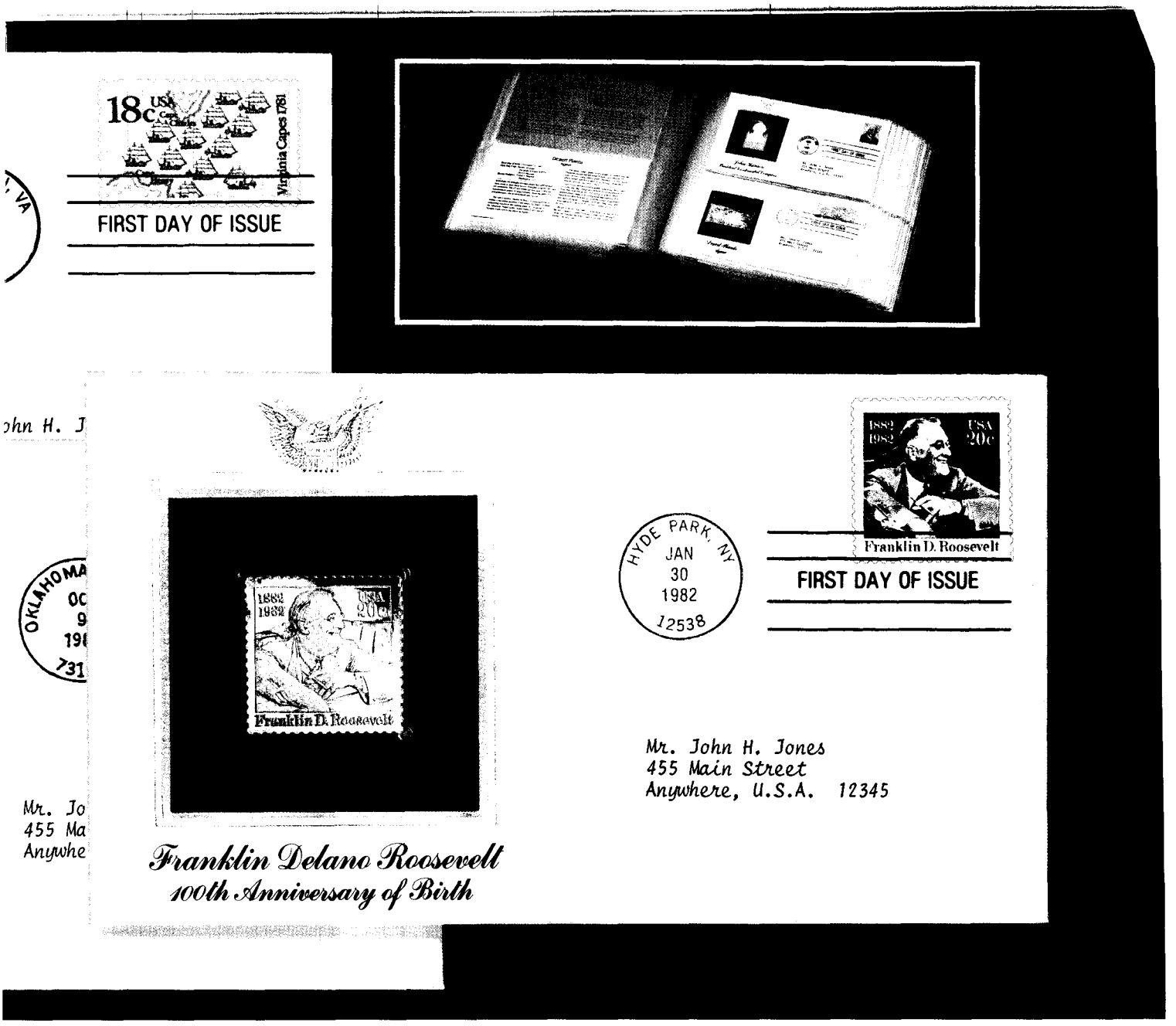

Stamp Design © 1980-82 U.S. Postal Service

Subscription Application 1479

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I need send no money now. Please bill me prior to my first shipment. I understand that the cost of each gold stamp replica is $5.50 (plus $.50 shipping and handling). A custom collector's album will be sent to me at no additional charge. I further understand that either party may cancel this subscription agreement at any time.

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(please print clearly)

I would like my covers: ☐ unaddressed, or
☐ personalized exactly as shown at right.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State _____ Zip _____

☐ As a convenience, I prefer to have my 22kt Gold Stamp Replicas charged, at the time of shipment, to my:
☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

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Credit Card No. Expiration Date

Signature _____

Allow 8 to 12 weeks for shipment of initial set.

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SAVORY SOUPS FOR UNSAVORY WEATHER

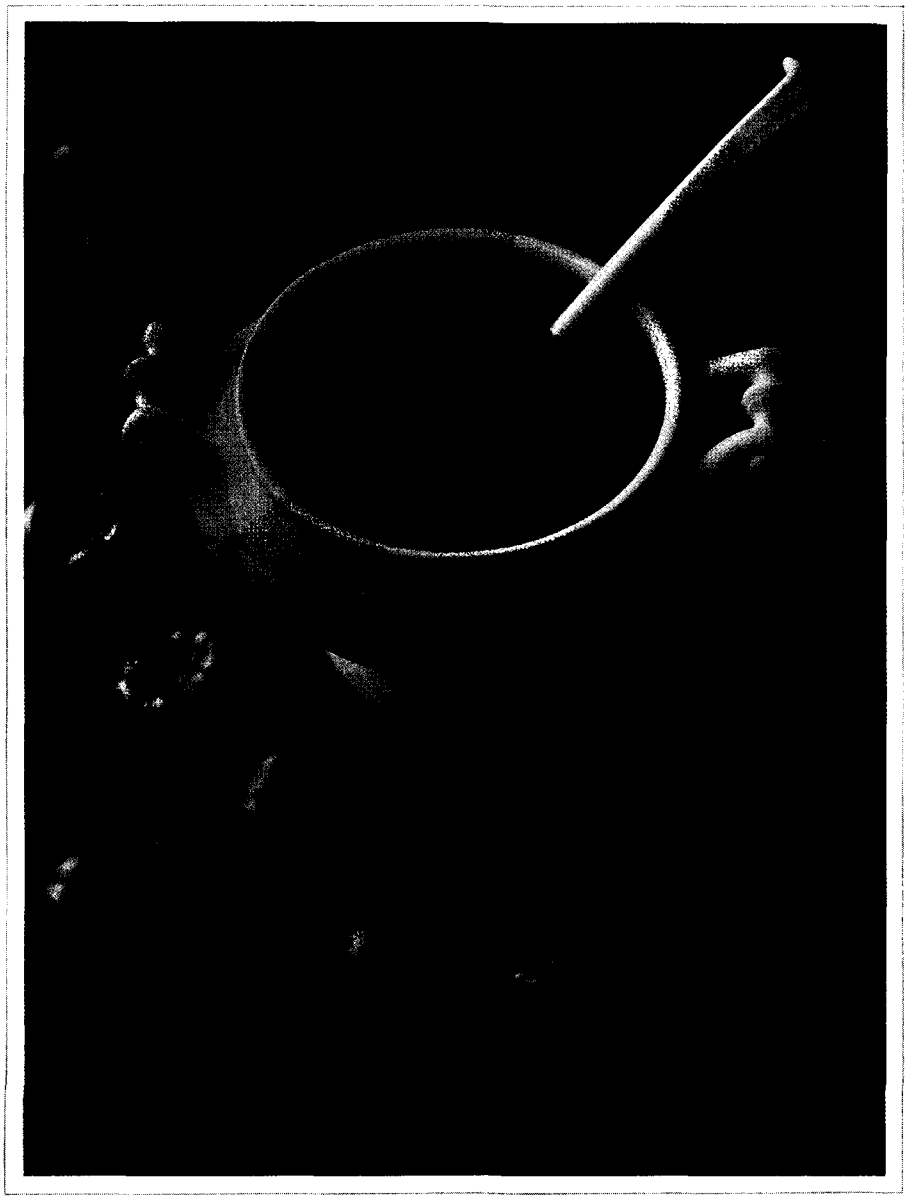
When the climate turns cold, a hearty "Soup's on" will chase away the chill.

by Grayson Smith

There's something basically appealing about soup, something that nourishes the spirit as well as the body. And though soups can be savored any time of year, they are universally enjoyed in winter.

Soups are among the easiest dishes to make. Hearty winter-weather soups are filling enough to be served as the main course, and their variety is endless.

They're a delicious way to use up odds and ends left in the kitchen, too—the last carrot or rib of celery, the last handful of dried beans or sliver of cheese. Whatever ingredients you have on hand will usually make a wonderful soup.



The basic ingredients for these hearty soups are dried beans and peas, potatoes, cheese and whole grains, such as brown rice and corn. Barley, wheat berries and millet also work well. You can add vegetables to suit your own taste.

Most people don't realize that soups are also great for adding much-needed fiber to the diet—not just the insoluble fiber that's found so abundantly in wheat bran, but the even more important water-soluble fiber, found in such food as beans and oat bran. Researchers have found that water-soluble fiber selectively lowers the bad cholesterol (LDL) and lessens the insulin requirements for adult-onset diabetics. Try the cream of asparagus soup to which we've added both oat and wheat bran to create a delicious taste and consistency.

The first thing you should do in flavoring your soups is to forget salt. There are better and healthier ways to make your soups irresistible to the taste buds. Commercial soup makers such as Campbell's Soup Company realize this. Campbell's, in fact, has made a whole line of low-salt soups available, some of which are used as bases for the hearty homemade soups below.

Herbs and spices add their own distinctive flavors to soups and enhance the flavors of the other ingredients as well. Basil, oregano, parsley, garlic, pepper and mustard are a few that will help you make your soup something special.

One of the nicest things about soup is its economy with vitamins and minerals. Nutrients that might otherwise be lost in cooking water are left in the soup. You can also use —and should use—the water you've saved from cooking vegetables for

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other meals.

Vegetable juices are flavorful, nutritious additions to soup, too. And there are some fine natural-vegetable broth powders and vegetable bouillon cubes available.

Crisp salads and crusty whole-grain breads are superb accompaniments for your homemade soup, as are whole-grain crackers.

The following recipes have all been fine-tuned to increase water-soluble and -insoluble fiber as well as to reduce fat and cholesterol content. Try your hand at them or simply use them as a guide. Turn your imagination loose and enjoy your own creativity.

Main Dish Soups

Vegetable Stew with Turnips

(Makes 8 servings)

2 potatoes
2 celery stalks
6 carrots
3 turnips
1 large onion
1 large can tomato juice, low-sodium
2 cups beef broth
½ cup Mother's® Quick Cooking Barley
3 tablespoons oat bran
Garlic and oregano, to taste
1 bay leaf

Clean and chop all vegetables. Simmer in enough water to cover until tender. Add tomato juice and beef broth. Thicken with barley and oat bran. Season with garlic and oregano. Add bay leaf. Simmer for 45 minutes. Remove bay leaf.

Winter Tomato Soup

(Makes 4 servings)

1 can Campbell's® Tomato Soup, low-sodium
1 cup onion, chopped
½ cup potatoes, diced
1 cup cabbage, chopped
½ cup carrots, diced
1 cup water (add more if needed)
½ teaspoon chili powder
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard (optional for low-sodium diets)

Cook the vegetables in water until tender but crisp. Add tomato soup, chili powder and mustard. Bring to boiling point, then reduce heat and simmer for 20 minutes.

Self-Control Chili

(Makes 4 servings)

2 tablespoons oil
3 cups cooked soybeans, ground
1 large onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
1 teaspoon oregano
1 teaspoon cumin seed
6 teaspoons (or to taste) chili powder
2 medium cans tomatoes
3 cups cooked soybeans, whole; or 3 cups cooked chili beans or 1½ cups each

In a large skillet, combine oil, ground soybeans, onion and garlic and brown lightly. Transfer to large pot. Add oregano, cumin seed, chili powder, tomatoes and whole portion of soybeans. Cover with water and bring to boil; lower heat and simmer at least one hour. Ground beef may be substituted for an equal amount of the ground soybeans.

Herbed Chicken-Rice Soup

(Makes 8 servings)

Cook ahead one chicken, simmering over low heat with all fat and skin removed. Set aside to cool. Remove all remaining fat. To 7 cups of the chicken broth add the following:

1 cup brown rice
¾ cup (4 oz. package) wild rice
1 cup chicken, diced
1 large bunch celery (leaves and all)
1 extra cup celery leaves
1½ cups mushrooms, sliced in half
1 medium-sized potato, scrubbed, cubed
1 large green pepper, sliced
Red pepper, crushed, to taste
Black pepper, to taste
2 large bay leaves
1 teaspoon celery seed
¼ tablespoon oregano
1 teaspoon parsley, dried
1 teaspoon spinach, dried
Additional seasonings optional: garlic and dried onions

Cook over low heat for 1½ hours. Remove bay leaves. Soup can be topped with croutons. Remaining chicken can be used in other recipes.

French Onion Soup

(Makes 6 servings)

2 quarts beef or poultry stock (or combination of both)
2 cups onion, sliced
2 tablespoons cholesterol-free margarine
½ cup dry sherry
Black pepper
Parsley

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Croutons: wheat-bread rounds sprinkled with grated farmer cheese and broiled

Boil onion skins in stock to darken the color. Strain through cheesecloth and add spices. Saute onion in margarine until yellow and soft. Add onions to the stock. Add sherry and simmer, covered, 30 minutes. Place croutons in bottom of a ramekin, fill with soup and place another crouton on top.

Cream of Asparagus Soup

(Makes 6 servings)

1½ cups asparagus tips
4 cups fat-skimmed chicken broth, Campbell's® Low-Sodium or homemade
2 cups skim milk
2 tablespoons oat bran
2 tablespoons wheat bran
Pepper, to taste (optional)

Use unsalted broth. Combine asparagus tips with broth in saucepan and simmer covered over very low heat, 20 minutes. Stir in blender until smooth. Return broth to saucepan; heat to boiling. Reduce heat, stir in the milk and heat until simmering. Mix broth and bran into a smooth paste; stir into the simmering soup. Continue to cook and stir over low heat until soup is slightly thickened. Simmer 6 to 8 minutes. Sprinkle with pepper. Garnish with parsley.

Lentil Soup

(Makes 4 servings)

4 cups water or vegetable stock
1 onion, sliced
2 stalks celery, sliced
1 cup lentils
2 carrots, chopped
¼ teaspoon celery seed
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon marjoram
½ teaspoon chili powder
½ teaspoon garlic powder

Bring stock to a boil. Add the vegetables and bring the water to a boil again. Add the lentils. Simmer 45 minutes. Add the celery seed and bay leaf and simmer 15 more minutes. Add the remaining spices 5 minutes before soup is finished. Remove bay leaf before serving. Garnish with fresh parsley.

Hearty Bavarian Soup

(Makes 2 servings)

¼ cup cholesterol-free margarine
½ cup cooked chicken, diced
1 cup cabbage, chopped
2 stalks celery, chopped
¼ cup onion, chopped
⅛ teaspoon caraway seed
1 can (10¾ oz.) Campbell's® Cream of Mushroom Soup, low-sodium
1 cup water
¼ cup skim milk
1 cup cooked potatoes, cubed

In a 1½-quart saucepan over medium heat, in hot margarine, brown chicken and cook cabbage, chopped celery and onion with caraway seed until vegetables are tender-crisp. Stir in remaining ingredients. Reduce heat to low; heat through, stirring occasionally. To serve: Ladle into bowls. Delicious served with warm wheat bread.

Split Pea Soup

(Makes 6-8 servings)

6 cups water or soup stock
2 onions, sliced
2 stalks celery, sliced
2 carrots, chopped
1 cup split peas
1 teaspoon Mrs. Dash®
¼ teaspoon celery seed
1 bay leaf
½ teaspoon chili powder

Bring the water or stock to a boil. Add first 3 vegetables and bring the water to a boil again. Add the split peas. Simmer 45 minutes. Add the seasonings and simmer 15 minutes more. Remove bay leaf.

Creamy Tomato Soup

(Makes 6 servings)

1 tablespoon corn-oil margarine
1 cup onion, chopped
1 cup potatoes, thinly sliced
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1 stalk celery, chopped
½ teaspoon dill weed
½ teaspoon dried basil
¼ teaspoon summer savory
¼ teaspoon thyme

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2½ cups cooked tomatoes, pureed
1 teaspoon honey
1½ cups skim milk
Place margarine, onion, potatoes, garlic and celery in a large saucepan. Cover and cook over very low heat, stirring occasionally, until potatoes are tender. (If necessary add a little water or stock to avoid sticking.) Add all remaining ingredients, except milk (have the milk at room temperature). Cover and simmer about 30 minutes. Add milk just before serving. Blend in blender. Heat gently. Optional: Garnish with small cubes of farmer cheese.

Bean Soup
(Makes 6-8 servings)

1½ cups great northern beans, picked over and washed
6 cups homemade vegetable or chicken broth, skimmed
1 large onion, diced
1 green pepper, chopped
3 tomatoes, chopped
¼ cup red wine vinegar
Dry sherry, to taste
Black pepper
Put the beans in a large pan. Cover well with cold water and let soak overnight. Add enough water next day to give a depth of 2 inches above beans. Bring to a boil, simmer until beans are tender (about 2 hours). Add chicken broth, onion, green pepper and chopped tomatoes. Cover and simmer 30 minutes. Add vinegar and seasonings. Cover and cook an additional 15 minutes.

Chunky Potato Soup
(Makes 4-6 servings)

2½ cups vegetable stock or water
½ cup celery, sliced
¾ cup onion, cut in chunks
½ cup carrots, sliced
5 cups potatoes, unpeeled, sliced
½ teaspoon dry mustard
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon dried parsley flakes
Put the first 5 ingredients together in a 2½-quart saucepan and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer covered, until celery and carrots are tender. Mash mixture slightly in the saucepan with a potato masher. Add remaining ingredients and bring soup to a boil again. Reduce heat to simmer and continue to cook, stirring, for 2 minutes longer.

Corn Chowder
(Makes 4-5 servings)

2 tablespoons cholesterol-free margarine
1 large onion, chopped
2 tablespoons whole-wheat flour
3 cups vegetable stock or water
Dash pepper
2 cups whole-kernel corn
2-2½ cups potatoes, unpeeled, diced
½ cup dry milk powder
1½ cups water
Melt margarine in a 2-quart saucepan; add onion and sauté until the onion is tender. Stir in flour and continue cooking, stirring with a fork, until flour is browned. Gradually stir in the vegetable stock or water. Add the pepper, corn and potatoes. Bring the mixture to a boil, reduce the heat and simmer, covered, about 20 minutes or until the potatoes are tender. Blend the milk powder into water until the milk powder is smooth, then add to the potato-corn mixture. Simmer gently for another 10 minutes, stirring chowder frequently. ✖

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LIFE AND DEATH

While others at the nursing home sat in misery and despair, Myrtie Howell, at 91, was having the best time of her life.

by Charles Colson

I had first heard about Myrtie Howell from an inmate in a New Hampshire prison when he wrote to ask those of us at Prison Fellowship headquarters to join in prayers for her health. The fellowship had matched this man and Mrs. Howell as pen pals, something we do with many thousands of inmates and volunteers.

"Please pray for Grandma Howell," he pleaded in his childlike scrawl, "cause she's sick and may be going to die. Nobody has ever loved me like she has. I just wait for her letters, they means so much."

Our office staff began praying for Mrs. Howell. Then some months later, I received a letter from the woman herself reporting on the inmates she was corresponding with and telling me how each one was doing, about their morale and their problems.

She concluded: "Writing to inmates has filled my last days with joy." That was a cheerful thought. But then she added the ominous request that I come to speak at her funeral. She had instructed her pastor to notify me when the day came. "It won't help me," she wrote, "but it will wake up my church to the need of taking part in prison ministry."

I wrote back to Mrs. Howell and reminded her that the days of our lives are numbered by, and known only to, the Lord. Therefore, I didn't feel I could make a commitment to preach at her funeral, since nobody knew the date. To say the least, it was a most awkward letter.

Over the next year, Myrtie's letters kept coming—always upbeat and usually enclosing what was literally her widow's mite—once she simply endorsed over a $67.90 U.S. Treasurer's check that was her supplemental income. In each letter she reported on "her boys" and frequently asked for more names to add to her correspondence list. At one point we tallied that she was actually writing to 17 inmates—no small task for a 91-year-old woman.

Chuck Colson met Myrtie Howell in 1981. Today, at age 93, she's as active as ever with her prison fellowship, and as always, she's quick to grin.

No small task for anyone, for just the thought of writing to prisoners scares most people, including Christians, half to death. They have visions of dangerous criminals getting their names and addresses and, once out of prison, tracking them down for nefarious purposes. Why was this elderly, obviously frail, woman different? Why, at 91, did she care at all, let alone so much?

I thought I might get my answer when a Prison Fellowship seminar and community rally were scheduled for Columbus, Georgia, in June 1981. Columbus was Myrtie's home town. So I wrote and invited her to attend the rally. She replied immediately, explaining that, since her hip had never healed from a fall, she couldn't move without a walker and wouldn't dare attempt a crowded auditorium.

"But," she wrote, "I have a great desire to meet you and I am claiming Psalm 37:4." ("Delight yourself in the Lord and he will give you the desires of your heart.") I stuck the letter in my briefcase without looking up the Scripture, and kicked myself for being so insensitive as to suggest she attend a big public rally.

The day of the seminar and rally was a full schedule, as always, but that morning I knew I had to make time for one more thing. I just had to meet Myrtie Howell, this woman whose letters could call forth such concern from incarcerated men she had never met.

When I tracked her down, I found that Myrtie lived in an old soot-covered brick high-rise in downtown Columbus, an apartment building converted a few years earlier into a home for the aged. Inside, the lobby resembled the waiting room of a hospital, except it was more depressing. There were no ringing words of encouragement to break the tension of the place, no reassuring banter, no youthful voices, no hopeful expressions. Instead, I saw rows of wheelchairs lined in front of a blaring television set; bodies hunched on pea-soup green plastic couches and overstuffed chairs with worn upholstery patterns long since erased. The sit-com sound track bounced harshly off garish yellow walls. Most of those turned to the set were either dozing or staring blankly. Others thumbed idly through magazines or watched the lobby door like sentries at their posts. I felt chilled just walking across the lobby.

After signing in at the front desk, I rode the elevator to Myrtie's floor. The hallway was carpeted with a rip-

continued on following page

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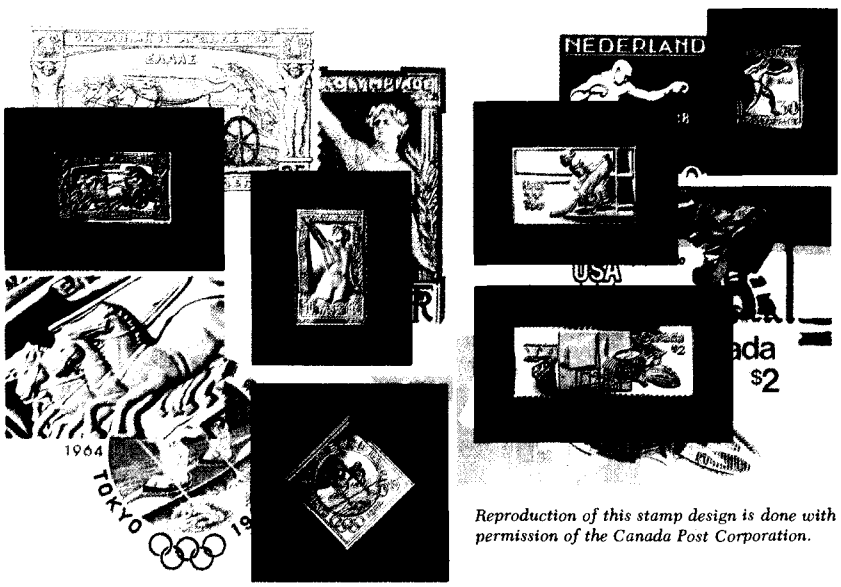

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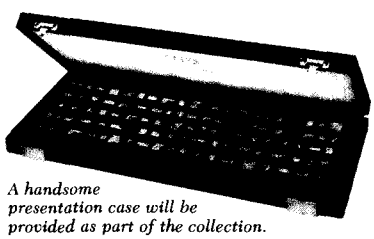

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pling, colorless, threadbare strip weathered by years of scuffling footsteps.

At her door I knocked. "Come in, come in," a firm, strong voice shouted.

As I opened the unlocked door, I was greeted by a broad, welcoming smile as Myrtie leaned back in her rocker in satisfaction, her white, fleecy hair neatly parted at the side. Her blue eyes sparkled behind thick, black-rimmed spectacles and her cheeks glowed with life. *This woman is not preparing to die,* I thought.

"S'cuse me for not getting up," she said, gesturing toward the walker alongside her chair. "Oh, I don't believe you are really here. . .I just don't believe it. It's so. . .the Lord does give us the desires of our heart." She kept grinning and rocking, and I just had to lean over and hug her, experiencing the familial affinity believers so often have on first meeting.

I took the armchair opposite her with its doily-decorated arms. Myrtie's apartment had one window and was no larger than a modest hotel room. It contained a bed, a 12-inch TV set, a dresser, a mirror, the two chairs we sat in and a fragile desk crowded with Bibles and commentaries and piled high with correspondence. Photographs lined the edges of the mirror hanging just above the desk. I'd seen cells with more amenities than these.

Unlike her surroundings, Myrtie looked almost regal, her hands folded in her lap and her shoulders proud beneath her shawl.

I started to thank her for her faithful ministry, but before I could finish my first sentence, Myrtie waved her hand, started grinning again and interrupted my words with a protest.

"Oh, no, you've helped me. These last years have been the most fulfilling of my whole life. I thank you—and most of all I thank Jesus," the last word pronounced with great reverence.

And I knew that Myrtie, despite living alone in this dreary place, being crippled and in continuous pain, really did mean what she said. I was already sensing a spiritual depth to this woman that I'd not often encountered. I asked her to tell me about her life and her spiritual journey.

Born in Texas in 1890, Myrtie was brought to Columbus, Georgia, at the age of three; at ten she went to work in the mill for ten cents a day.

"We was raised poor," she said, explaining that she had had only one year of schooling. Her parents gave her little in the way of religious education, but from the age of 10 on she knew there was a God, felt He had His hand on her and knew she would "do best to obey Him." At the age of 16 she joined a Christian church.

Married at 17, she had her first child the next year and two more in rapid succession. Her middle child, a son, died at the age of two. Indeed, the deaths of her closest relatives proved the crucible for Myrtie's faith. During the late 1930s, Myrtie's mother and her husband's father lived with them. In mid-December of 1939, Myrtie's mother died. Then in mid-January Myrtie's husband was killed in an accident; two weeks later her father-in-law died as well.

Tears brimmed in Myrtie's eyes as she recalled, "I felt like Job. I just felt like old Satan had a conversation with the Lord and said if the Lord would just let him get that Myrtie he'd make her give the Lord up. But it only made me lean more closer, more to Him."

The death of her husband resulted in the loss of her home as well, and Myrtie had to go back to work to support herself. At first she did "practical work"—piecework from the mill—and then "for two years I run a dress shop. And then I run a little cafe. I always been doin' somethin' to take care of myself. I didn't want to get on with the children or nothin' like that." So Myrtie worked until her advanced age and declining health forced her to move into, as she put it, "this old folks' home."

The death of her youngest son, her "baby boy," the declining health of her oldest and her own move into the home sent Myrtie into a spiritual depression. So many of her loved ones had died, and she "couldn't do" for those who remained; she felt she had nothing left to live for. She wanted to die.

"Lord, what more can I do for You?" she prayed with all her heart one day. "If You're ready for me, I'm ready to come. I want to die. Take me."

"I knew I was dying," she continued. "But then He spoke to me as clear as be: *Write to prisoners.* Three words: *Write to prisoners.* Imagine that! I want to die, figure I'm about to and the Lord says, 'Okay now, Myrtie, you go back and write to prisoners.'

"He couldn't of spoke to me any clearer if'n He'd been standing before me. And I was afraid at first. I said, 'Lord, me write to prisoners? I ain't got no education, had to teach myself to read and write. And I don't know nuthin' bout prisons.'

"But there wasn't no doubt. I would have squirmed out of His hand if I hadn't obeyed. I had to."

Myrtie's call became even more miraculous to my mind when she told me that at the time she'd never heard of Prison Fellowship or any other prison ministry. She had never given such a task the merest thought.

But she was faithful to God's command and acted on the best plan she could think of. She knew there

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was a penitentiary in Atlanta, so she wrote there, the envelope addressed simply, "Atlanta Penitentiary, Atlanta, Georgia." Inside her message read as follows:

> Dear Inmate,
>
> I am a Grandmother who love and care for you who are in a place you had not plans to be.
>
> My love and sympathy goes out to you. I am willing to be a friend to you in correspondent.
>
> If you like to hear from me, write me. I will answer every letter you write.
>
> A Christian friend,
> Grandmother Howell

The letter must have been passed on to the prison chaplain, for Myrtie received eight names of prisoners to whom she was invited to write. Chaplain Ray, who carries on an extensive prison ministry, sent her additional names, as did Prison Fellowship when we were put in contact with her.

Myrtie has subsequently corresponded with hundreds of inmates, up to 40 at a time, becoming a one-woman ministry reaching into prisons all over America.

Her strategy is simple: "When I get a letter, I read it, and when I answer it, I pray: 'Lord, You know what You want me to say. Now say it through me.' And you'd be surprised sometimes at the letters He writes!

"His Spirit works. I obey. I don't put anything in there that I feel is of self, of flesh. As He gives me, I write it.

"But the real blessings, they're in the answers," she said, reaching over to the stack of letters piled on her desk within arm's reach of her chair. "Just look at these," she said, grinning and handing me a packet. As I scanned the pages, phrases leaped out at me:

> Dear Grandmother. . .was very happy to get your letter. . .the guys kidded me when they said I had a letter. . .I didn't believe them. Lord and you. . .I'm in the hole now, that's why I can write letters. . . Why am I so afraid, Grandmother? Why doesn't God answer my prayers about this? . . .I am really glad to know that there is someone out there who cares. . .I will remember you in my prayers every night starting now and for the rest of my life. . .please write back soon. . .love, Joe. . .in the love of Jesus, David. . . .

One letter, signed "Granddaughter Janice," read:

> Dear Grandmother,
>
> I received your letter and it made me sad when you wrote that you think you may not be alive much longer. I thought that I would wait and come to see you and then tell you all you have meant to me, but now I've changed my mind. I'm going to tell you now.
>
> You've given me all the love and concern and care that I've missed for years and my whole outlook on life has changed. You've made me realize that life is worth living and that it's not all bad. You claim it's all God's doing, but I think you deserve the credit.
>
> I didn't think I was capable of

continued on page 40

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VETS ON PETS

WHY PETS ARE GOOD FOR CHILDREN

Owning a pet can be more than just fun and games; it can help children to learn the life skills of responsibility and caring.

H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

Pets and children seem to go together as naturally as love and affection. As a mother and a veterinarian, I've had many opportunities to watch and to join in the fun between young people and animals.

During a recent talk I gave about pet care, three- and four-year-old preschoolers gathered around me to hold and to pet the kitten I had brought. Hands shot up as the little ones related stories about their own pet gerbils, rabbits, parakeets, dogs and cats.

One year, I brought white mice, guinea pigs and embryonic eggs to my daughter's class. First graders marveled at the tiny life within the opened shell of the eggs, and I was faced with a tough question from the audience about the survival of the little chicken thus exposed. Young children have such a reverence for life!

Whenever I talk with young people about their animals, I remember my own childhood pets such as Rosie, my first Jersey calf, and Henry, the injured bantam rooster I nursed back to health. These animals and others had a lasting impact on my life and my decision to become a veterinarian.

The bonding between children and animals can be very strong, and bonding that occurs early in a child's life is usually sustained with other animals and people throughout that individual's life.

Pets can be even more important to young people today than they were in my own youth. Today's child is alone much of the time because of changes in family structure and in lifestyle due to the increase in divorce, single-parent homes and working mothers.

Pets are loyal companions who serve to alleviate loneliness. A "latch-key" child often needs the reassurance that a living individual is at home waiting with anticipation and a friendly bark or meow when he comes home from school in the afternoon.

Animals give and accept love and affection with no strings attached. They offer feelings of warmth and closeness through touching or petting. A young child can learn about texture by feeling the fur, feathers or scales of an animal. A pet in the house may also stimulate a child to crawl or to walk as he attempts to follow the pet. An older youngster may be motivated to seek knowledge by studying pets.

Pets teach children about life and birth, as well as about death and the grief process. Children who experience and express grief within a loving and supportive family may develop coping skills that will prepare them for losses occurring throughout life. Grief in children may last a shorter period than it does in adults, yet children tend to escape reality by denial. Young people should be allowed to express their grief for an animal that has died. Often, comfort can be derived from burial of the pet or from drawing pictures and writing essays about the deceased animal.

Pets stimulate responsibility and build individual self-esteem because they need us. Children develop nurturing attitudes, as well as improved social skills, when caring for a pet. Training a pet teaches youngsters about time and patience. Stressful events in a child's life, such as a divorce or a move, can be buffered by the child's relationship with his animal friend. Pets can also comfort an ill or dying child exposed daily to a hospital that is full of machines and unpleasant medical apparatus.

Much has been written recently about the beneficial effects of animals on human physical and psychological health. Children need to feel respected, needed and loved by others. And pets can fulfill those important needs. Animals are sometimes used to treat severely withdrawn, emotionally disturbed and abused children.

Dr. Boris Levinson, a clinical psychologist, was one of the first health professionals to report the therapeutic benefit of contact between young people and pets. In the '50s, Dr. Levinson discovered the positive effect of his own dog, Jingles, on a severely withdrawn boy. The boy was about to be institutionalized when he and Jingles met by chance. Through playing with Jingles the young man regained his interest in the world around him and later became a successful physician. Dr. Levinson's work, which includes research on the benefits of animals for the treatment of autism, a severe emotional disturbance of childhood marked by an inability to form relationships, continues today.

Children with physical and mental disabilities often lack self-esteem and confidence. Horse-riding, for

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instance, can increase feelings of self-worth and power. Such physical control of a nondisabled creature can be used by the child as an extension of self and increase his coordination, mobility and skill. Even if the handicapped youngster can only sit on the horse's back while led by another, the movement of the horse's muscles and the swinging motion of the horse's back are transferred to the child's body. The patient's muscles are alternately tensed and relaxed and circulation is thereby improved.

Parents, teachers, friends and veterinarians can nurture a positive relationship between children and pets. We live in a throw-away or disposable society, and the shocking statistics of animal humane shelters across the United States reveal that people often view animals as throwaways, too. We must foster our children's natural reverence for life. That entails giving them the responsibility for selection, care and training of a pet.

Pets represent different things to different people. A beautiful, purebred St. Bernard romping in the snow may conjure up a beautiful image, but if you live in a small apartment or condominium, you would be wise to steer your youngster away from that type of selection. Determine the prerequisites for a pet that will fit your family's lifestyle before you make a selection. Investigate the training and care needed by the animals you are considering. Libraries are filled with good books on subjects varying from feeding a budgie to housetraining a puppy. Children's dog training and horse-riding classes are available in many areas. Foster your child's sense of responsibility for the pet. Many children can benefit from the lessons learned while caring for a pet: how to respond to its needs; the right time to apply discipline; the often onerous task of cleaning up after the pet, as well as keeping it well-scrubbed and groomed, healthy and presentable.

I recently attended a presentation by Dr. Leo K. Bustad, veterinarian and expert on the human-animal bond. Dr. Bustad emphasized the need for educational programs, beginning at preschool and continuing throughout the child's formative years, that stress the various aspects of responsible pet ownership. Dr. Bustad has helped to develop such programs in the United States, Canada, Europe and Australia.

We have only just begun to explore the complex bond between people and animals. With our guidance, children can receive many character-building benefits from their animal companions. Who can deny the love on the face of a young girl as she strokes the silky muzzle of an old, gray mare or the joy and the laughter of a boy as his dog races headlong across a field after a frisbee?

Editor's Note: Dr. H. Ellen White is Technical Services Veterinarian for Fromm Laboratories in Cedarburg, Wisconsin. She appears frequently on radio and television programs across the country and is the author of a soon to be nationally syndicated newspaper column on pet care. In addition, Dr. White is mother to two daughters and the family's cat, C.K.

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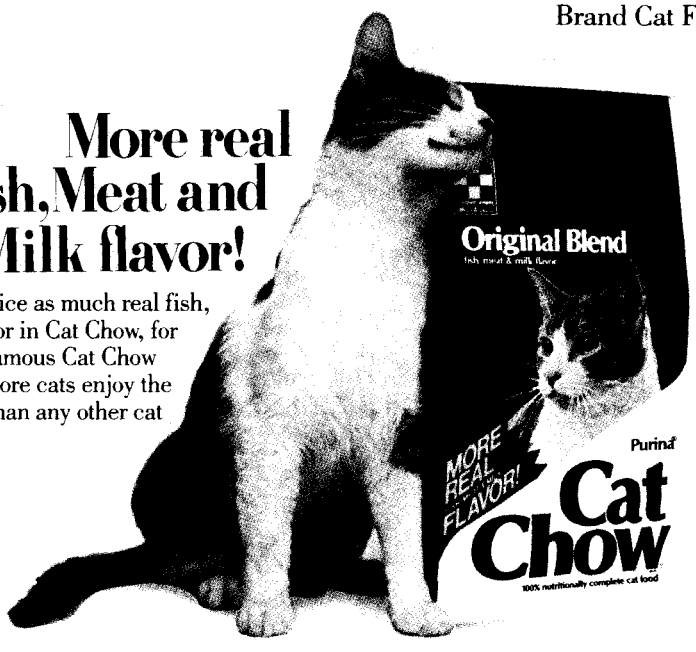

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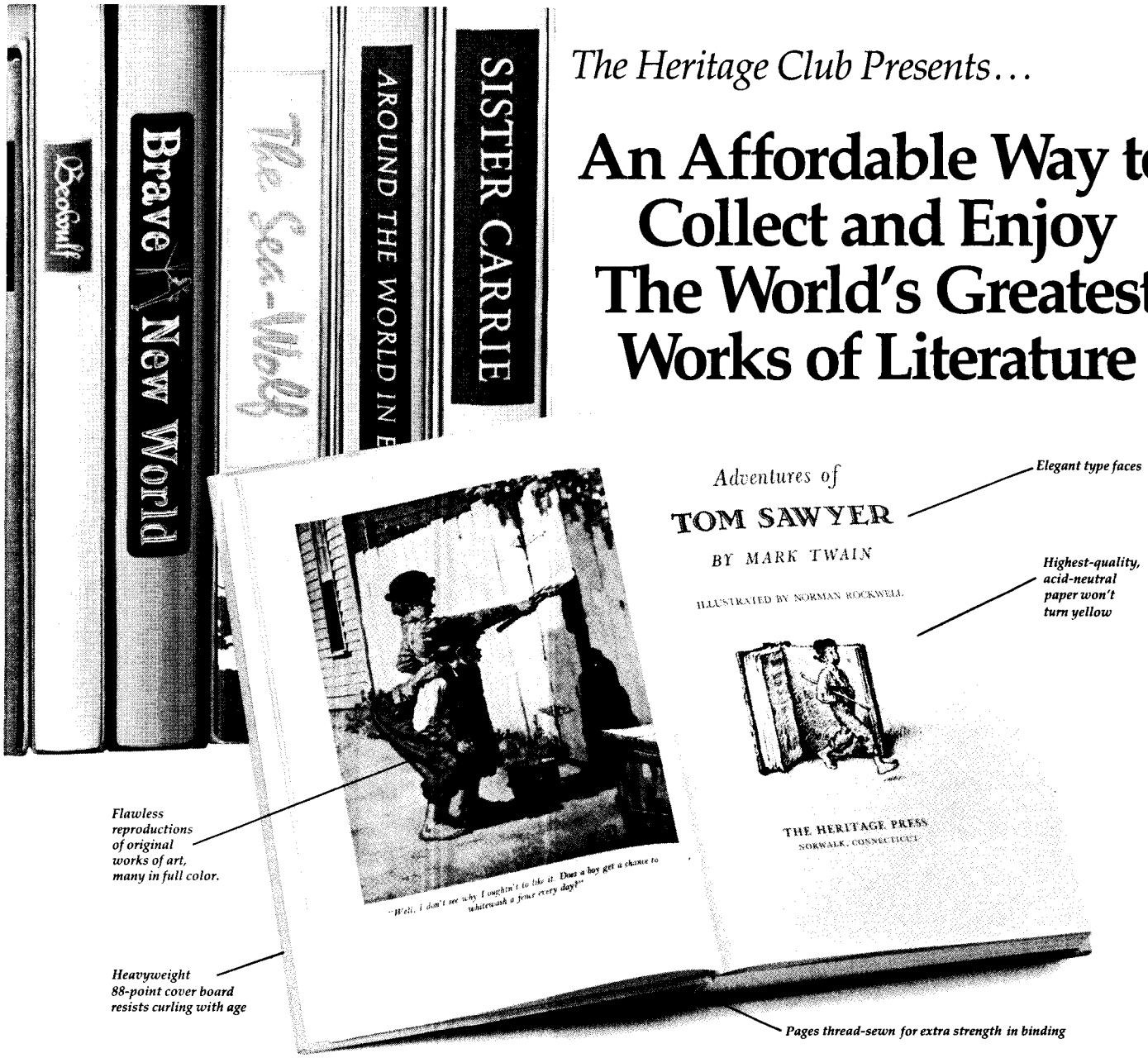

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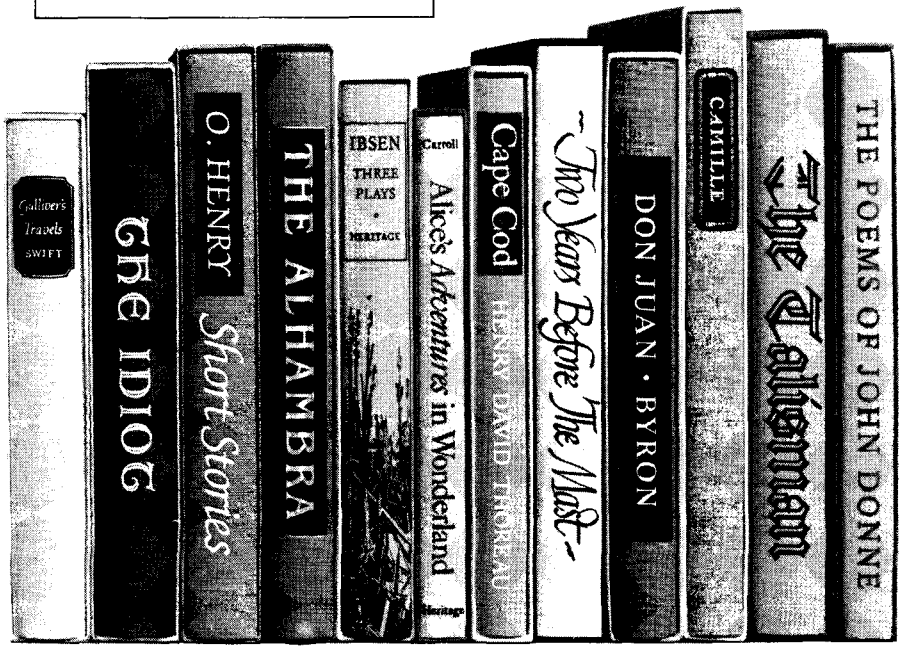

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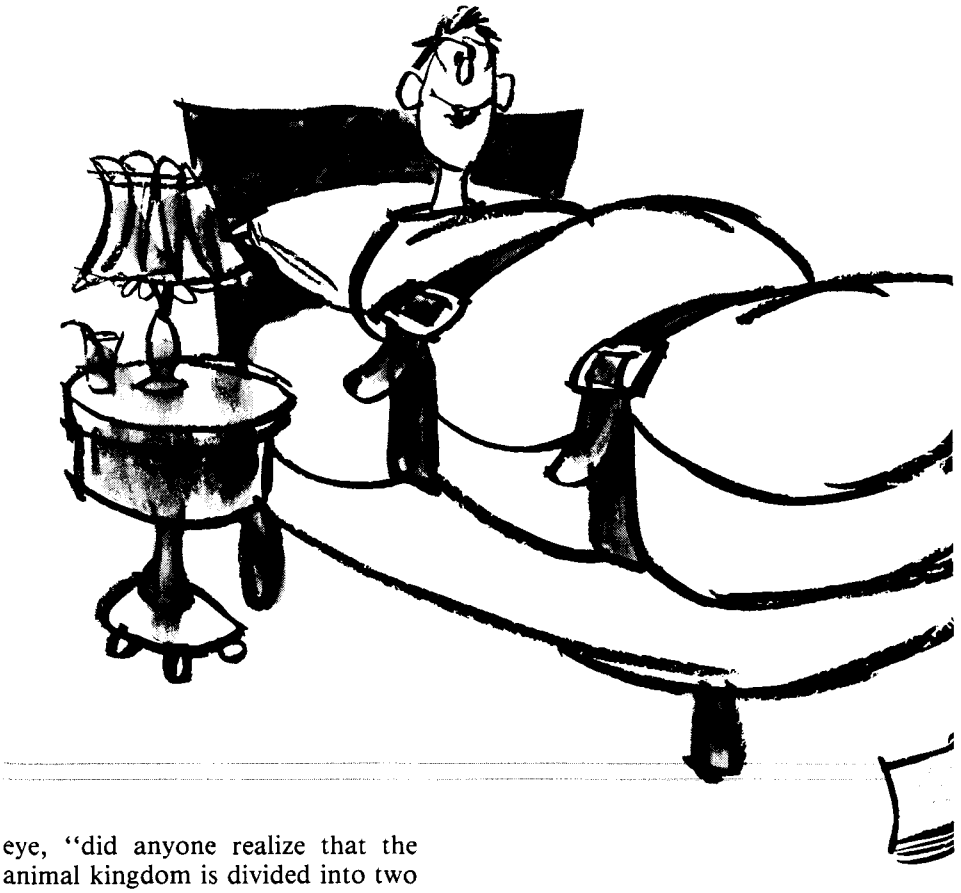
CONFESSIONS OF A PUN ADDICT

His condition had deteriorated; he could no longer indulge in a little social pun-making and then stop.

by John Skow



"Look, it's nothing to be ashamed of," the doctor had said. "Pun-making is not a vice, it's a disease. We're going to make you well."

I had been off the habit for six weeks, and self-respect was a wonderful adventure. My children said hello to me, and I was able to look myself in the eye when I shaved. (Although this was dangerous. My children came into the bathroom once, as I was shaving while looking myself in the eye, and told me I had cut my ear.) But I was cocky. I mistook convalescence for recovery. The crack-up came on our first night out since my illness. My wife and I had been invited to dinner with some close friends, and our host had mixed martinis. Liquor is not my trouble; I can handle it as well as the next man, which is to say it makes me surly and incoherent and gives me headaches. But as our host raised his glass, he said, with boozy inappropriateness, "Here's champagne to real friends and real pain to sham friends."

My hands shook. For an addicted pun degenerate, this was the test. Could I listen to my jackanapes of a host repeat ancient wordplays without giving in? My deterioration had progressed beyond the stage at which I could have indulged in a little social pun-making and then stopped. The idiot was still blathering: ". . . so I went to the doctor for immunization shots, and he said they wouldn't hurt a bit. But as it turned out—" he interrupted himself to laugh, heh-heh-heh, "—as it turned out, it was just an M.D. promise."

Now everyone was laughing. I felt dizzy. Resolution slipped off my shoulders like a 60-pound pack, and I seemed to float as I rose to my feet and coughed to get attention. "By the way," I said, avoiding my wife's eye, "did anyone realize that the animal kingdom is divided into two classes?"

"We're thinking of repapering the house," my wife said hurriedly.

"Imagine that," said one of the other wives, who was aware of my affliction.

"That's right," I said loudly. "The animal kingdom is divided into two classes, the aardvarks and —" (pause for emphasis) "—the aaren'tvarks."

The room was silent. People looked at their fingernails. I was past caring, unable to stop. "Which reminds me of the musician who played Prokofiev so badly that it sounded like amateur-kofiev." Someone coughed nervously. I lurched across the room and slapped my hostess on the back. "Don't be so lethargic," I told her, my speech beginning to slur. "What we need around here is more argy, not leth."

My wife was at the phone dialing. "He's off again, Joe. You'd better come over. Bring Harry."

Joe and Harry were members of Logopsychics Monotonous, an organization of reformed pun-makers whose meetings I had attended. Joe had lost his job with an advertising agency when he had referred to his colleagues, in the presence of a client, as "peons of praise." Harry's life had been particularly tragic; his fiancée, also a pun-maker, had jilted him at the door of a Chinese restaurant and walked out of his life with the observation that "parting is such

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sweet and sour."

When Joe and Harry arrived, the dinner guests were crouching behind a sofa. I stood in the middle of the room, flecks of foam on my lips. "Perhaps some of you don't like puns," I said. "Well, as they told the surgeon who wanted to take out his own appendix, 'Suture self.' " The guests looked nervously at one another.

"Come on, old boy," said Joe, grabbing my coat sleeve.

"Just one more," I yelled, hooking my leg around a coffee table. "Ask me whether I like Turkish candy."

Joe looked at my wife and shrugged. "One more won't hurt him, I guess." He took a deep breath. "Do you like Turkish candy?" he asked.

"Not a halvah lot," I said weakly. Then everything went black.

When I awakened, I was at home, strapped in bed. "I spoke with his doctor," Joe was saying to my wife. "We're going to start him off slowly. Read to him. I'll send you some *New York Times* editorials on labor relations and a few old Johnny Carson transcripts. Nothing funny at first. Then we start on Eisenhower press conferences, Arthur Krock columns and 'Dear Abby.' After a few weeks, show him the dust jacket of a book of Bennett Cerf's puns. If he reaches for it, read him some more *Times* editorials. If he doesn't, ask him whether he likes Turkish candy." Joe smiled briefly. "You're a brave woman."

Gradually she nursed me back to health. She read aloud 16 hours a day, pausing only to nibble hardtack. From the *Times* there were editorials deep enough to require scuba equipment and long, nourishing columns of agate type reporting British soccer results. In a pile of old *New Yorker*s she found childhood memoirs by no less than 23 different Punjabis. From somewhere she came up with an anthology of Academy Award acceptance speeches.

One day the doctor unstrapped my wrists. "He'll be all right now. He had a *tic humorosa* in the sector of the brain that controls good taste. Fortunately we have been able to paralyze this sector." He turned to my wife. "Has the treatment made him morose?"

"Why no," she said. "As a matter of fact he seems less ose." She smiled waspishly.

"I was afraid of this," the doctor muttered to me. "How long has she been doing it?"

"Well, yesterday I said she looked tired, and she said, 'I'm not fatigued, only thin-teagued.' "

He looked shaken. "Great Scott, she's in worse shape than you were."

"And then there are her number puns. Eleven-dency for an especially strong tendency. Also, she talks a lot about illusions and healthy-usions."

The doctor instructed me in shock treatment. I was to read junk mail to her for a month, then start on fund-raising appeals her alma mater had sent.

"Dear friend," I began reading. My wife turned her face away. "Listen," I said. "You have to *want* to get well."

"All right, I'll try. I'll face the future with fortitude. Or, allowing for occasional fits of fainthearted-ness, with the next thing to fortitude."

"You mean . . . ?"

"With three-and-a-half-titude."

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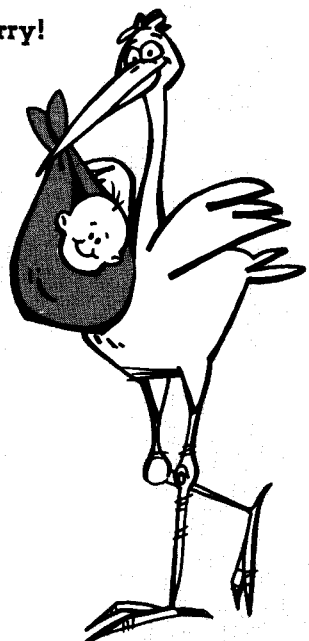

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by A. E. Ruffing

Small Talk

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How do dreams begin? There's only one way — with imagination. With imagination, the world's possibilities are endless. There are no limitations.

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POST SCRIPTS

Chaos

The meek, they say, will inherit the earth.
A mistake, I fear, if they make it.
The others have so firmly fouled things up
The meek would be fools to take it.

—Don Spatz

Salt in the Wounds

Judge Simms got a very poor shave. After his face had been nicked several times and blood was flowing freely, he found it hard to be nonchalant about it. The new barber asked briskly: "Do you want your head wrapped in a hot towel, sir?"

"No," said the judge tartly, "I'll carry it home under my arm!"

—Kenneth E. Hall

But Can He Do K.P.?

A general, on field maneuvers, fed this question into a computer: "Shall I attack the enemy from the east or from the west?"

Lights blinked. Wheels whirled. Then the word "Yes" appeared on the screen.

The general, disconcerted, asked, "Yes, what?"

Lights blinked. Wheels whirled. Came the answer, "Yes, sir!"

—Ben S. Moore

Bad Samaritan

After an accident, a woman rushed out of the gathering crowd and started to lean over the victim. She was pushed aside by a man who directed: "Step back, please, I've just completed a course in first aid." He ministered to the victim for several minutes. Then the woman tapped him on the shoulder, saying: "When you get to the part about calling a doctor, I'm already here."

—B. Bader

The Common People

In a small country town a man was running for mayor. He had prepared this speech: "Ladies and gentlemen, all I ask for is common sense."

A voice in the back row said: "That's exactly what you need."

—Elizabeth L. Fredericksen

Help Was on the Way

The heavy rains had flooded the small town, but all the people had escaped to safety. A priest remained at his church as a small boat came by to get him. "Thank you," said the priest, "but I'll stay."

The heavy rains continued, and a second boat came for the priest, who was sitting on the roof of the church. "I have faith," he said.

The water had reached the rooftop when a third boat came. "I have faith," said the priest, hanging on to the church steeple.

The flood swept the church and the priest away. When he arrived in heaven, he appeared before St. Peter.

"With all the faith that I have," said the priest, "where were you when I needed you?"

St. Peter replied: "What do you mean? I sent three boats for you."

—Herm Albright

The Grass Is Greener. . .

Weather reports from our previous hometown told of severe cold spells and heavy snows. Feeling a little smug over the warm, sunny climate we now live in, I couldn't resist sending a snapshot back to a good friend and former neighbor in Maine. It showed gay flowers blooming along a rustic fence and me in a light shirt and shorts, leaning casually against my lawn mower. On the back of the picture I wrote: "Taken on New Year's Day."

His reply arrived within the week—an indoor color shot of himself sitting by his fireplace, open book in lap, feet on a hassock, pipe in one hand, the other resting on the head of his big shepherd dog, who

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was lazily stretched beside the easy chair. The enclosed note read: "A darn shame you're still cutting grass in January."

—Mr. Henry E. Leabo

Daily Dippings

When Ed bought his new car, he acquired at the same time a new mission in life: checking the oil. He checked it before trips, after trips and at random times during the day. His neighbor watched this daily ritual with secret amusement until, about the fourth day, he came forward just as Ed was leaning under the hood again.

"A little low, isn't she, Ed?"

"What makes you think so?" Ed replied.

"Heck, it's got to be a quart low. You've wiped that much off the dipstick."

—Wayne Wells

The Bad News Is. . .

"How long have you been traveling without a taillight?" asked the officer of the motorist—whereupon the driver ran to the rear of his car and started to rant and rave. His distress was so great the officer attempted to calm him. "Come now, it isn't all that bad," he said.

"It isn't?" cried the man. "Then what happened to my boat and trailer?"

—Rose Sands

Daffynishuns

Quadruplets—Four crying out loud.
Debutante—A girl with blue genes.
Men's country—Stag nation.
Engagement ring—Beau tie.
Baldness—Hair-rid-ity.
Morning warm-up—Waisting time.
Chemist—A vial fellow.
Stomach—Crampsite.

—Bill Kreifeldt

Good Therapy

Psychiatrist soothing new patient on couch: "There, there, Mr. Brown—anyone who can afford my fees can't be a total failure!"

—Doris Dolphin

High Finance

My neighbor liked to tease his little son by offering the child a choice between a nickel and a dime. Jimmy always chose the nickel, much to his father's amusement. I felt this was a dirty trick and decided to give the kid a break.

"Jimmy," I said, "I know a nickel is bigger than a dime, but it will buy only one half as much."

"Heck," Jimmy said to me, "I've known that for a long time, and I'm not as dumb as you all think I am. I'm still collecting nickels, 'cause if I ever took that dime, pop wouldn't play the game any more."

—Ina C. Brown

His First Name Was Frank

A young lad just out of school was applying for his first job, and the application asked: "Have you ever been placed under arrest?" The young fellow filled in: "No." The following question was: "State why." The applicant answered that one with: "They never caught me."

—Lloyd Byers

Critical Situation

An irate actor wrote a letter to a local theater critic in response to a scathing review of a play in which the actor played a starring role. Obviously referring to the critic's own previous endeavors on the stage, the actor ended his letter with: "Let him who has true talent cast the first stone."

The critic wrote back: "My desire would not be to cast the first stone, but rather to stone the first cast."

—Maurizio Marmorstein

The Price of Success

Johnson, anxious to try out the new management methods he had been reading about, put up signs in the plant that said, "Do it now." The following month, at the board of trade meeting, he was asked whether the signs had achieved any result. "Sure did. My accountant absconded with $50,000, the personnel manager ran off with his secretary and the rest of the staff asked for raises."

—A. H. Berzen

Poetic Justice

The bride of a struggling young writer was the hit of the evening at a party.

"She's charming!" the hostess said enthusiastically to the husband. "And her dress is a poem!"

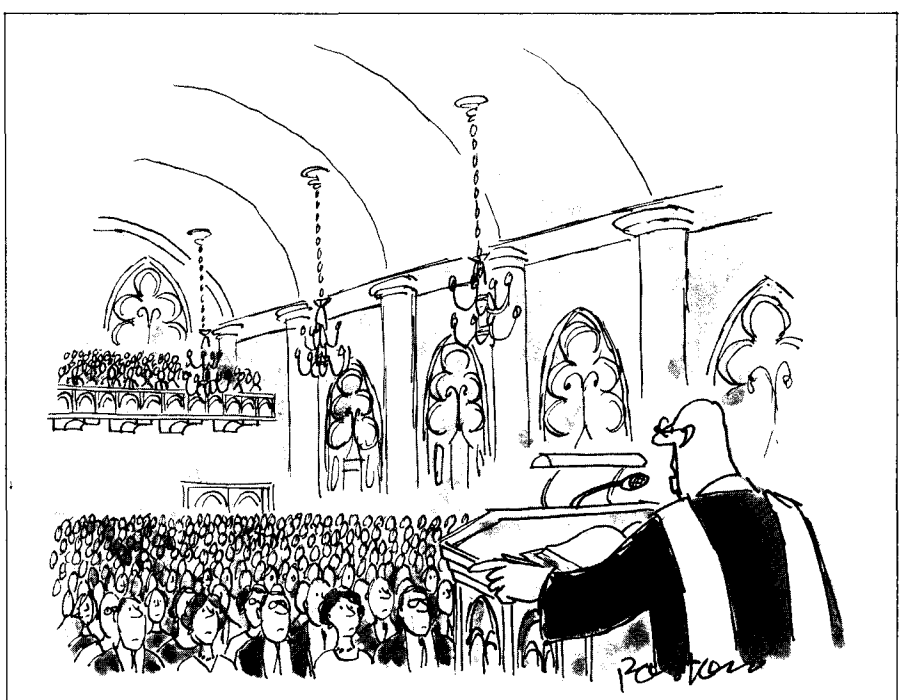
"Not a poem," answered the young writer gloomily. "Sixteen poems, five short stories, nine essays and three advertisements."

—B. W. Clifton

The Real Test

Although traditions change
When the Supreme Court makes the rule,
As long as kids have tests,
There *will* be prayers in school.

—Jean B. Boyce



"Before I begin my sermon, I'd like to request that everyone turn off their beepers."

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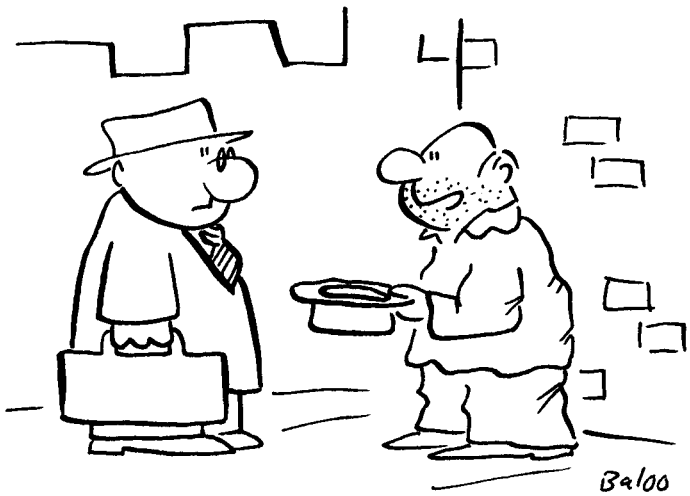
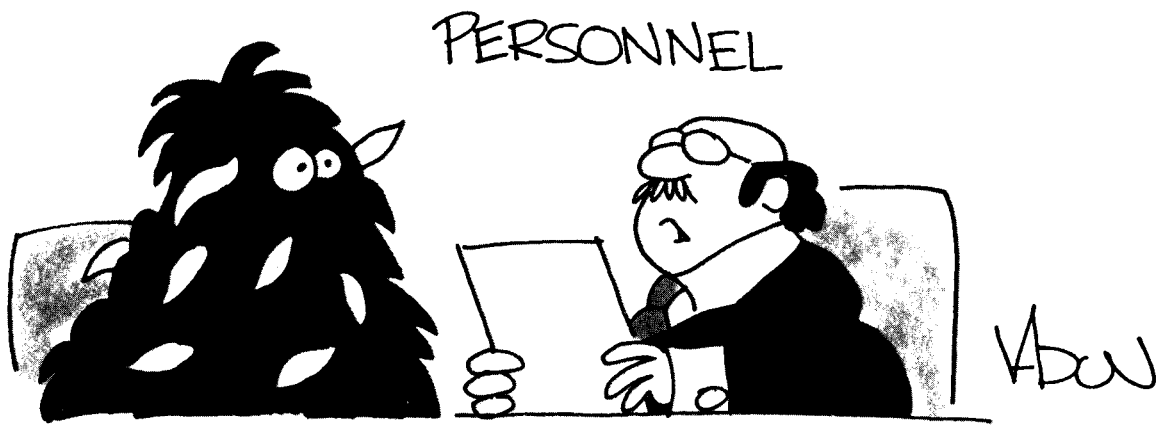
WORK BREAKS



"I'd like to have a job, sir, but I feel that there's always some poor son-of-a-gun who needs it more than I do."

"I see in your résumé that from 1961 to 1982 you were at work. Can you be a little more specific?"

"To make a long story short, I want you to dye all my white collars blue."



"Of course, if you'd rather we didn't check with your last employer. . . ."

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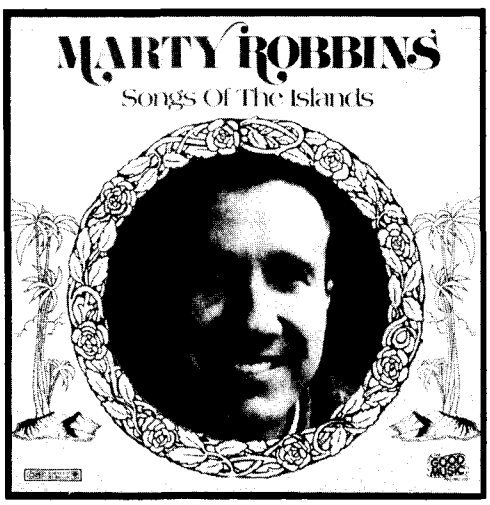
His Most Beautiful Album...

MARTY ROBBINS

Songs Of The Islands!

A DOUBLE-LENGTH STEREO ALBUM!



Here's What You Get!
On Records and Tapes!

Lovely Hula Hands
My Isle Of Golden Dreams
Aloha Oe
Hawaiian Bells
Now Is The Hour (Maori Farewell)
Drowsy Waters (Wailana)
Beyond The Reef
Don't Sing Aloha When I Go
The Sea And Me
Sweet Leilani
Harbor Lights
Down Where The Trade Winds Blow
Love Song Of Kalua
Crying Steel Guitar Waltz
The Hawaiian Wedding Song
Kuu Upo Lani (My Sweetheart Lani)
Constancy (Ua Like No A Like)
Song Of The Islands

NOT IN STORES
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The music of Hawaii and the South Seas is a special, very beautiful kind of music . . . with steel guitars and strumming ukeleles . . . soft and lazy rhythms to match the swaying palms and gentle surf. . . a warm and easy sound which brings with it the special magic of the islands. And the voice of **MARTY ROBBINS** is just about the best you'll ever hear sing these loveliest of melodies. This is truly the most beautiful album that Marty ever made, and shows us what a great singer he was.

Close your eyes, put your feet up, and let these wonderful songs whisk you away to your island paradise! Songs like **THE HAWAIIAN WEDDING SONG . . . SWEET LEILANI . . . BEYOND THE REEF . . . NOW IS THE HOUR ALOHA OE . . . LOVE SONG OF KALUA . . . SONG OF THE ISLANDS** *. . . and so many more.*

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If you don't agree that this MARTY ROBBINS collection is the most beautiful album you own, if you don't play it and enjoy it more than any other album, simply return it to us within 30 days and we will glady refund your full purchase price . . . *no questions asked!* That's how certain we are that you will truly **love** this album. So hurry and order yours TODAY. You may just take your next vacation in Hawaii!

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Please rush me the new MARTY ROBBINS collection. I understand that I may return it for any reason whatsoever and receive a complete refund. Make check or money order payable to Good Music Record Co.

☐ I enclose $8.98 Send Record Album. ☐ I enclose $9.98 Send Cassette Tape. ☐ I enclose $9.98 Send 8-Track Tape.
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Life & Death

continued from page 27

feeling love for anyone again but I know I love you as my very own precious grandmother.

"Bless you, Myrtie," I said, putting the stack of letters back on the desk.

"Oh, the Lord has just blessed me so wonderful, Mr. Colson. I've had the greatest time of my life since I've been writing to prisoners.

"And you know, once I turned over my life to Him—I mean, really did it—He took care of all my needs. Things go right before I even think about 'em."

After I asked about the Bible commentaries on her desk, Myrtie told me how she spends her days. She said she doesn't "do much of anything" but write to prisoners, read and study the Bible, pray, watch a few religious programs on television and "be carried" to and from the common dining room where she takes her meals. Myrtie insisted time passes faster and more joyously for her now than it ever did before.

As our time together drew to a close, Myrtie gave me a final bit of advice: "So, now, Mr. Colson, you just keep remembering the Lord don't need no quitters. Once in a while old Satan tells me I'm getting too old, don't remember things good. . .had to agree with him there. . . . But we mustn't listen to him. First thing you know he'll turn us around every which way. So I just keep remembering what the Lord told me and I can't quit," quickly adding with an admonitory gesture toward me, "and neither can you."

With that, Myrtie Howell gave me her wonderful grin again and exuded the joy of life lived to the fullest.

We prayed together and hugged one more time, and I promised we'd see each other again, holding to that marvelous thought C.S. Lewis was so fond of: Christians never have to say good-bye.

Two Prison Fellowship volunteers were waiting at the desk downstairs to take me to my next meeting. As we reached the front door, I felt compelled to turn and take one more look at that lobby. No, the scene hadn't changed.

Keeping my voice low, I said, "Look at that. Nothing left—"

"But to wait for the bodies to be carried out," one of my companions added, his expression quickly turning somber as he realized his bad joke was no joke at all.

All at once I was overwhelmed by the sad scene before me—the mirthless pit of depression, despair, emptiness. There was no joy in any of their expressions. Instead, their sunken eyes seemed to reflect a raging anger: anger that their families had left them there; anger that fate had dealt them cruel blows; anger that their minds were weak and their bones brittle; anger that their favorite TV program was interrupted or that someone else was served ahead of them at lunch. And they were jealous too, that someone less deserving than they might just survive and watch them being carried off through that lobby door—unless, that is, they could hold on long enough to relish the sight of that someone being carried out first.

My heart ached for these pathetic figures, clinging so desperately to something they never had, seeking to save a life that for so many had been only a cruel hoax: 70, 80 or 90 years of joy, defeat, pain and pleasure and then just sitting, waiting, for darkness to come. Waiting. Waiting—for this meaningless existence to end. And what was beyond? Nothing? Or more of this hell? If there is no God, or if He can't be known, then why live at all?

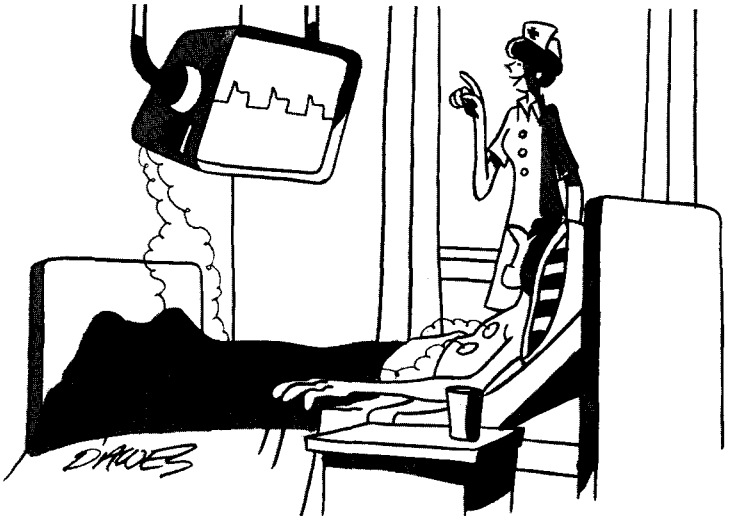
Meanwhile, upstairs, sat Myrtie Howell with her wide 91-year-old grin of joy and triumph. Ready to live. Ready to die. By now she was probably back at her desk writing to prisoners!

But Myrtie, too, had known the hell this world can be. She had known loneliness, pain, being unloved, loss of home and family, the drudgery of doing menial tasks to survive.

The difference was that Myrtie had recognized the vanity and purposelessness of life without God; the emptiness of life lived for self. She understood the futility of being unable to answer the questions: Why was I born? Why have I lived? Where am I going? So she had cried out to God to lead her out of that hell in the only way anyone has ever escaped—by giving up her life to gain His life. Yes, Myrtie long ago had learned life's central paradox.

I turned away from that dreary lobby and passed through the doors into the warm June day. The air was fresh and clean, and I took several deep breaths to clear my head. But I could not clear away the memories of that day—nor would the passage of time. For in that Georgia nursing home, God gave me an unforgettable vision of heaven and hell. The heaven of life with God. The hell of life without Him.

Editor's Note: For more information about Prison Fellowship write to Prison Fellowship, P.O. Box 17500, Washington, D.C. 20041.



"Think of it as a video game. As long as that line keeps going up and down, you're winning."

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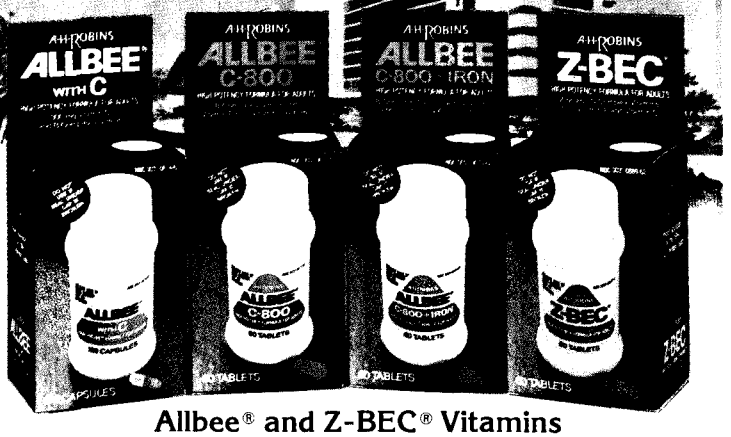
"Winning Events Olympic Sweepstakes"

Two expense paid trips for families of four to the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles...plus many other exciting, valuable prizes — televisions, bicycles, cameras, video cassette recorders!

Here's a chance for you and your family to see the 1984 Summer Olympic Games—all expenses paid. Lucky winners of the "Winning Events Olympic Sweepstakes," sponsored by Allbee and Z-BEC Vitamins, will see the world's best athletes compete "for the gold". Look for sweepstakes details at your drugstore's display... don't delay, send in your entry.

Official Vitamin Sponsors of the 1984 United States Olympic Team



Allbee® and Z-BEC® Vitamins

Allbee Vitamin formulas supply all the essential B-Complex Vitamins and Vitamin C your body needs to replenish.

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OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES RULES

1. To enter, hand print your name, address (including zip code and telephone number) and your favorite Allbee or Z-BEC vitamin retailer on the official entry form or on a 3" x 5" card. With each entry include the words: Allbee and Z-BEC Vitamins, Official Vitamin Sponsors of the 1984 U.S. Olympic Team. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.
2. Mail your entries to: WINNING EVENTS OLYMPIC SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 82089 St. Paul, MN 55182. Enter as often as you wish. Only one entry per stamped envelope. Entries must be postmarked by December 31, 1983 for the Winter Winning Events Drawing and received by January 15, 1984. Entries for the Summer Winning Events and Grand Prize drawing must be postmarked by May 1, 1984 and received by May 15, 1984. Entrants assume responsibility for delivery of entries by the Post Office. Entries which are illegible, torn or multilated will not be accepted.
3. Winners for the Winter Winning Events will be selected on or about the week of January 16, 1984. Winners for the Summer Winning Events and the Grand Prize drawing will be selected on or about the week of May 21, 1984. All winners will be notified by mail. Decisions of the Carlson Marketing Group Inc., an independent judging organization, are final. Chances of winning depend upon the total number of entries received.
4. The prizes consist of:

Winter Winning Events
1-First Prize—45" RCA Wide Screen Television
10-Second Prizes—His and Hers 26" Murray 10 Speed Touring Bicycles
25-Third Prizes—Original Limited Edition Olympic Lithographs
1000-Fourth Prizes—Olympic Posters

Summer Winning Events
1-First Prize—Sanyo Deluxe Portable VCR
10-Second Prizes—Nikon FG Camera, Lens, Case and Flash
25-Third Prizes—Original Limited Edition Olympic Lithographs
1000-Fourth Prizes—Olympic Posters

Grand Prize Winning Events—(to be drawn from all entries received.)
2 Grand Prizes— all-expenses paid trip to the 1984 Summer Olympic Games in Los Angeles for a family of four.

5. Prizes are limited to one household and are not transferable. No cash substitutes. Winners are responsible for all federal, state and local taxes. If a minor wins any of the prizes, it will be awarded in the name of the parent or legal guardian. All prizes will be awarded.
6. This sweepstakes is open in all areas of the U.S. in which displayed or advertised. Offer void if prohibited or restricted. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.
7. Employees and their families of the A. H. Robins Company and its affiliates or subsidiaries, their advertising and promotional agencies are not eligible. Winners subject to proving eligibility.
8. For a list of all prize winners, please submit a self-addressed, stamped envelope to WINNING EVENTS OLYMPIC SWEEPSTAKES WINNERS LIST, P.O. BOX 82194 St. Paul, MN 55182

Mail entries to:
"Winning Events Olympic Sweepstakes"
P.O. Box 82089, St. Paul MN 55182

Name_____

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Retailer Name_____

Retailer Address_____

See Official Sweepstakes Rules for mailing deadlines.

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CALLING ON AVON

On the eve of its centennial, one of America's best-known companies is aggressively ringing in the new business while keeping an open-door policy with its legions of sales representatives.

by Holly G. Miller

Dave Mitchell jokes that when he joined Avon Products right out of high school, he thought the chairman of the board surely must look something like God. More than 36 years later, he's considerably less awe-struck by the title. . .mainly because it's been his since 1977.

Between the time he hired in as a $35-a-week mail-room clerk and today, as he oversees the company's $3-billion-a-year international sales, he's viewed Avon from the ground up. He's worked his way east, from the distribution branch in Pasadena to the home office atop a New York City skyscraper, and has served in a variety of assignments along the way. Over the years he's had to figure out exactly how many compacts can be filled by a 600-pound bag of powder; he's rung doorbells in Connecticut, New Jersey and on Long Island; he's sniffed, whiffed and passed judgment on dozens of new products; and he's indirectly supervised an enormous and energetic sales force of some 1.3 million—approximately 5,000 of whom are men.

Choosing a perfume was relatively easy in the 1880s, when Avon's forerunner offered only five scents: Violet, Rose, Heliotrope, Lily of the Valley and Hyacinth.

At age 55, Mitchell staunchly defies corporate deification. Blond, trim and athletic, he conducts business in shirt sleeves and is on a first-name basis with everyone he meets —from the maintenance crew, to members of top management, to the delegations of Avon representatives who wander the halls of the home office during holidays in New York City. As evidence of Mitchell's comfortable-as-an-old-shoe manner, one employee offers the tale of a garbled telephone call he once received from the kitchen of the company cafeteria.

"Where are you calling from, Dave?" asked the employee.

"The kitchen," the chairman of the board replied above the din of clanging pots and pans and the splash of running water.

"What are you doing there?"

"Eating lunch, of course."

If his management style is casual, Mitchell's business sense is impeccable, and his decisions are well researched and dynamic. Under his direction Avon has diversified beyond its famous line of beauty products and into some lucrative, if surprising, areas. In 1979, the world-famous jeweler Tiffany and Company was added to the corporate fold, touching off jokes about diamond watches and platinum bracelets being offered door-to-door by bell-ringing saleswomen.

"When the acquisition took place, there was a lot of speculation in the press that Tiffany's image was going to disappear," admits Mitchell. "I remember that the news that night showed somebody selling a $50,000 diamond ring on a customer's doorstep. But actually, we're scrupulously working toward maintaining that very fine, separate Tiffany image. It's special; and there'll be no mixing or blending."

Avon's ability to keep its various businesses separate was proven a decade ago when Avon Fashions—the company's first diversification effort—was launched. Rather than using the established cadre of sales representatives to sell women's clothing door-to-door, a mail-order division was organized. The success has been phenomenal. Last year, Avon Fashions distributed more than 62 million catalogs that offered high-quality, trendy women's apparel at reasonable prices. Customers responded with orders surpassing $125 million. So successful has the mail-order division been that a line of men's clothing has been introduced under the name of James River Traders. A children's line is now available, and Avon expects to launch at least one new direct-mail business annually in upcoming years.

"All this may sound ambitious," says Mitchell. "But it's not that difficult. We don't manufacture anything we sell in the fashion line. Suppliers come in, put on their shows and we select what we want to sell. We have a huge mailing list, a good order-processing center and the ability to create catalogs. That

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David H. McConnell founded the California Perfume Company in 1886, combining the sweet smell with the soft sell.

makes it fairly simple."

While clothing and fine jewelry represent new directions for Avon, the most radical departure from the traditional beauty-care products has come more recently—just two years ago—when Avon purchased Mallinckrodt, a St. Louis-based manufacturer of medical and diagnostic products. Mallinckrodt's price tag? More than $700 million.

"That acquisition was a big nut for us," recalls Mitchell. "There were some people on the board of directors who thought the price was too high. But back in 1970, we identified the health-care field as where we wanted to be in the future. I think we'll be very successful in it."

From beauty care to health care, Avon, it seems, has come a long way in its nearly 100 years. . .a long way since its founder, an innovative traveling salesman named David McConnell, mixed his first batch of perfume in a pantry on Chambers Street in New York and sold it for half what the ingredients cost him.

Though separated by 98 years of Avon history, McConnell and David Mitchell share much more in common than just first names, identical initials and company affiliation. Chances are that McConnell, who died ten years before Mitchell joined the Avon mail-room staff in Pasadena, would have approved of the new directions his company has taken under Mitchell's leadership. Mitchell, on the other hand, says one of his primary goals upon retirement is to leave Avon teeming with the same kind of spirit instilled by founder McConnell five generations ago.

"It's a friendly spirit," explains Mitchell. "We have a group of people here who enjoy what they're doing and like one another. One of the things that pleases me most is when an employee, one who may not have been with the company very long, comes in and says, 'I just want to tell you that this is really a nice place to work.' And it happens."

The Avon spirit, past and present, is one of entrepreneurship—the ability to recognize a good opportunity and the willingness to work hard and capitalize on it. McConnell did this back in 1886. He decided it made good business sense to manufacture a product consumers quickly use and replace. His preference for selling these wares through "canvassing agents" came from his own experience as a door-to-door book salesman. In his memoirs, written in 1903, he noted:

". . .it seemed to me. . .that the perfume business in its different branches afforded the very best possible opportunity to build up a permanent and well-established trade. Having once decided that the perfume business was *the* business, the question naturally presented itself, 'By what name are these perfumes to be known; by what name is this company to be called?' "

He decided on the California Perfume Co. (changed to Avon in 1939) in honor of a close business associate who had relocated to the West Coast. His introductory line of floral fragrances was quickly expanded to include almond balm, shampoo,

Avon's 200-plus scientists and technicians are constantly finding new ways to improve on Mother Nature. Recent breakthroughs include a product for skin-cell renewal and an ultra body smoother that combines a body moisturizer, talc and fragrance.

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A scientist works at Avon's Mallinckrodt Division developing new flavoring ingredients for food and soft drinks.

tooth tablets and witch-hazel cream. Since much of his time was spent in the pantry experimenting with exotic-smelling concoctions, he left the distribution arm of the business to a rather stern-faced matron named Mrs. P.F.E. Albee of Winchester, New Hampshire. Mrs. Albee may have the distinction of being America's first Avon lady, but she didn't operate solo for long. She quickly organized and trained a sales force that swelled to 5,000 representatives within a dozen years.

"Contrast, if you please, the appearance of our office today with that when Mrs. Albee first started out with the California Perfume Company's goods," McConnell wrote to his sales representatives at the turn of the century. "Then I had one stenographer, and I myself filled the position of correspondent, cashier, bookkeeper, shipping clerk, office boy and manufacturing chemist. Today we have a weekly payroll of over 125 employees. . . . The growth of the California Perfume Company only emphasizes what energy and fair dealings with everyone can accomplish. We propose first to be fair with our customers—your customers—by giving them the very best goods that can be made for the money; we propose to be fair and just, even liberal, with you who form the bone and sinew of our business."

The company's work force and headquarters have changed considerably since McConnell's day. Total employment now tops 38,500, and the home office occupies 26 floors at "9 West," an ultramodern office building towering over Central Park South in New York City. However, the past is not forgotten; an open-door policy prevails. ("This is not an ivory tower," says Mitchell.) *Objets d'art* represent the more than 30 countries where Avon maintains facilities, and pictures of Mrs. Albee and her successors decorate the walls.

A further tribute to Avon's history is the company's archives, where the Avon product line is traced from the original Little Dot Perfume Set of 1886, to American Ideal perfume of 1907, to Jardin d'Amour of 1926, Topaz of 1935, Here's My Heart of 1946, To A Wild Rose of 1950, Charisma of 1968, Clint of 1976 and Louis Feraud's Fantasque of 1982. Although the company has been marked by growth and change, an important constant is the high regard shared by McConnell and Mitchell for the sales representatives in the field and for the sales technique they practice so well.

"It's clear to me that Avon's founders were, from the very beginning, completely committed to the concept of person-to-person selling," said Mitchell when he was inducted into the Direct Selling Association's Hall of Fame in Phoenix in 1982. "That, I believe, is the first and foremost reason for Avon's success. They began with unshakable faith—and continued with unswerving belief that the direct-selling distribution system is the best way to market our goods. They began not as merchants who waited for customers to appear. They be-

Avon on Ice

Buying a greenhouse with your Avon earnings may not sound unusual, unless your name is Linda Shelborne and your sales territory is McGrath, Alaska, where winter temperatures dip to 60 below zero and no roads lead in or out of town.

"If you stick a pin in the middle of a map of Alaska, you'd be very close to McGrath," she says. "We're sort of near Fairbanks and Anchorage. . .but not *really* near. Two hundred miles, maybe; and of course you have to fly."

Like most of the 440,000 Avon representatives in the United States, Linda launched her sales career to bolster the family coffers. But there the professional similarities end. So remote is her location that she has to phone in customer orders to a woman in Fairbanks who, in turn, relays them to the Lower 48. Depending on the weather, she makes her deliveries via sled, Honda three-wheeler or on foot.

"I've tried it by dog team, too," she says. "But it's a hassle. When the dogs get hot they run very fast and have a tendency to dump your deliveries. Then there's the problem of finding a suitable place to tie the team while you're making calls. And if any strays wander by, you can have a fight. . . ."

If her problems are unique, so are her opportunities. McGrath's population has nearly doubled in the nine years Linda has sold Avon products. Yet the needs of the 450 residents are served only by a general store. Its no-frills inventory consists of groceries, clothing and a basic line of toiletries. All this adds up to lucrative territory for a spunky lady with a sledful of balms, beauty bars, oils and unctions.

"I kind of have a corner on the market," she admits. "Out here Avon prices are considered very, very reasonable. Probably the items that sell the best are jewelry, make-up and gifts."

Whenever a sales contest is in progress the entire town is drawn into the act. Such enthusiastic community support has enabled her to treat her husband and sons to back-to-back trips to Hawaii. But she's more grateful to Avon for giving her a sense of independence than for the incentive awards.

"It's made me feel worthwhile," she says. "At one point I decided to give it up for a few months, but I found I missed it so terribly much that I felt like an arm had been removed. I went through awful withdrawal pains."

Now she's thinking about her next acquisition. All courtesy of Avon, of course. "I'm taking flying lessons," she said. "I'd like to use my earnings to buy an airplane so I can make deliveries to the *really* remote villages."

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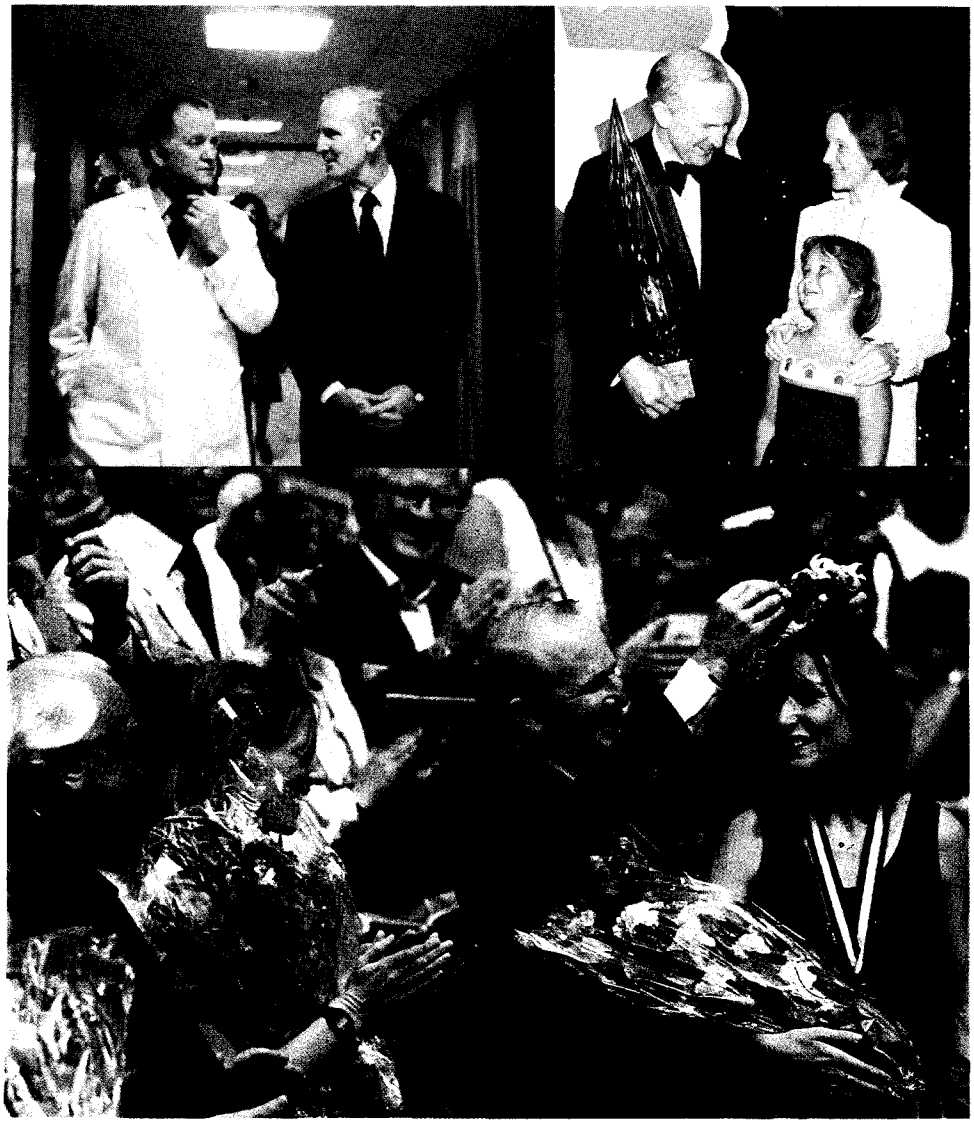
gan as 'go-getters'. . .believing in positive action rather than passive hopefulness. They said, 'Let's go for it'. . .rather than, 'Let's hope it happens.' "

Such an assertive philosophy suits Mitchell, a self-starter who joined Avon without benefit of a college diploma. He chose Avon over two other job offers not for the money—Avon offered the least, $140 a month—but because he liked the warmth of his interviewers and because his stepfather advised him that the cosmetics industry was slated for a boom. He never regretted the decision. Because he couldn't claim an impressive university sheepskin, he set about to catch up with promising employees who could. He enrolled in a management correspondence course, faithfully read through *Business Week* and *Fortune* and carefully observed his supervisors. He received on-the-job training as he moved from positions in production control, to manufacturing, to sales. Although he describes himself as shy, he proved to be an enthusiastic student and a super salesman.

"I probably wouldn't have been successful selling sheets of steel or automobiles or anything else that requires a more pressured type of selling," he admits. "But the Avon system teaches a low-key, personal-involvement approach. Ours was never the foot-in-the-door kind of selling. The whole atmosphere through the sales organization is one of warmth and personal contact. So, I don't think my shyness was an inhibitor; it might even have been a help because people seemed to warm up to me since I wasn't pushing all the time."



An Avon chief executive's duties are many, including: visiting Sloan-Kettering Center, where Avon has pledged $500,000 (top left), being inducted into the Direct Selling Hall of Fame (top right) and presenting flowers at the Avon Marathon in London.

Because of his own experience, Mitchell is committed to offering training to sales representatives ambitious enough to accept it. Incentive and education programs such as Opportunity Unlimited and Avon Career Training (ACT) are designed to motivate the sales force and make Avon representatives more knowledgeable.

"Encouraging individuals to grow makes our business grow," explains Jim Preston, president of the Avon Division (direct selling) of Avon Products. "Representatives need a tremendous amount of information, ideas and support to become as productive as possible."

This is especially true now, when the average Avon representative exudes business savvy and is committed to a long-term, successful company affiliation.

"We're finding more and more that we're shifting to the career-oriented representative. . .the woman who could work somewhere else but chooses Avon," says Mitchell. "I think 25 to 30 years from now you're going to see this company geared toward the career woman who starts her career as an Avon representative and moves up. That never used to be the case."

How far up the Avon ladder might a woman climb? To the top, according to Mitchell, who seems to relish the idea. He admits an attractive chief executive such as Mary Kay or Estee Lauder is a real asset in the cosmetics business and she would be most welcome at "9 West."

"In all honesty, yes, that would be a plus because most of the products we sell today are through women to women for women. I would think certainly a woman has to have a better feeling for and better judgment on that sort of thing than I have," he says. "While there really haven't been a lot of women who have emerged at the top of corporations, when it happens—and it will—Avon is the kind of company where you would expect to have a woman surface as chief executive officer."

In the meantime, Avon continues to promote women in a variety of other arenas. Company leaders are so appreciative of the loyalty exhibited by the Avon representatives and customers over the years that

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Sweet Smell of Success

Occur! didn't just happen. Roses, Roses by any other name might have smelled as sweet but might not have survived the first sales campaign. Without their sleek packaging, Timeless and Unforgettable might have been neither.

"Everything has to work together," says E. Peter Raisbeck, Avon group vice president in charge of marketing. "You can't put a heavy, serious fragrance into a light, floral-type package. And names are harder and harder to come by. Sometimes we get right down to the end, and everything's ready to go but the name."

Back when Avon was still the California Perfume Co., its sales force of high-button-shoed matrons could offer no-frills vials of only five "odors": Violet, White Rose, Heliotrope, Lily of the Valley and Hyacinth. Not so anymore.

"We introduce about 100 products a year in the cosmetics, fragrances and toiletries segment of the business," explains Raisbeck. "Of course, each fragrance line might have ten items in it, so in terms of major brand introductions, we do about 6 or 7 per year."

Fragrances such as Honeysuckle, Roses, Roses and Wild Jasmine are still at home in Avon display cases but are now joined by more sophisticated scents to suit contemporary tastes. Tocarra, packaged in cosmic blue and silver, is touted in Avon catalogs as "mysterious and captivating"; Tasha, in pink and burgundy, is "dreamlike, fanciful"; and could Foxfire, red and gold, be anything but "incredibly intimate and sultry"?

The marketing staff works two years in advance and is charged with the task of determining what will ring America's bells in the future.

"We're finding as more and more women work, their tastes are becoming more contemporary. A woman who, five years ago, liked buying those homespun packages is just a little more sophisticated today. She may not be your Bloomingdale customer, but she's certainly a Macy's customer. She knows what's going on."

Input from Avon customers and sales representatives is solicited before and after a product's development. New ideas are generated during discussions when representatives trade ideas on what they think might sell well in the marketplace. Once a product concept has been put into the system, a consumer panel tests various formulas against each other and then against the competition. The fine tuning that takes place in the laboratory usually results in a line that boasts Avon's customary sweet smell of success. A recent triumph was Fantasque, the company's first foray into French designerdom.

"On a blind-test basis, it's the most successfully rated fragrance we've ever marketed," says Raisbeck. "Actually, the line was developed for Europe. Before we launched it here we fretted, because the designer, Louis Feraud, isn't a household name in the U.S."

Not to fret. Raisbeck attributes Fantasque's fantastic success more to the product than to Americans' preoccupation with designers. In simple terms, he says, it smells—to borrow a phrase—Fantasque.

"It's kind of like wine. You can tell you're smelling something that is fine rather than just 'nice.' "

The price of Fantasque is about double the cost of most Avon fragrances, but has caused few customers to bat a well-curled eyelash. Household budgets seem to contain built-in stretch when it comes to products that make the lady of the house feel, smell and look good.

"I think in the future we're going to see the development of more benefit-oriented skin-care products," predicts Raisbeck. "A woman wants to think these products make her look younger, and I think, when used properly and consistently, they will at least keep her from looking older as fast. We're spending a lot of time, effort and money on this, and we're consulting with some outside medical people."

So the Fountain of Youth is still high on every woman's wish list. But it may be as elusive as ever.

"We're working on it," says Raisbeck. Then he laughs and pats his head: "That and something that will grow hair."

Keeping busy is no problem for Avon Division's promoters, responsible for keeping up sales of 650 separate products.

they seek out ways to say thank-you. As an advocate of physical fitness, Mitchell is the guiding force behind the Avon International Running Circuit, launched in 1978 and now encompassing dozens of races in 12 countries. Not only has the circuit been a showcase for the world's great female runners, but its enormous popularity helped persuade the International Olympic Committee to initiate a women's marathon, beginning with the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles. Avon has also expanded opportunities for women in bowling, ice skating and, of course, through the renowned Avon Tennis Circuit.

Perhaps the company's single most generous gift on behalf of women has been its pledge of $500,000 to the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. The money is being used to support research into the causes of and treatment for cancers of the female reproductive organs. The grant was made possible through the Avon Foundation, founded in 1955 to support community, charitable and medical research and treatment facilities.

"I think all of us at Avon have this feeling that women built this company," says Mitchell. "So doing things for women has got to be right for us. We were thrilled to be able to make the grant to Sloan-Kettering because there was a very strong need. Of course, the problem isn't solved, and I guess if more

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MIRACLE IN THE RAIN

It was a remarkable thing to have happen—she didn't even know where he had come from, but the pleasant young soldier had brought fun into her life for the first time.

by Ben Hecht

Another day was ending in New York. A girl walked in the spring rain that bombarded 34th Street. The rain and the twilight hid her. You could see only that she was young, poor and graceful. The girl was carrying a number of bundles. She was on her way home from work to make supper for her mother, who would be sitting at the window in the dark living room and looking at the rain. The girl wished her mother would turn on the light and not sit in the dark. But that would never happen. It would always be dark when the girl came into the bare apartment, and her mother would always be sitting in shadows, motionless and staring, as if she were waiting for something. The girl's heart hurt as she thought of this figure, sitting almost as if it were not alive.

The rain was beginning to leak through her thin coat, and her stockings were wet to the knees. As she moved in the rain she tried not to think of her mother. But there was nothing else of enough importance in her life to think about. She knew the names and faces of a few people in the office. When they talked in the office, they seemed sharply, almost painfully, familiar, but when she left the office at six o'clock these people disappeared. She tried to imagine where they went and what they did and what sort of evenings waited for them behind the doors of their apartments.

The girl in the rain stopped wondering about them because such thoughts made her feel frightened, as if she, too, were disappearing for the night and turning into nobody.

The rain grew stronger and filled the dark with a growing roar. The girl turned into a building for shelter and stood dripping behind glass doors. She was more worried over her bundles than herself. They held cold meats, potato salad, pickles, a loaf of rye bread, a pound of butter and a can of coffee. She had bought these things in the large department store near her office because everything there was a little cheaper than in the stores in her neighborhood.

Now you could see the girl's face in the dim vestibule light. It was a face that might have been pretty if it had not looked so empty and patient. There was no light in its brown eyes and no expression to its full mouth. It was young without youth—an unused face.

A tall young man stopped on his way out of the building and stood beside the girl. He was a soldier and wore a raincoat. After a minute, the young soldier spoke in a voice full of good cheer.

"Look at her go," he said, his eyes admiringly on the bubbling pavement. "Like a pack of horses coming down the homestretch. You know, a night like this makes this town look almost human." He laughed and went on talking. "There's nothing so good as a real rain," he said, "unless it's a blizzard. Listen to her." He pointed happily at the night. "Like firecrackers." His voice grew thoughtful. "I'd be out walking in it right now if I had any place to go. Maybe that's the best time to walk in the rain—when you got nowhere to go."

The girl had glanced at him as he was talking. She was unused to noticing men, and her glance gave her no more than the impression of a young, dark-haired soldier who was full of good cheer.

"It's all in the point of view." The rain admirer smiled at the girl. "If you want to, you can figure you're cast away on a jungle island with nothing and nobody around you but rain. Think how surprised you would be if you were cast away on a jungle island in the rain for ten weeks and you suddenly saw a girl standing beside you." And the soldier laughed again. "I smell potatoes," he said, "and something like pickles." He was looking at her bundles. "That rain won't let up for hours," he went on. "What do you say we just walk out and let her soak? I'll put your bundles under my coat and they won't get wet. Here, gimme."

He reached out his hands and the girl looked at him and frowned. He had smoky gray eyes and a lean jaw, and his nose looked a little crooked. She wondered how he could talk so friendly to someone he didn't know at all. She continued to frown, but the soldier seemed not to notice this. His face suddenly seemed to her not at all strange. It was full of liking for her. An impulse not of her mind made her hand him the bundles. He tucked them under his raincoat and opened the door. The rain came bouncing at them.

"All right!" the soldier cried. "Out we go! Come on now! Lickety-split!"

He took her arm and they ran together into the rain.

"Are we going right?" he demanded. She said nothing and they kept on running. "There's a bus coming," he announced in her ear. "Do you want to catch it?"

"Yes," said the girl, and felt frightened because she had spoken to a stranger.

"Allez oop!" said the soldier, and pulled her forward at a faster clip. "We can just flag it!"

"Well," said the soldier, sharing a pool of water with her on the bus seat, "we're off the jungle island now and afloat on a raft which I have knocked together with some homemade nails. Have you any idea where we're going?"

"I'm going home," said the girl.

"That's what I figured." The soldier nodded. He looked at her disordered hair sticking to her wet face. "You got a ma or pa or something?" he asked vaguely.

"My mother is home," said the girl in a voice that the soldier could barely hear.

"That's wonderful," he said. "Let's get down to brass tacks. My name is Art Hugenon. I'm from

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Tennessee, only I don't speak it. I've been in town for two days and have to an extent exhausted most of its points of interest, including all the famous street corners, the top of the Empire State Building and the zoo. What's your name?" he asked suddenly.

"Ruth Wood," the girl said.

"Ruthie, I can see by looking at you," Private Hugenon continued, "that you are a girl a man can trust. You know, a fella has to be pretty careful in a town like this—particularly a soldier."

Ruth knew he was laughing at her, but when she turned angrily to look at him, she saw a pair of serious eyes regarding her, eyes so full of good will and understanding that she smiled.

"I tell you what," Private Hugenon proceeded. "I'm inviting you and your ma to have dinner with me. Those pickles will keep till tomorrow."

"My mother doesn't go out," said Ruth.

"And you have to go home to her every night for dinner," Private Hugenon said.

"Yes," said Ruth.

"Well, then," the soldier said, "there's nothing left to do but dine at your house."

"You mean you?" said Ruth.

"Look at that rain now," said Private Hugenon, pointing out of the bus window. "It's turning somersaults. Woosh-bang!" And he began to laugh as if the rain had suddenly tickled his funny bone.

The girl lay in her narrow bed near the window, unable to sleep. The rain had stopped. A spring moon made a blue flicker in the deep night. The alarm clock said it was almost three, and she must get up at seven, but she wanted to think some more and to remember things. She began the story again for herself at the point where she was opening the apartment door with Mr. Hugenon beside her, skipping the time in the grocery when he bought the chicken and the bottles of beer, because she had been very nervous then. She had worried about his seeing her mother for the first time. But when she had opened the door, he had said, "Good evening, Mrs. Wood." And when her mother didn't answer or even look around,

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he paid no attention to that. He acted as if it were natural.

"You fix everything up," he said. "I'm going to take a shower and get shaved. When you see me again I will be looking very pretty."

Ruth smiled at her pillow and skipped again to the supper. It was hard to remember his talk. It was about people he knew. Why should he be so interested in telling her all those things about strangers? And about his aunt too? That was the funniest person she had ever heard of. His aunt must have been really crazy, making him wear long curls and a derby hat when he was only four years old. Ruth frowned into the moonlit room. She should have said something about his mother and father when he said he didn't have any. But he kept talking and laughing so much you couldn't very well say that.

The girl fidgeted in the narrow bed. She had wanted, all through the evening, to tell him about her mother, so he wouldn't misunderstand her silence and her faraway look and feel insulted. She explained it all to him now in the moonlit room as she lay remembering. *My mother is very ill, Mr. Hugenon. When I was a little girl, my father left her. And my mother grew sick. She hasn't spoken for almost ten years. She just sits and stares and cries sometimes, and I take care of her. There's nothing can be done except for me to be with her. She gets frightened when she's alone at night.*

He had not even asked how they happened to have such an expensive piano in the apartment when everything else was so different.

We've moved so many times, she explained to a remembered Mr. Hugenon, *and each time we've taken the piano with us, although nobody has ever played it. It belonged to my father. He used to play it all the time, and I can remember that when I was a little girl I used to sit in my mother's lap and we would listen to him composing music and playing it over and over.*

She remembered Mr. Hugenon going to the piano and how her mother had stared as he sat down.

It must be terribly late, the girl thought, looking out of the window at the deep night, but she wanted to see Mr. Hugenon at the piano again, banging away despite its being so out of tune and singing much better than most of the singers you hear on the radio. She remembered herself sitting stiffly in the chair and not saying anything or trying to join in the singing. She wished desperately now that she had smiled or laughed and talked back to him, instead of sitting like a stick. But she had felt so excited, so happy, that he must have known it. She smiled now at the dark, remembering him again at the piano, playing and singing and loving them—her and her mother.

Loving her and her mother—the words made her blush. "But he did," the girl said softly to herself, and that was why everything had been so wonderful. It was as if she and her poor mother who never smiled were part of something belonging to Mr. Hugenon, and he wanted them to be as happy as he was himself.

What a remarkable thing to have happen, she dreamed—that there should be so much fun in her house, that a tall, young soldier should stand laughing on its worn carpet and recite poetry while he drank beer. He was a crazy one. The girl's mind grew dim. A smile covered her face as if a light were shining on it. And under this light she fell asleep.

Ruth stood on the corner of 45th Street and watched the people swarm by till her eyes ached. It was Saturday afternoon and the April day glowed as if it had come to Broadway from a meadow. Beside Ruth stood a middle-aged woman who, despite the sun, looked a little frostbitten. This was because the tip of her nose was red and her eyes watery and squinting. She was Miss Ullman, Ruth's immediate superior in the office, having full charge of the Atlantic Novelty Company's ledgers. A skimpy fur was around her shoulders and a sort of three-decker hat sat on her gray hair. A lopsided coat hung from her shoulders. "I don't see what you want me along for," said Miss Ullman. "He certainly didn't ask to have me along."

"I don't happen to know him," said Ruth. "I mean I've never been out with him."

"Or anybody else," said Miss Ullman, with a sniff. "It's really unbelievable, such idiocy. I could have been home fixing up things." Miss Ullman lived in a room that looked out on a brick wall. She had sat in it so long that she felt remiss when she was away from it. She looked slyly at the flushed face of her assistant. "No use breaking your neck rubbering," she said. "He won't be along for some time. We're early."

A great change came over the swarm of people moving toward the waiting girl. They became friendly people, full of meaning, for walking among them was Private Hugenon. His coat was unbuttoned and he was making faces, cocking his head from side to side, so that you almost had to laugh, looking at him. Then Ruth saw that he wasn't making faces, but whistling. As he came nearer a fear smote her that he would be angry at the presence of Miss Ullman, and she wished with all her heart that she had not been such a fool as to invite her.

"Ahoy," said Private Hugenon. "I got lost. That's why I'm not here ahead of time."

"I want you to meet Miss Ullman," Ruth said. ". . .This is Mr. Hugenon, Miss Ullman."

"How do you do," Miss Ullman said in a squeaky voice. "Well, I guess I'd better run along now."

"Nothing doing." Mr. Hugenon took her arm. "I've reserved a table for three."

"But you didn't know," Ruth said. But Mr. Hugenon looked at her owlishly down his slightly crooked nose and winked.

"I know everything," he said, and swept on with his guests.

Ruth saw Miss Ullman looking sideways at him as they walked through the crowd, and she began to worry that Mr. Hugenon would not be so clever as he had been in her home. She wished Miss Ullman had heard him the night before.

But Ruth's worries were unwarranted. At the table in the restaurant Mr. Hugenon was even more remarkable than he had been the night before. Miss Ullman laughed at almost everything he said. Her squinty little eyes became invisible, and her gray head kept bobbing with mirth. Ruth laughed, too, and when she did, Mr. Hugenon beamed and leaned toward her as if he were going to put his arm around her. But he didn't touch her at all. Instead, he embraced Miss Ullman and said, "I have three tickets to the theater. I insist on your coming."

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"For heaven's sake," said Miss Ullman, "that's really not necessary. No, you children run along and have fun."

"Nothing doing," said Mr. Hugenon. "If you leave, a blight will descend on me. I will get the hiccups and bump into my platoon leader."

Ruth thought he couldn't have three tickets, but it pleased her that he should lie about it. They had some difficulty finding the particular theater Mr. Hugenon had in mind, but finally they all ended up safely in the third row. Here the afternoon disappeared in a haze of music and bright lights shining on dancers, acrobats and comedians. Miss Ullman sat spellbound and Ruth stared at the stage with her mouth opened in a continuous smile of delight.

It was twilight when they came into the street. The day had grown chill and unfriendly. Everything seemed noisy and scattered, and the faces crowding by seemed part of some sudden disillusion.

"I've got to go home and get supper," said Ruth.

"Of course," said Mr. Hugenon, and kept staring into the street. "This town certainly gives you the willies. Look, it's full of blind people. It's a wonder they don't bump into each other or all get run over." He turned to Ruth and smiled. "We're all going home with you and pick up some things on the way, so stop worrying. . . . How do you feel about some caviar for dinner tonight, Miss Ullman?"

"Oh, for heaven's sakes," the little bookkeeper squeaked and hung on to her three-decker hat. "Oh, my, I've never had any. I'm sure that it's awful."

"A very sensible attitude," said Mr. Hugenon, and they joined the blind people in the street. They came to an open store in which a crowd was standing. An auctioneer was intoning information at them.

"Wait a minute." Mr. Hugenon stopped in the doorway. "What's going on here?"

"It's one of those auctions," said the worldly Miss Ullman. "I wouldn't go near them."

They stood listening to the auctioneer, and Mr. Hugenon edged his guests inside. The auctioneer was talking through his nose.

"We have next this genuine Roman coin," he was saying into a small microphone, "a priceless antique dug up from the tomb of the Caesars. Examine it, please. A genuine Roman coin, such as would make any collector's mouth water. Think of what this piece of gold has seen! If it could only talk, it would tell you the story of the Roman emperors—all of them! I am offering you this museum piece at your own price. What am I bid for this bit of fabled metal?"

"Oh, I want to buy it," Ruth whispered suddenly. She looked, shining eyed, at Mr. Hugenon and raised her voice. "Two dollars!" she called out.

"Two dollars!" repeated the auctioneer angrily. "I am bid two dollars for this priceless antique! Think of it! Do I hear three? Three? Do I hear three?"

He heard nothing of the sort, and then, fearful the bird in the hand might fly through the door, he announced, "Sold! Sold for two dollars! Or should I say given away? . . . This way, lady!"

Mr. Hugenon examined the genuine Roman coin as they rode toward 85th Street in the bus.

"It looks quite antique," said Miss Ullman, her head bent over it. "That says 'The Era of Vespasian.' He was a Roman emperor, all right. I wonder if that hole belongs in it or if somebody made it recently. You can't tell about Roman coins." She looked up at Ruth and added, "Whatever made you buy it?"

"I don't really know," said Ruth. "I just had to have it. . . . It's for you," she added shyly, looking at Mr. Hugenon.

"I'm going to wear it around my neck for luck," he said with a smile. He added in a dramatic voice:

"Around his neck he wore
The Maid Utrilda's charm,
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm."

Miss Ullman nodded in wonder. And Ruth tried to keep the tears from showing in her eyes. She thought she would never sleep again, but lie awake night after night remembering everything.

The office people were much impressed by the transformation of Miss Ullman's assistant. She sat at her desk and glowed, and her voice saying "Good morning" was so full of happiness that two of the filing clerks felt themselves definitely smitten. Even Mr. Jalonick, the red-faced manager, gave her a curious

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She wished desperately now that she had smiled or laughed and talked back to him, instead of sitting like a stick.

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AT HOME WITH JOHN FORSYTHE

A solid citizen of Bel Air, this veteran actor and star of "Dynasty" reflects on his near record-long Hollywood marriage and his 40-year acting career.

by Roger Elwood

"He was very strait-laced, stiff—yes, autocratic, an unforgiving man in many, many ways." John Forsythe might be describing Blake Carrington, the character he portrays with such force in ABC-TV's "Dynasty"—but he's not. The description is of his father, who many years ago told young John he shouldn't become an actor. "I remember with special vividness my father's judgment that acting shouldn't be at all the profession for his son," says Forsythe, relaxing in the living room of his Bel Air home.

"I was 22 years old at the time and had done some announcing for the Dodgers—but no real acting. Yet it interested me. I said to my father, 'Acting really is very appealing, you know.' There was a long silence, which seemed endless, though it was probably only ten minutes or less; and then he looked at me and said, 'I'm worried about your sister. And I've worried about your brother, but until now, I never worried about you. I've always thought that whatever happened, you would wind up O.K.'

"I responded, 'Well, I'm really very grateful for your saying that.' I realized, however, that he had said 'until now.' So I asked, 'What makes you feel differently today?' He said, 'What makes you think you can be an actor?' I told him, 'Oh, I don't know for sure. I'd just like to try it instead of going into Wall Street, where you are.' I hesitated, then added, 'Aren't you confident about me any more?' He also hesitated before replying, 'I'm one of your biggest fans, John. But you just do not look like an actor.' I asked him what an actor looked like. His reply was one I'll never forget: 'They're jaunty, flamboyant. They've got deep voices. And you don't dress like an actor. You don't wear your coat over your shoulders and have your hat tipped.' "

In retrospect, Forsythe believes his father's grudging attitude was helpful. "I have to say about him that he never tried to force his viewpoint upon me. One of the great things he did for me was to support me, whatever I might decide. He allowed me to be a self-sufficient human being."

Forsythe smiles warmly as he adds, "You know, my father kept worrying about me for the longest while, but he lived enough years after that to see me do very well on the stage in New York City and the early years of television."

The actor had a somewhat smoother relationship with his mother. "My mother was never less than reassuring and sensitive. Anything that I wanted was perfectly all right as far as she was concerned. Everybody in the world loved her. She was one of the most generous women ever—not a mean bone in her body."

John Forsythe's parents are gone now. Sadly, his brother and his sister are also dead. "I am the only family member left," he says simply. "My brother and sister smoked a great deal. It destroyed their bodies."

"But I now have a new family, and I don't allow my sorrow to overwhelm me. I'm quite sure that my father, my mother, my brother and my sister are, as we speak, living a life that is, in the final analysis, far better, far more serene, far more beautiful than this one of mortality.

"I said that we should make the best we can of the years we have left here. I do believe that fully. Filling out this life is terribly important—doing good things; living constructively; loving; caring—we must treat our fellow human beings decently and, yes, hope that we will be treated that way in return."

If John Forsythe is bitter, it is toward those who promote the habit of smoking. "The smoking industry has been perpetrating a cruel hoax on countless millions of people, fostering the notion of smoking's social acceptability and desirability," he says. "This does nothing but get me angry."

John does much more than merely sit back and fume. He is a spokesman for the American Cancer Society. He does public-service announcements on television and radio and appears at functions around the country—even, as he did some months ago, before a congressional subcommittee.

"I quit smoking 30 years ago," he says. "I did this because it was all so ridiculous and harmful. I was having circulation problems at the time. My doctor commented that smoking cigarettes was aggravating the situation. Most smokers have circulatory difficulties anyway, because smoking constricts the arteries of the body.

"The whole habit is so insidious. After you get the nicotine out of your system, then you have to deal with something so simple, and yet so annoying, as what to do with your hands. For nearly two years after I quit, I found myself fighting at the dinner table," he said.

And he has seen a number of his friends become quite ill due to their own compulsive smoking.

"A character actor came to the set recently; I hadn't seen him for ages. And I was shocked when I did. He weighed more than 300 pounds and had to breathe through the aid

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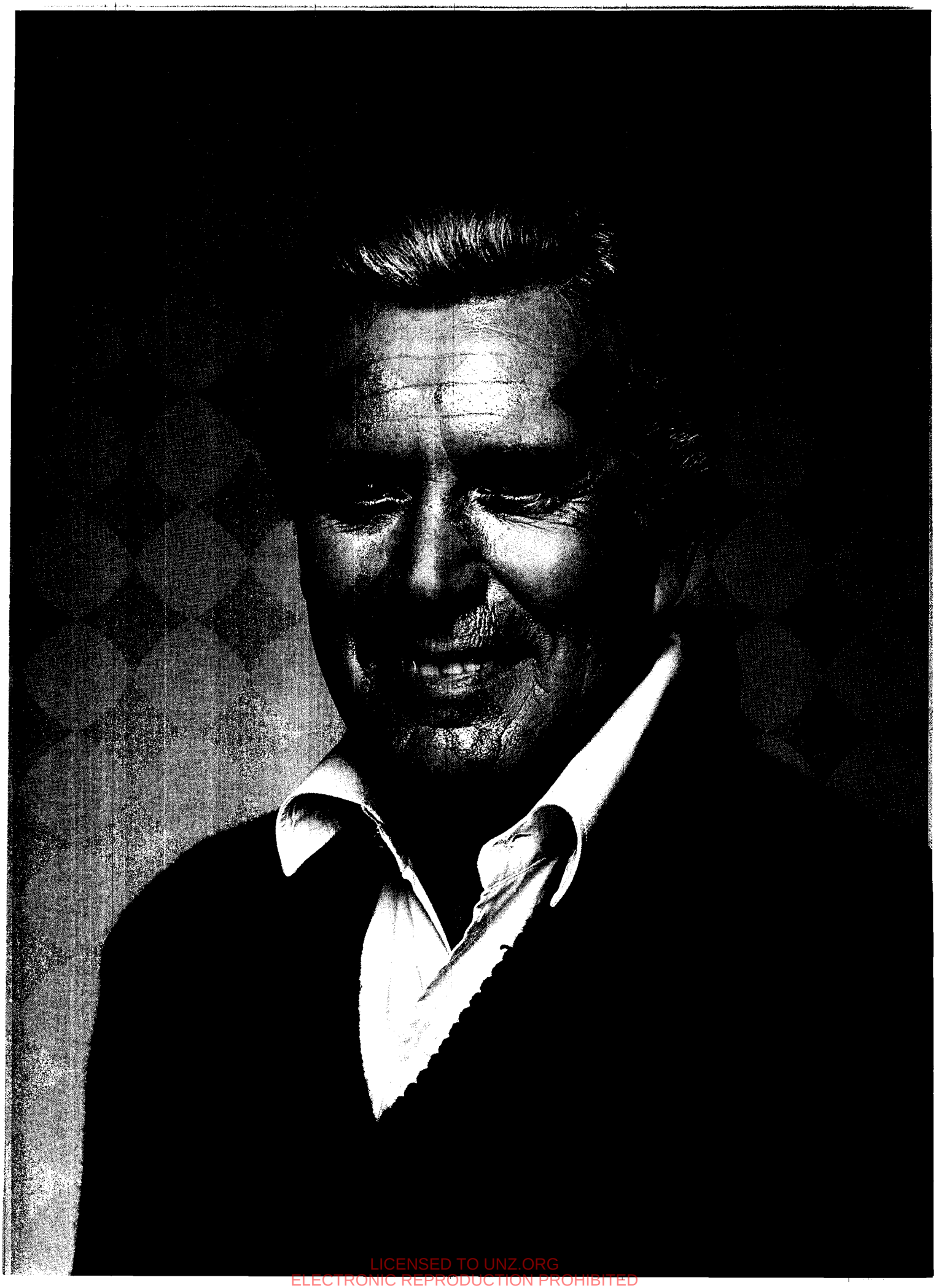

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of a portable respirator. He was a shell of what he once had been. I doubt that he will be with us much longer—and those remaining days will be increasingly tormented."

Although at nearly 66 he appears robust, his face tanned, his voice vibrant, Forsythe has legitimate concerns about his own health.

"Becoming used to the probability of diminishing physical health as you get older takes a great deal of adjustment," he says. "You perhaps try to kid yourself that you are in as good shape as you ever were—but this ignores the biological truths that affect us all."

In John's case, the reality of diminishing physical health became particularly vivid three years ago.

"I had what is called a congenital heart problem," he continues. "You see, I was born with very small coronary arteries, inadequate for the supply of blood my body needed. Over recent years, I had been experiencing increasing fatigue. When I was younger, my health was better and my system could fight off the effects more readily.

"But then after a trip to Africa for my 'World of Survival' series, I felt especially bad. The doctors put me through some tests—and arrived at the conclusion that I needed a heart-bypass operation."

Dimples at full tilt, John Forsythe makes the most of a Paris evening with Olivia de Havilland in the 1956 comedy, *The Ambassador's Daughter.*

As is the case with many successful men, John had gone along through the decades with the growing conviction that, while he was certainly not immortal, his strength and vigor nevertheless would hold through anything.

"I didn't even go to the doctors as much as I should have," he admits. "To be brought face-to-face with the nature of my condition proved to be a traumatic moment.

"But my wife, Julie, and I knew that something had to be done, either through surgery or through an altered lifestyle. Rather than have a heart attack while I was playing tennis or working late at night on a show as we sometimes have to do, we decided it was best for me to submit to the operation."

He was on the operating table for more than five hours. "It was a harrowing time, to be sure. They had to replace or repair four arteries. But everything turned out well. Apparently, I was a very good candidate for the operation. I went in with minimal risk. A day and a half afterwards, I was walking around and doing crossword puzzles because I was bored to death. They took me out of intensive care after two days and put me in a separate room. I walked around the room almost immediately, and a day or so later I was in the halls and talking to everybody. I went home after eight days. And I was back playing tennis in two months.

"I was walking a mile or two each day just eight days after the operation. I played tennis somewhat awkwardly at first because I couldn't serve or reach up very high, since lifting my arm very much was impossible due to the wire holding the flesh on my chest together."

He pauses, then adds, "I am amazed at how well I recuperated. I often think that the strain on my loved ones was worse than for me, particularly during that five-hour-plus period as my wife and daughters sat in the waiting

John's never had trouble mingling with the ladies, as in the mid-'50s at a New York club. Today his enviable job has him rubbing shoulders with Linda Evans and Joan Collins.

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room, wondering what was going to happen."

Then, with great intentness, he says, "But it all wasn't a rosy picture by any means. If I had not been in the basically good shape I was, the aftermath could have been much more severe. It wasn't the physical that seemed to suffer the most, but the emotional, the psychological."

Depression.

Another actor, Rod Steiger, has stated he suffered from near suicidal tendencies for a year after a similar operation. Instead of being glad that he was alive, Steiger had been brought face-to-face with the precariousness of a body's health at any given moment; and the threat of death, the closeness of it, plunged him into a disastrous mental state.

"My depression certainly wasn't as severe as that," John says. "But it was there in any event.

"It takes a long time for you to begin to feel as you thought you might. I was talking about this with the surgeon who performed the operation. He made an observation that I will never forget. He said, 'I didn't cure your condition; I corrected it.' And that condition could reoccur if I weren't careful with myself."

Being careful involves a combination of diet and exercise.

"I don't eat meat; I eat fish and chicken. Unfortunately, I am absolutely passionate about cheese. My idea of heaven is to sit with an apple and a piece of cheese and gnaw at them," he says.

The Forsythes live rather quietly in their Bel Air home, which looks out on a spectacular view. John and Julie's marriage has lasted nearly 40 years—close to a record in Hollywood, though they yield first place to the Ricardo Montalbans, who have been married for several years longer. (John's first marriage lasted only a brief time and ended in divorce.)

"With the inestimable help of my wife, I have raised two wonderful children," says John. "They give as much joy to me as I try to return to them. Julie's talent as an interior decorator fills every inch of this house with the colors and designs that make it so pleasing."

Outside, the landscaping on the Forsythe property gives it an estate-like look—understated, dignified: rather the impression that John himself projects.

"I remember so vividly how we almost lost all this some 20 years ago during the Bel Air fire, which we all suspected was probably caused by a careless smoker," he said. "It was some miracle that anything in this area survived intact. But you know what?" he added. "The memory isn't all bad. The fact was, the people got together and helped one another. People who, until then, hardly even knew each other came together in a central community that I will remember for the rest of my life."

Forsythe can call on many other pleasant memories of his 40-odd years in show business. Following the aforementioned stint as an Ebbets' Field announcer for the old Brooklyn Dodgers, he first showed up in the movies in *Winged Victory* (1944). At war's end, it was back to the New York area, training at the Actor's Studio, where, he said, he was "known as the Brooks Brothers Bohemian" (perhaps translatable into today's jargon as the "preppy hippy"). Whatever form John's lifestyle took at that time, it seemed to work, as he moved upward in the Broadway hierarchy: a role in *All My Sons*; replacement for Henry Fonda in *Mr. Roberts*; and finally his very own lead in *Teahouse of the August Moon*.

But it's not Forsythe's Broadway work for which that younger, dark-haired actor is best remembered. Ask a Blake Carrington fan today, and he'll tell you that his hero's most notable previous role was in the doo-wop, *American Graffiti* days of "Bachelor Father," a sitcom in which John played the wise-head-of-household role so often seen in those days in shows such as "Leave It to Beaver," "My Three Sons" and "Father Knows Best."

Times have changed in the past quarter-century. In his current hit "Dynasty," Forsythe still plays the fatherly figure—but he's surrounded by a bevy of sultry starlets rather than the wholesome teenagers of yore. Week after week, he interacts with the likes of Linda Evans, Joan Collins and Pamela Sue Martin.

The character Forsythe plays has changed a bit, too. The avuncular bachelor of the '50s is now a ruthless businessman, twice-married, with three children by his first wife.

But Forsythe takes his changing persona in stride. Despite his father's early misgivings, despite the fact he never became "jaunty and flamboyant," Forsythe is more than content with his role in life.

"With 'Dynasty,' I am enjoying great success at an advanced age. And I get to work with some of the most talented, most beautiful people on television," he said. "There isn't a moment that I couldn't fill with some meaningful activity if I wanted to keep busy all the time. I get to indulge some favorite pastimes, such as travel, tennis and raising horses. Really, it does seem that nothing, nothing at all is missing in this life of mine."

The attractive lady that Forsythe has been seen with most often since 1943 is his wife, actress Julie Warren. John likes her taste in men and in interior decorating.

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SHE ONLY COST TWO-FIFTY!

Putting on the dog is one thing, but putting everything from an inlaid collar to red rubber booties on this puppy was quite another.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

"Guess what!" shrieked my daughter Shari, as I came slogging in from a long day in front of the typewriter, trying to link some publishable words together. Before I could take a shot at, say, her getting a passing grade in Advanced Sandbox, or her mother's shish-kabobbing the garage door on the radiator grille, this squeaky ball of brown fluff tumbled from the newspapers on the kitchen floor.

Righting itself, the brown blur immediately challenged the stain-resistant claim of our living-room carpet. I arrived just in time to have it test the efficacy of my drip-dry suit instead.

"It's a girl!" shrilled Shari. "Her name is Tippie. And don't worry, I bought her with my own money! She only cost two-fifty!"

What could a doting father do? I mean besides stand there and dote. For one thing, he could lay down a few rules, beginning with "That puppy is going to sleep in the garage!" And by golly, she did, too. For all of an hour—during which time, evidently dreaming of having her tail pulled out by its roots, she cried, moaned, wailed, sobbed, howled and tried any other sound of distress she could lay her larynx to. Transferring her to the kitchen succeeded only in raising the decibel rating to a point where it threatened the eardrums of all concerned, which surely included our next-door neighbors , if not our neighbors' next-door neighbors. Finally, by special dispensation "For this night only!" Tippie was allowed to sleep in Shari's room. "But not on the bed!"

After pulling the little critter off Shari's pillow the next morning, Lois (that's the kids' mother, on their side of the family) went out and bought Tippie her very own dear little blanket for the foot of the bed. At the very dear price of $8.95.

The following day, Lois "practically stole" (and I'd almost rather she had) the "sweetest little red jacket" for the price of six Titlest® golf balls. In succession so rapid the figures blur came: a squeaky rubber bone; a harness; a leash; 50 feet of wire to stretch from tree to house for the little angel's leash to slide along; a pair of red rubber booties; a silver identification tag to attach to her inlaid collar; and a 25-pound sack of TV-advertised puppy pellets at least ten times what Tippie would weigh in her wet blanket, booties full of water and mouth full of puppy pellets.

"How come a dog nowadays requires all these luxuries?" I inquired, holding the kitchen door open for Shari's No. 1 doter to stagger through under her load of wire, eyebolts, hammer, drill, pliers, screwdriver and stepstool. "When I was a kid, my dog got along pretty well with only the coat he was born with. And he slept inside only on blizzard nights. And he was grateful to the point of slobbering just to have an old rug in the woodshed to lie on."

"Hand me the drill," she said.

"My dog didn't need a name tag, either. He was smart enough to know his name. . .and where he lived."

"Run the wire through this eyebolt," she replied.

"And he somehow managed to get along on only the pads God gave him to protect his feet from the cruel earth."

"Hold the stool," she interjected.

The next assault on the family budget came in the form of a note I found propped against a dish of leftover spaghetti on the kitchen table. "Gone to vet," read the terse but ominous message.

And no sooner had I polished off a hearty meal of recycled pasta than they came yapping and yakking in.

"Tippie got her shots!" cried Shari. "Two! And they cost $6 apiece!"

I went to the cupboard and had one myself. "Shots for what, for gosh sakes!"

"For distemper, and in case she bites someone," explained Shari's mother.

"And none too soon," I said sardonically, hoping they knew the meaning of the word, as I looked over where the beast was mauling the dickens out of a bow of pink ribbon that had fallen from the sewing machine.

"She's getting two more shots next week, only they'll cost more," Shari blithely informed me. I had another double—just in case I bit someone.

"For Pete's sake, you didn't go to the doctor that many times when you were pregnant!" I pointed out to the head of the opposition, as soon as I could talk (having by now been reduced to buying generic booze). "And the only shots my dog ever got were from a BB gun the time Carl Harrison got mad at me. And my dog lived 15 years."

Subdued by this argument, they both went back to the car and returned with two grocery sacks filled to the splitting point. From these they deliberately removed two dozen eggs, a gallon of enriched milk, a carton of cottage cheese, three tins of beef, wheat germ, vitamin supplement and a wind-up rubber rabbit. I reached for the cottage cheese.

"That's for Tippie!" they yelled in unison. A bill for $28.17 fluttered to the floor as Shari's mother hauled

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The only thing wrong with that two-year supply of puppy pellets —the puppy wouldn't eat them.

out a dented can of okra and an envelope of powdered soup. "These are for us. Have you eaten?"

"If that's what you call it," I said. "And what about that 25-pound sack of puppy pellets?"

"Tippie doesn't like them," Shari said, dumping half the carton of cottage cheese into the doggie dish.

"And there was no way of finding that out before investing in a lifetime supply?" I hoped they both knew the meaning of the word contemptuous.

"The puppies on TV liked them," explained the woman I had taken for better or worse, little realizing that it could reach the latter point.

"The puppies on TV, Mrs. Pavlov, haven't eaten for a week, and what they are after is the hamburger planted in the bottom of the bowl. My dog never got any store-bought food in his life. He ate what we didn't eat. And if we ate it all, he either went hungry or went out and knocked off a rabbit or a moose or something. And he lived to be 25."

I could have said 50, since they by now had adjourned to the living room to wind up the new toy. "And if my dog didn't have anything to play with," I called in, "he was content chasing his tail!"

"Let me do it once," came the only answer.

Except for the continuing cost of groceries, periodic booster shots and the renewing of her license, I had a foolish notion that the canine bills had run their course. Somehow I had overlooked the little matter of family vacations, those two-week sojourns that offer families the choice of taking their dogs along to throw up on the back seats and stop at every hummock along the highway, or boarding them at a kennel. At $5 per day. Worming, before admission, carries an $8 tab. Another $6, in our case, went to clear up a dose of mange.

I had also failed to consider the phenomenon of female dogs at certain phases of the moon, or whatever, competing for the title of Miss Congeniality of the county. But no piddling county honors for our Tippie. She had to go for the state title.

"Tippie's in heat!" Shari greeted me, as I was brandishing my brief case to clear a path to our front door.

Good Lord! I didn't know about such things until I was 27. I still managed to make a thin joke about "It's not the heat, it's the humidity" on my way to phone the vet. The operation to nullify Tippie's chances of taking the state title cost about what we would pay for an appendectomy in my dog's day. There was another 30 bucks for the crying, wetting, throwing-up doll I bought Shari as a substitute for puppies she had planned on.

"And you'd have been a great-grandfather," she reminded me, at a loss to understand how any man in his right mind could pass up such a distinction.

Today, I'm still not a great-grandfather, caninewise or otherwise. Shari, now away at college, has trusted us to board her dog. I recently figured that her $2.50 investment some 12 years ago is now worth, conservatively, around a thousand dollars. I only wish my stocks had grown apace.

So if you should happen to be in the market for an older dog to love, don't bother offering us $1,000 for Tippie. She's not for sale.

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KIWANIS: MEN AT WORK

Three hundred thousand strong, they give their time, their money and their muscle to improve the quality of life in more than 8,100 communities around the world.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

You could have seen them on the street corners of Missouri and Arkansas towns, dressed in Saturday attire, soliciting funds to restore a camp for underprivileged children at St. Louis. Or at Baton Rouge, in jeans and work shirts with rolled-up sleeves, building a playground for orthopedically handicapped kids. Canadians in Winnipeg saw those sleeves rolled up for five years during construction of the Centre of the Deaf. In Fonds-LeLocle, Switzerland, they worked to build a chair lift that saves children a three-hour walk to school in freezing weather. Visit any one of some 8,100 communities worldwide, and you'll find these men giving their time and discovering muscles they never knew they had to improve the quality of life for their neighbors in need.

You could be forgiven for mistaking these men in sweat-stained grubbies for moonlighters working by the hour. But whether they are dressed for business or for their professions, a gold-edged pin emblazoning each lapel sets them apart. It's a small pin, featuring the single letter "K," the symbol of one of the largest volunteer organizations in the world.

The word "Kiwanis" is American Indian for "to make oneself known." At a time when President Reagan is asking people to "get more directly involved in helping each other," it becomes appropriate that men wearing the prestigious "K" are making themselves known around the world wherever they find a need. Under their umbrella theme, "We Build," Kiwanis International answered the President's plea last year by raising more than $35 million in cash and donating an estimated $300 million in time.

This huge organization began in a Detroit tailor shop in 1914, when a bespectacled man named Allen S. Browne called upon tailor Joseph G. Prance with the idea of organizing a fraternal club of business and professional men. Prance was interested, and "The Supreme Lodge Benevolent Order Brothers" was formed. The name Kiwanis came later, probably when someone was trying to arrange the original on a lapel button.

Today, Kiwanis has established 8,100 clubs in 79 countries and has a membership of 309,186. Tomorrow there will be more. College, high-school and grade-school clubs included, the K-Family totals 417,000. Its theme of "We Build" extends beyond membership to service projects, fund-raising projects and character. And certainly not the least of Kiwanis' building triumphs is the new national headquarters at Indianapolis, Indiana. I went there to meet Kiwanis International's new president, Mr. Aubrey E. Irby.

No one talks long with this intense, long-time Kiwanian from Tyler, Texas, without itching to roll up his own sleeves and get into the act.

Said a long-time friend and business associate, "Aubrey not only knows how to get you to say yes to a project, but he

(Above) Aubrey E. Irby, new Kiwanis International president, at the national headquarters. (Left) A Kiwanis Pediatric Trauma Institute team in action.

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lays it out so that you sincerely want to do the best job possible."

"To me, a leader's job should be to motivate people to do something they would not ordinarily think of doing," said Irby. "I believe that we all can accomplish more than we do—much more."

Kiwanis International has more than 300,000 living testimonials to the old adage, "If you have a job to do, give it to a busy man." Inspired to accomplish together what they would never attempt on their own, these business and professional men have left their trademark around the globe.

Take the much-needed playground at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Curious about why a man with tender palms would surrender his golfing time and perhaps risk a disc working on such a project, I called Exxon chemical engineer John T. Roberts of the Baton Rouge club. Roberts is a former president of Kiwanis International.

"The idea originated when a special-education teacher came to our club to ask for support," he told me. "All she wanted was a donation of $150 to add to a fund for materials to build this playground for orthopedically handicapped children. She said these kids had no place to play; that the ones with two good legs, in their exuberance, ran over the ones in wheelchairs.

"So our club began to look into the situation," he continued. "In checking, we found that a school in Texas had solved the problem by building a special park. So that is what we decided to do. We would lay out the park, design the equipment and do it ourselves. But first we went to a district judge, talked to the school board and made sure the school would continue to care for the orthopedically handicapped. It took us a full year to get through the red tape."

When devoted family man Aubrey Irby has a chance to relax, it's with his wife Margaret—kids and grandkids nearby (two sons, a daughter and five grandkids).

In a nutshell, the club members raised $4,000 themselves, and Exxon gave them another $1,500 for materials. Other companies donated fence and lumber, lent a tractor and so on. But it was Kiwanian sweat and muscle, on four weekends, that dug postholes, poured cement, set the equipment in place and "had a good time doing it," said Roberts.

"During the operation, a local TV crew came out and took pictures," he laughingly recalled. "And there I was, shovel in hand, on the evening news with my wife watching. She asked me how come I never did anything like that at home. I said, 'Because it's not as much fun at home.' "

Another idea that has become the Boston-based Kiwanis Pediatric Trauma Institute, as well as the answer to many a prayer, was formulated in the minds of two Maine Kiwanians. David Lockwood, enthusiastic program manager of the institute, pointed out that in New England 700 children die and 2,500 are permanently disabled annually by traumatic injuries. In 1980 the Kiwanis Foundation of New England joined the New England Medical Center to make plans for meeting the man-sized problem.

"Facilities, special child-size equipment and experience to treat the child are beyond the resources of many communities," Lockwood said. "But we now have the world's first regional system combining

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Three international presidents of Kiwanis (below), James Troyer of Circle K, Aubrey E. Irby and Matt Perrine of Key Club, discuss volunteerism. A Kiwanis volunteer project is pictured at right.

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KIKI VANDEWEGHE NETTING PROFITS

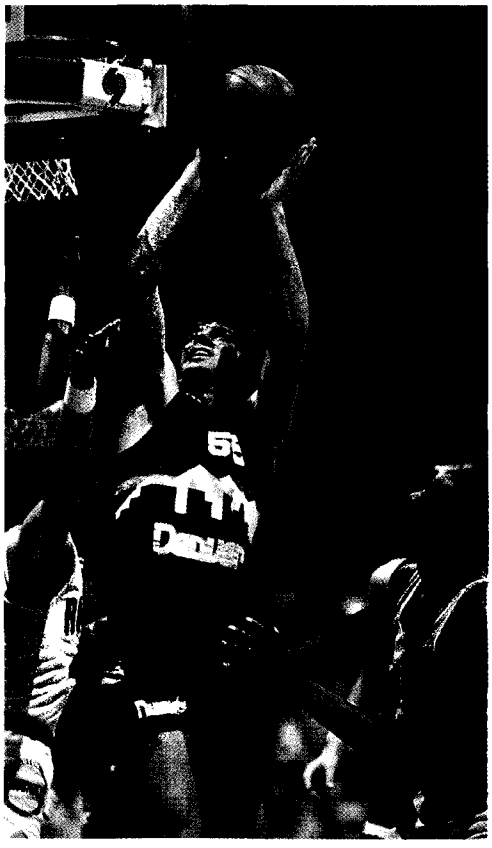
This Denver Nuggets' star isn't just shooting all his eggs in one basket; he's into everything from stocks and horses to coins and antique cars.

by Hank Nuwer

Kiki. It's a rather little name for a guy who's 6'8" and regularly hits 12-foot jumpers for the National Basketball Association's Denver Nuggets. To make a long story short, Kiki was born in Germany while his dad was stationed there in the Air Force. He was christened Ernest Vandeweghe III; but his German nursemaid called him Kiki, and that name has stuck up, up and up to where he is now—last season's second-leading scorer in the NBA with a 26.7 points-per-game average.

A crowd pleaser, Vandeweghe is bullish on the court. But he's equally bullish in the off-season when he focuses his skills on his favorite pastime—investment interests. The list of his business associates sounds like the cover possibilities for *Forbes* magazine: financier Bunker Hunt, sports producer Alan Landsberg and former California senator John Tunney.

"I get involved in things I like," says Vandeweghe, explaining why at age 25 he's achieved phenomenal success at both his vocation and his avocations. "If you pick fields you enjoy, you're going to be interested, and you'll do that little extra than the next guy would, just because you enjoy yourself."



On the court Vandeweghe is as crafty as he is polite, sneaking under the net when and where he's least expected. "I wish I had him," says Boston Celtics' general manager Red Auerbach.

What Vandeweghe calls doing a little extra, however, is what most people call hard work. Take the game of basketball, for example. Kiki does not possess the natural ability of someone like the L.A. Lakers' Jamaal Wilkes, the forward they call the "Baryshnikov of Basketball." Vandeweghe's success is rather a credit to sheer grit, gumption and gusto. As a struggling substitute on a not especially impressive UCLA Bruins team his freshman year, Vandeweghe spent some eight hours a day, seven days a week, practicing his moves and shots. Asked in those days by an L.A. reporter about his fish-belly complexion, Kiki replied, "The sun doesn't shine in the gym."

While growing up in Pacific Palisades, a ten-minute ride across Sunset Boulevard in light traffic from UCLA, only Kiki himself believed he'd someday play for the Bruins, let alone the pros. Not until the last day of recruiting allowed by the NCAA did UCLA, as an afterthought, offer him its single remaining scholarship.

Even Vandeweghe's family demonstrated little confidence in his basketball ability. His father, Dr. Ernest Vandeweghe, a prominent L.A. pediatrician who himself starred with the New York Knicks in the '50s, took a long, hard and critical look at Kiki's adolescent skills. Dr. Vandeweghe recommended that Kiki stick to swimming, a sport in which both Kiki and his sister Tauna (who once made the Olympic team) showed exceptional ability.

But his father's skepticism was not catching. Kiki became even more determined to follow in his old man's sneaker steps. And once the decision was made, the elder Vandeweghe, to his credit, offered encouragement, advice and many a backyard game of one-on-one. Kiki insists he would offer the same honest judgment if in a few years a son of *his* own asked for an opinion. "I would handle the situation very similar to the way my dad did it. He told me realistically what he was thinking. After he said all that, he did what he could. It made me want to work harder. He tried to help me learn and do what he could to teach me."

No one attended more of Kiki's games than the good doctor, who, rather ironically, has recently gained additional fame with a basketball self-help book aimed at the youth market. Vandeweghe bloomed at UCLA, despite having three head coaches in four years. His .569 field-goal percentage placed him third-best among all-time Bruins players. And when the Dallas Mavericks drafted him first in 1980, he went, perhaps not surprisingly, to Dr. Ernest for advice. The prognosis? Kiki's best shot lay elsewhere in the league. As a result, the rookie boldly sat out the first two months of the season until the Mavs capitulated and sold him to Denver. "I signed in one day," he recalls.

The new NBA player's relatives, while suitably happy for him, were unmoved by the signing. Fame is after all expected of those who bear the unspellable family name. Be-

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sides Kiki, Ernest, Sr., and Tauna (who has made the unprecedented switch from the U.S. Olympic swim team to the '84 U.S. volleyball team), there are Kiki's mother, Colleen, a former Miss Utah, Miss America and Broadway actress; his grandfather, also an Ernest, who played professional soccer; and his cousin Al, another Olympic swimmer. Rumor has it the Vandeweghes have been banned from "Family Feud" for fear no one could ever beat them.

At Denver, Kiki Vandeweghe has done nothing to tarnish the family name. In fact, he has improved in giant leaps and bounds each season. He hit for a respectable 11.5-per game-average his shortened rookie year; he nearly doubled that figure in '81-'82 when he dropped 706 buckets and 347 free throws for a 21.5 average. Second only to his teammate Alex English in scoring last year, Vandeweghe increased his stats to 841 field goals and 489 freebies. He and English became only the third teammate duo in NBA history to score more than 2,000 points in a single season, as the two men each made the All-Star squad for the first time.

Around the league, Vandeweghe is known as the perfect forward, suitably geared for coach Doug Moe's fast-breaking style of play, His jump shot and feel for the basket remind observers of Bill Bradley's pre-senatorial days. His strength allows him to drive consistently close to the glass; his hips and moving legs invite stray elbows to connect and give him a gift third point at the foul line. And on defense—well, as we say, he's a great shooter. . .but since nobody works at his game harder, by this season's end Vandeweghe may finally be regarded as a truly complete player. Doug Moe's only complaint about Vandeweghe is his rather unchic apparel, a complaint the player gallantly admits is justified.

"I'm not a real fancy dresser," says Vandeweghe, who painfully recalls his off-season job as a sports reporter for an ABC Los Angeles affiliate. He had to wear a tie daily for three weeks. "It nearly killed me," he says. His preferred dress is a familiar bulky, white sweater. "The players claim I wore it to every game," he says with a laugh. "It's not true—although close, I'm sure. It's the only sweater I have that's warm, so I wear it and wear it all the time."

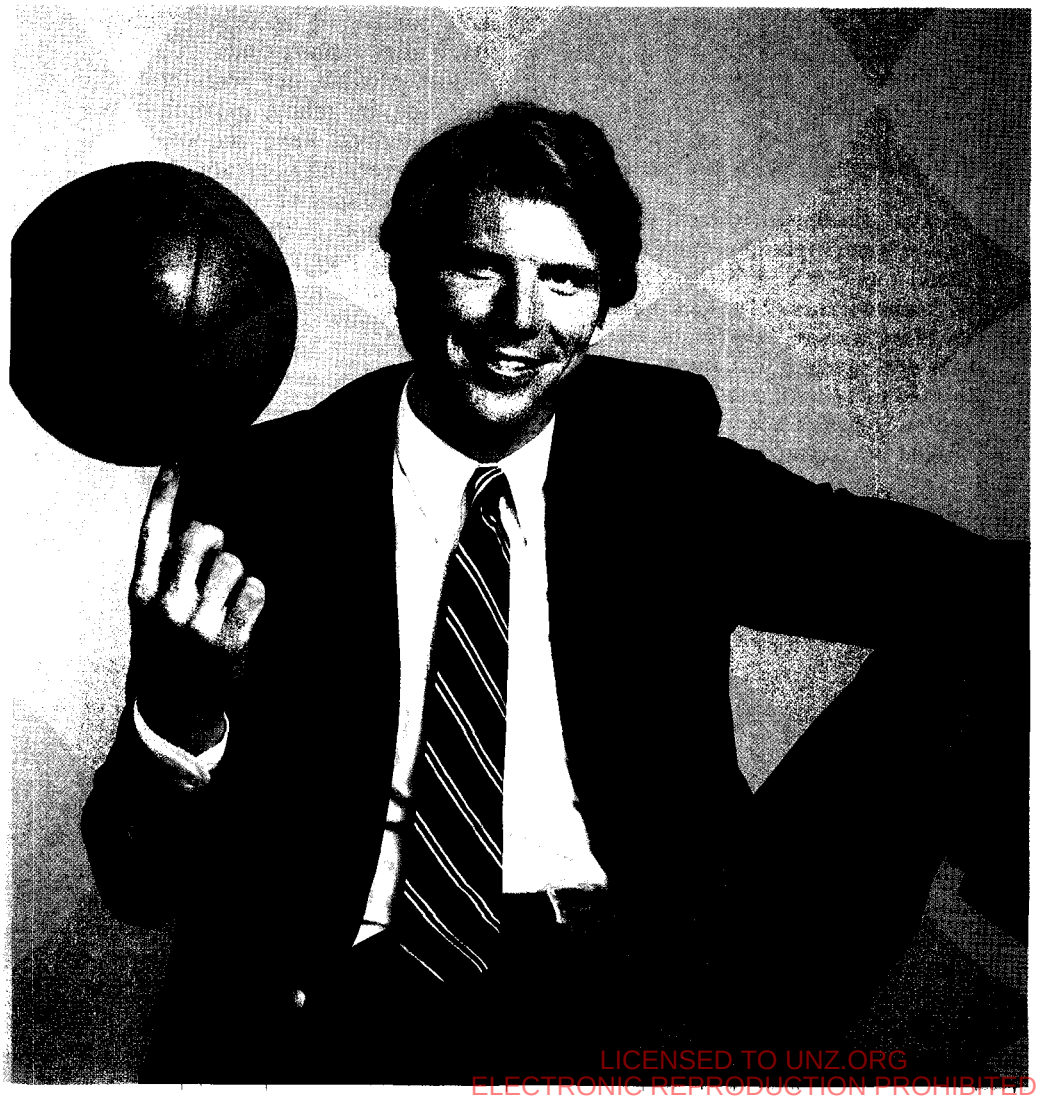
Understandably, his penchant for investments matches his own free-wheeling personality. Although he owns stocks and bonds, he prefers less tame ways of scoring big in the marketplace. Vandeweghe collects antique Roman coins; wheels 'n deals in antique automobiles; and relaxes after work, not at the nearest singles bar, but at a hopkido studio, where "I practice the martial arts to keep in shape." At home you'll find him curled up with a sci-fi book. Frank Herbert's *Dune* is his all-time favorite.

Vandeweghe also dabbles in syndicated horses, an interest that dates to his college days, when he and several friends pooled $8,500 to purchase a "claimer" horse at the Santa Anita racetrack.

"He won a lot of races for us," says Vandeweghe. How much, exactly? "$50,000."

But the Nuggets' star relishes the Damon Runyon atmosphere around the track more than the money. "My favorite part is going out to the stables in the mornings to watch my trainer and my horses." His love for the track brought him into contact three years back with silver king Bunker Hunt, who invited the player to purchase an interest in his Blue Grass Syndicate—a move that gave him partial ownership of more than 70 fine horses. "All our horses are bred toward classic races," he says. "We have the best three-year-old in Europe, a horse by the name of Load-the-Cannon."

Bunker Hunt, in addition, just may be Kiki's only friend in Dallas, where the long memories of Dallasites cause them to boo Vandeweghe lustily whenever he is introduced. Hunt sits behind the Nuggets' bench and loyally roots for his stable mate. "He's not a bad



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AS THE TWIG IS BENT

A new electrical stimulator device has recently been approved by the FDA and is now available for widespread use, enabling most youngsters, whose scoliosis is detected early, to avoid wearing a brace or submitting to surgery.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Jennifer and Melissa are happy teenagers who are able to swim and to participate in sports because their scoliosis has been brought into the electronic age.

The muscles in the small side of their curved spines are being shocked with tiny impulses while they sleep, so that the muscles will grow faster and stronger to balance off the muscles on the other side, arresting the curvature. If not stopped, the curvature would have left them with crooked spines.

Until a few years ago, youngsters who developed scoliosis necessitating treatment were obliged to wear braces. This precluded sports for several years during their teens, until their bones stopped growing or until their spines were sufficiently corrected. The braces, worn in the daytime, disrupted the lifestyles of the young patients.

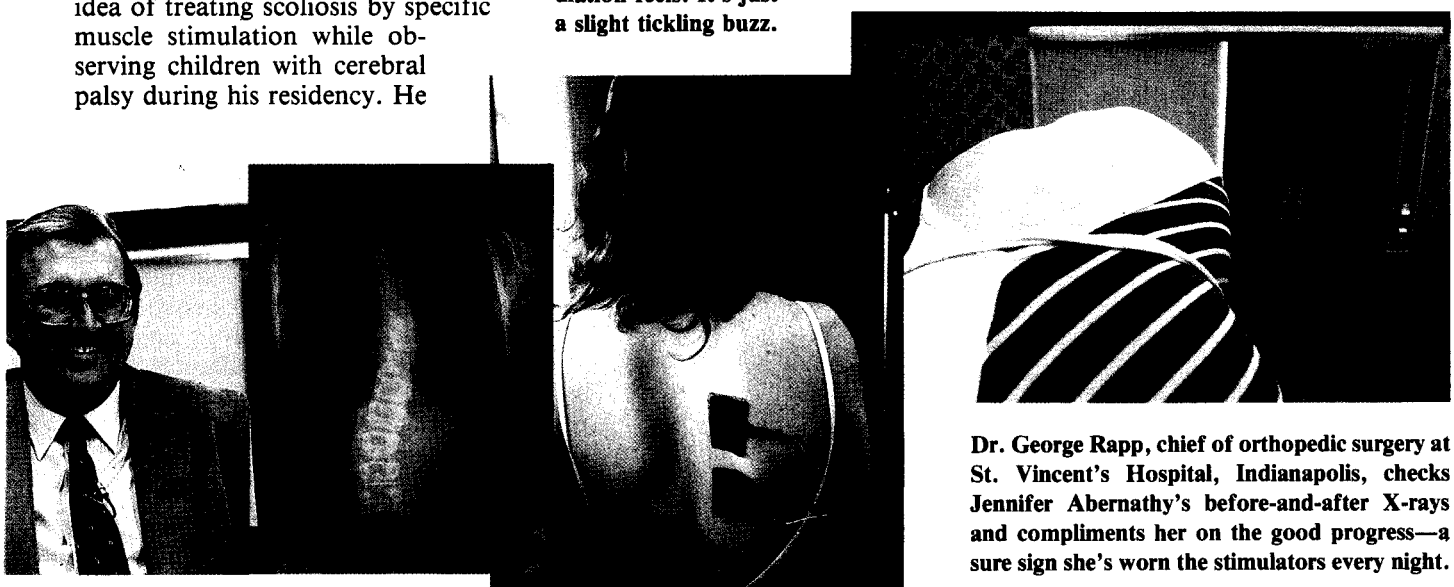
This is why Jennifer and Melissa, and the hundreds of youngsters like them being treated with electrical stimulators, feel lucky indeed.

It was Dr. Walter Bobechko, an orthopedic surgeon from Toronto, Canada, who first conceived the idea of treating scoliosis by specific muscle stimulation while observing children with cerebral palsy during his residency. He found that 50 percent of the cerebral palsied kids with muscular imbalance developed scoliosis. He concluded that if muscle imbalance can create scoliosis, it would make sense to correct scoliosis by *producing* a muscle imbalance. His research team then found that they could *induce* scoliosis in young pigs and rabbits by intermittently stimulating the muscles on the alternate sides of the spine with an electrical impulse. They could use the same electrical impulses to *correct* the scoliosis by changing the treatment to the opposite side of the spine. The impulse causes a visible muscle twitch, but it isn't painful. It becomes "subliminal" after a short time.

Both Melissa and Jennifer—as is the case in many patients—were discovered to have scoliosis in a school screening program.

Besides school nurses, other adults should be trained to recognize the early signs of scoliosis. Here are the warnings: (1) One shoulder may be higher than the other. (2) One hip may be more prominent than the other. (3) The rib cage may

Physical therapist Rebecca Habegger demonstrates application of the electrical stimulators which for Melissa Hogan is all fun and games. "The kids think I am the bionic woman," she laughs. Her parents were so happy with the device, they insisted that I try it to see how the stimulation feels. It's just a slight tickling buzz.



Dr. George Rapp, chief of orthopedic surgery at St. Vincent's Hospital, Indianapolis, checks Jennifer Abernathy's before-and-after X-rays and compliments her on the good progress—a sure sign she's worn the stimulators every night.

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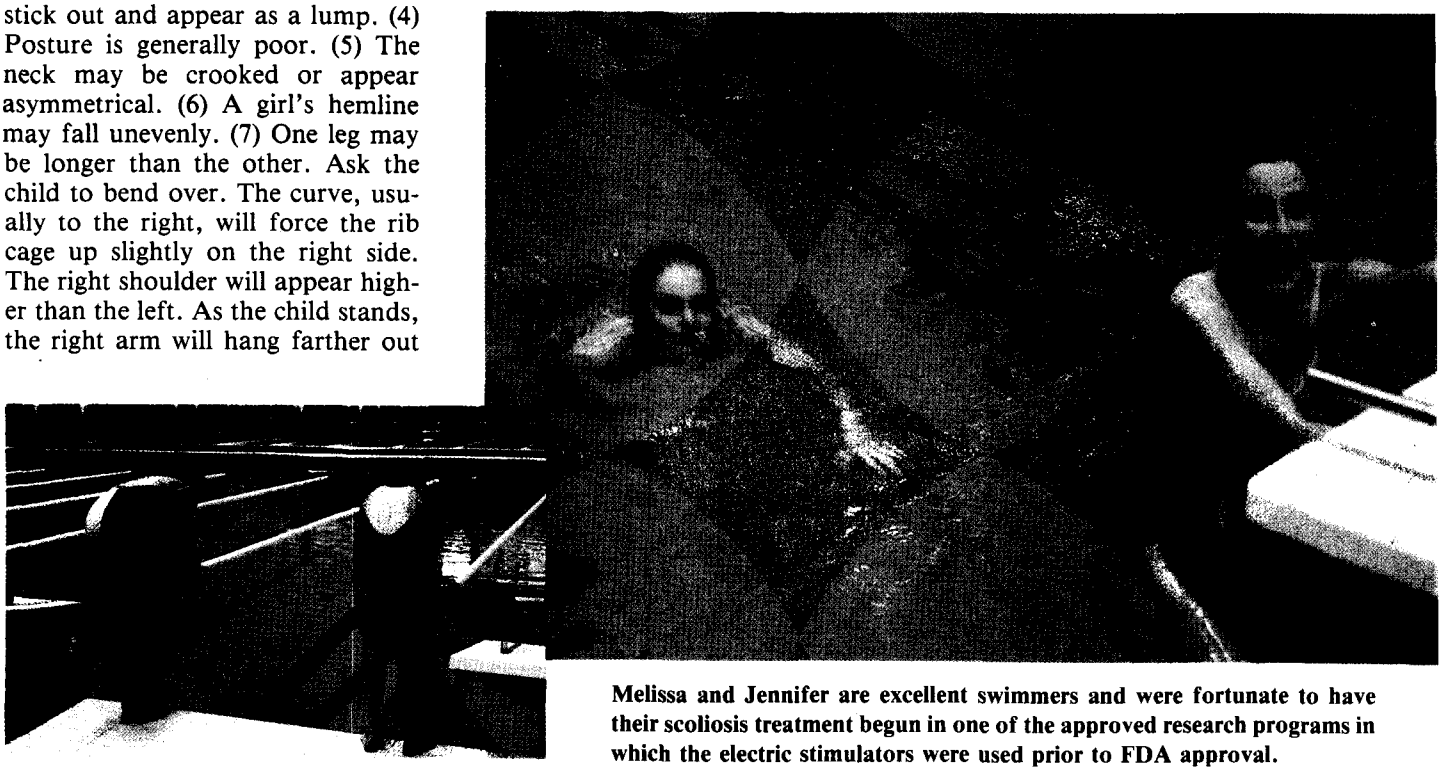
stick out and appear as a lump. (4) Posture is generally poor. (5) The neck may be crooked or appear asymmetrical. (6) A girl's hemline may fall unevenly. (7) One leg may be longer than the other. Ask the child to bend over. The curve, usually to the right, will force the rib cage up slightly on the right side. The right shoulder will appear higher than the left. As the child stands, the right arm will hang farther out from the body than the left. These symptoms may be present individually or in any combination.



Melissa and Jennifer are excellent swimmers and were fortunate to have their scoliosis treatment begun in one of the approved research programs in which the electric stimulators were used prior to FDA approval.

Ninety percent of idiopathic or congenital scoliosis appears in girls. No one understands why this is true, but it is thought to be a hormonal imbalance. Often, it first appears during puberty.

Boys and girls frequently become modest during puberty and don't like to have their mothers see them undressed. It is precisely at this time that the scoliosis first appears, and if the curves go too far before they are treated, the tragic result is that they can no longer be corrected with braces or electrical stimulation. The surgery performed to straighten the spine requires months of incapacitation and a fusing of the spine. It is not what any orthopedist wants to do for a young patient unless it is absolutely necessary. But without preventive treatment, severe scoliosis can interfere with organ function in later life, which can even become fatal. Because preventive treatment gives good results in most cases, it is important for all schools to have detection programs so that no youngster slips through the cracks.

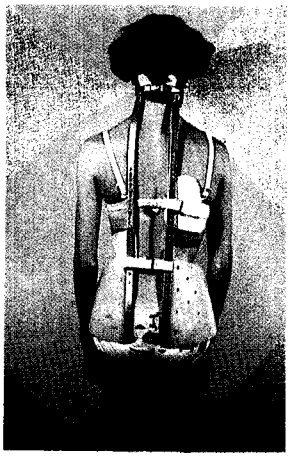
A friend recently discovered that her 20-year-old daughter's hem hung crooked on a new dress, and when she commented about it, the daughter replied, "Of course it is crooked, because I have scoliosis."

She had learned about scoliosis at school, but hadn't told her mother until now. Fortunately, it wasn't a serious case, but it was too late, at this point, to correct the curvature. At present, orthopedists do not have spine treatments other than to have surgery after the bones have stopped growing and the patient is out of the teen years.

If your local schools do not have scoliosis screening programs, please think of the pain and suffering you could help prevent by instituting such programs. Swim coaches and physical education teachers are in a good position to discover this affliction at a time when many youngsters stop seeing their pediatricians or family doctors frequently.

You may write to the National Scoliosis Foundation, Inc., 93 Concord Avenue, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178, for a free brochure and information about obtaining a film for use in setting up a scoliosis screening program. The film may be used at no cost.

To find a center in your area where electrical stimulation treatment is available, you may call either of these toll-free numbers: (800) 328-0810 or (800) 231-2330.



Braces (left and above) are worn 23 hours a day for several years. If the curve is too great for bracing, the spine is straightened surgically with a stainless steel rod (above). After fusion, the patient wears a plaster cast for eight months until the spine is solidly healed.

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ROCKWELL'S REAL PEOPLE

Some hometown folks recall what it was like to model for America's most famous magazine illustrator.

by Bill Ryan

Wander around the center of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a picture-postcard town in the southern Berkshires, and you get the feeling you're among old friends.

Faces here and there have a certain familiarity—that of one-time acquaintances you knew and liked and remember fondly. But you have trouble recalling exactly where and how you last met.

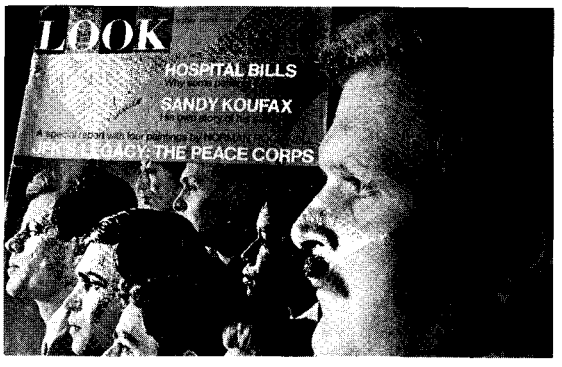
Then you remember. This is Norman Rockwell's town.

For the last 24 years of his life, from 1953 to 1978, America's most beloved magazine illustrator, the master storyteller in oils, lived and worked here. And the faces you see—the lady decorating the Red Lion Inn with fresh flowers, the guy pumping gas at the Mobil station, the fellow behind the desk at the insurance agency, the elderly man walking down the street—these are "Rockwell's people," the hometown folks he used as models for magazine illustrations, most notably for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Norman Rockwell died in 1978. But his people remain, dozens of them. They're older now but still there, living legacies of the painter. Each has special memories of him.

Joan Mahoney's first memory goes back to early 1955. Her name was Joan Lahart then, and that January all that concerned her was her upcoming marriage in May to Francis "Moe" Mahoney.

One day, though, her older sister, Peggy, came to her with a seemingly strange request.



Rockwell found Marty Salvadore's face ideal for this Peace Corps cover. As Marty recalls, "He was always walking around, looking at faces."

Peggy had been asked to pose for a picture, and she didn't want to do it. Would Joan do it, particularly since the picture was going to be of a prospective bride and Joan was going to be married shortly? The man who wanted her to pose, said Peggy, was Norman Rockwell.

"Who is he?" asked Joan.

"He's a painter," said Peggy.

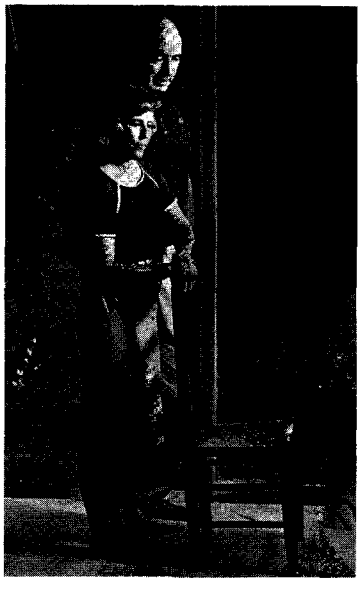
Joan agreed to pose for the picture and managed to get her fiancé to participate. The 6'5" Mahoney had gone to Brown University on an athletic scholarship, was a former Boston Celtics basketball player whose career had been halted by the Korean War—and wasn't much for posing for paintings.

Joan finally got him to agree to let Rockwell look him over—"He had to love me to do something like that," she says. Mahoney came up that weekend from his native Brooklyn. Rockwell agreed that Mahoney would do fine, and having two amateur models who were really going to be married tickled his fancy.

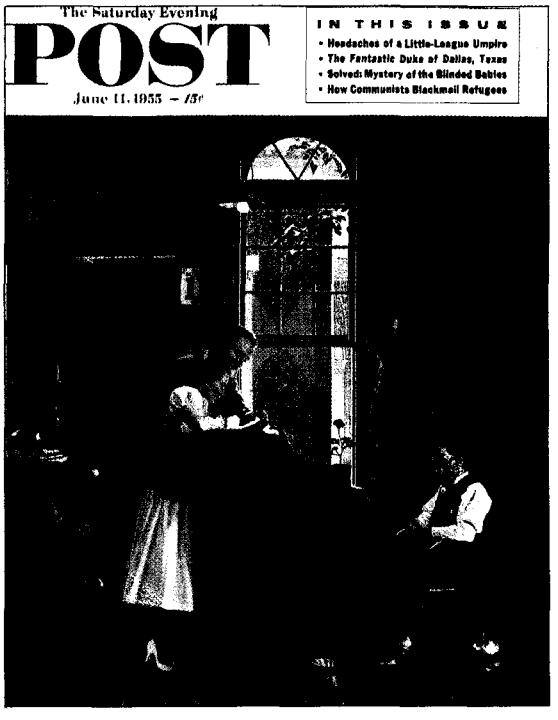
The painting Rockwell had in mind was of a young couple applying for a marriage license. The location was the Stockbridge town clerk's office.

Rockwell did the painting in February; Joan and Moe Mahoney were married in May, and *The Marriage License* was *The Saturday Evening Post* cover for June 11, 1955.

It turned out be one of the most enduring of the 323 *Post* covers Rockwell painted over five decades. It has been re-



When prospective bride Joan Lahart (now Mahoney) was asked to pose for Norman Rockwell, her first question was, "Who is he?"


The Saturday Evening
POST
June 11, 1955 – 15¢
IN THIS ISSUE
• Headaches of a Little-League Umpire
• The Fantastic Duke of Dallas, Texas
• Solved: Mystery of the Blinded Babies
• How Communists Blackmail Refugees

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printed countless times, engraved on plates, used for greeting cards and done in ceramics.

It's 1983 now and the Mahoneys have been married for 28 years. They have four children and two grandchildren, but Joan Mahoney, still slim and pretty, remembers that winter day in 1955 as if it were yesterday.

Rockwell, she says, was a stickler for accuracy and detail. "He said that Moe had to wear a light blue shirt and have wing-tip shoes. And I had to have a certain type of dress—yellow and white checks with puff sleeves.

"He said he'd pay for the clothes; but I couldn't find a dress like that anywhere, and finally I had to go to a dressmaker to have it made. She charged $25 for it, and Moe and I got $25 each to pose. It was a lot of money then. We were going to be married, and we appreciated it."

Rockwell had come down to Stockbridge from Arlington, Vermont, and his first studio in Stockbridge was on Main Street, above a market. He became a familiar figure in the center and just seemed to fit in, wandering about and always, it seemed, on the lookout for people he could use in his paintings. He was never regarded as a celebrity by the people of Stockbridge. To them, he was just another character in a New England town. "Norman had a big basset hound," one native recalls. "That dog was forever running away, usually to the meat market for handouts. Norman spent more time running after that dog."

The man who posed as the town clerk in *The Marriage License* was Jason Braman, who ran the little department store in town. His daughter-in-law, Anne Braman, says Rockwell picked him for a special reason. Braman's wife had just died, and Rockwell thought posing for a painting might snap him out of his depression.

"Norman said he had used people like that before, that it seemed to cheer people up," Anne Braman says. "And it did. After the *Post* cover came out, dad was just so proud. People came around to see him and he'd say, 'Would you like me to sign my name on your magazine?' " The next year, Jason Braman died.

Anne Braman's turn to gain a measure of immortality came in 1956. Rockwell asked her to pose for a *Post* cover that also turned out be one of his most enduring. It was called *Teacher's Birthday*.

She was not a teacher. At the time, she recalls, she was working either in the family store or as a receptionist at the Austen Riggs Center, a renowned psychiatric hospital whose graceful buildings dominate one side of Stockbridge's Main Street, just as the huge Red Lion Inn dominates the other. For the past several years, she has been the "flower lady" at the Red Lion—she decorates it with fresh flowers.

But to Rockwell in 1956, she was

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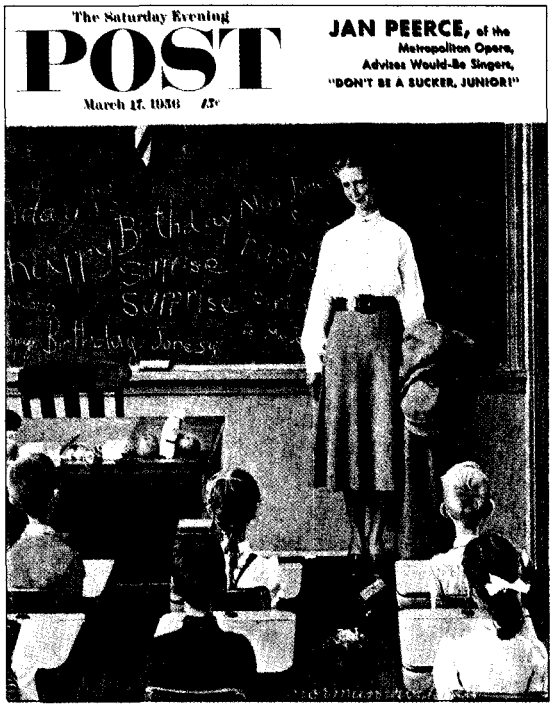
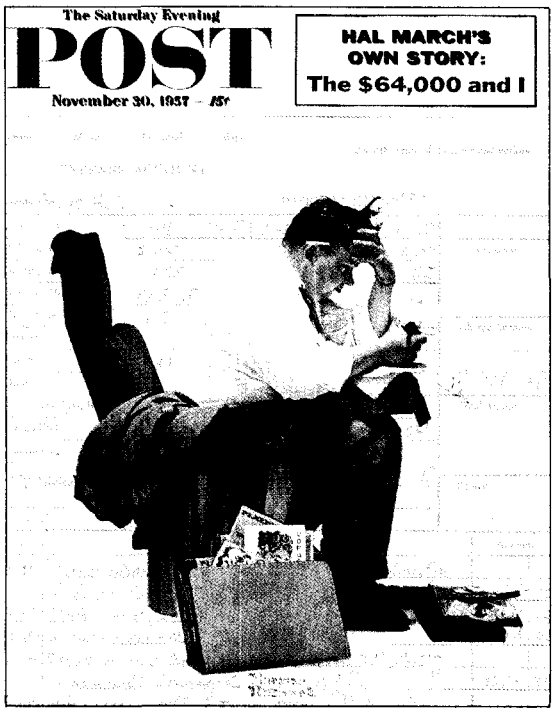
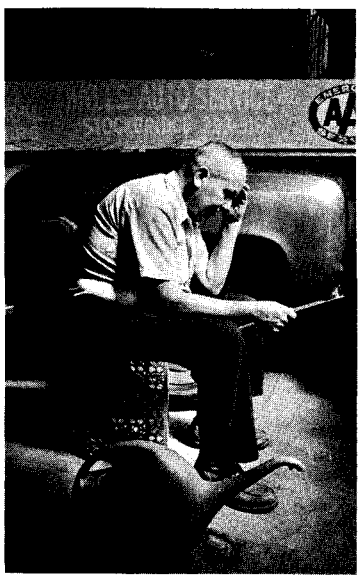

The Saturday Evening
POST
March 17, 1956
JAN PEERCE, of the Metropolitan Opera, Advises Would-Be Singers, "DON'T BE A SUCKER, JUNIOR!"

Though not a school teacher, Anne Braman was Rockwell's choice for *Teacher's Birthday*, one of his most enduring covers.





Ernie Hall posed as a suffering salesman, worrying about his expense account that Rockwell turned into a 1957 *Post* cover.

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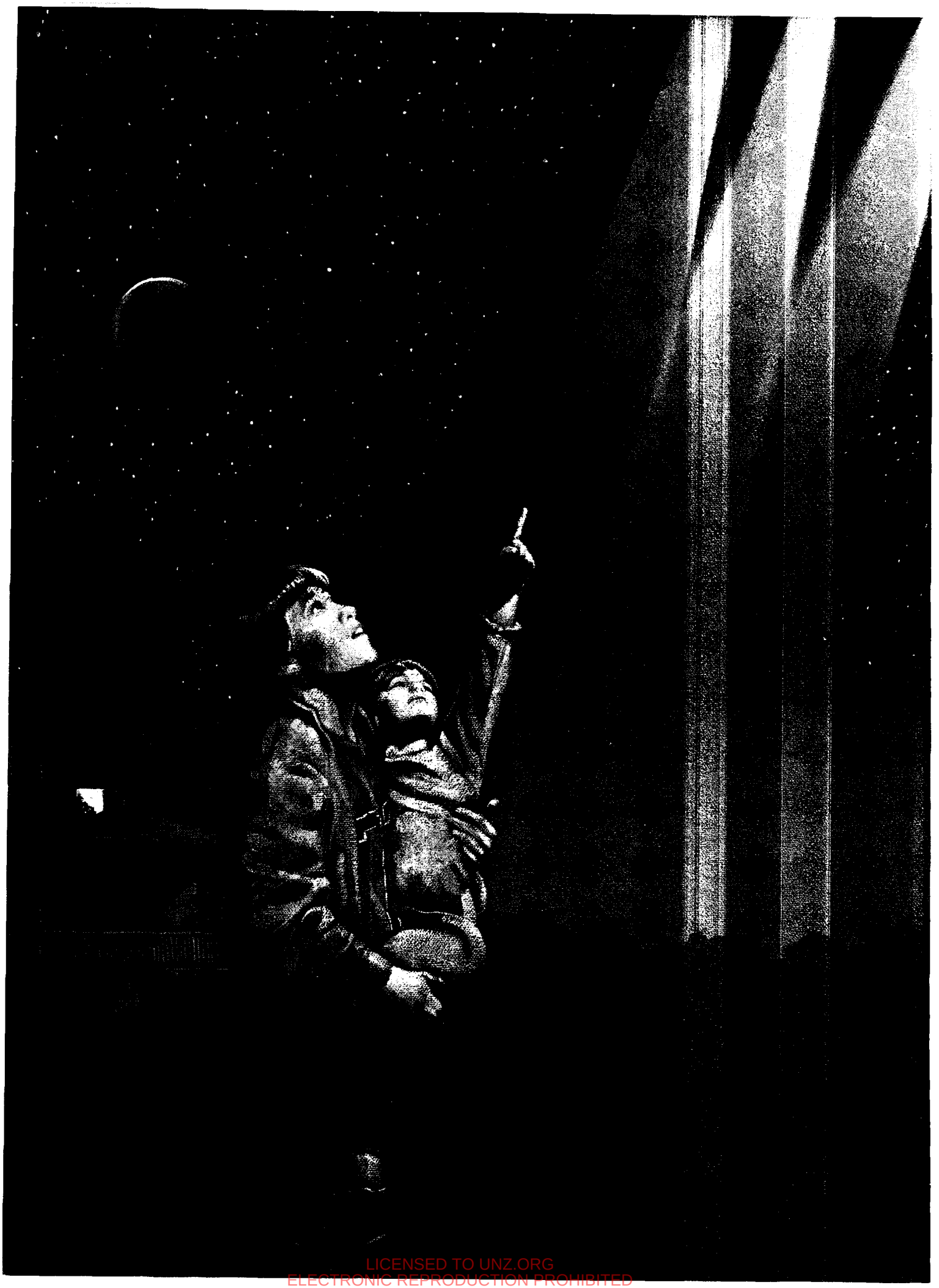

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FLYING SAUCERS: ARE THEY US?

There may be some interesting sidetrips in store for tourists in the 31st century—such as whirlwind visits to the "good old days" of 1984.

by Donald A. White

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

Although many assumptions must be piled one upon another to create the theory that "flying saucers" are from another world, only a single assumption is required to indicate that such craft—if they do indeed exist—come from the planet Earth!

UFOs, flying saucers—why have they captured and held the attention of so many people? Perhaps because we'd like to believe we are not alone in the universe. Our earth and solar system are a part of one average galaxy called the Milky Way, which contains 100 *billion* stars similar to our own sun. Since most of these "suns" have satellites or "planets," even the most cautious scientist will admit millions of planets in our galaxy may be capable of supporting some type of life form in some stage of evolution. These life forms might be millions of years behind us in evolution or millions of years ahead of us in intelligence. Because the evolutionary changes on Earth were created by the trillions of accidents since the first building blocks of life were created, it is inconceivable to imagine this erratic chain of evolutionary events occurring in exactly the same manner—even on a duplicate Earth—anywhere in the universe and producing the same level of potential evolutionary intelligence as man's.

The two most popular worldwide theories on flying saucers can be briefly described. The *first*: Flying saucers are some combination of unique weather- and earth-related phenomena (such as swamp gas, freak electrical discharges from the sky or pizoelectric effects within the earth's crust); the *second*: They are natural objects misidentified as weather balloons, helicopters or even bright stars.

The bona fide UFO advocate, of course, will quickly point out the great number of airline pilots and qualified scientists who have observed UFOs in action and described, with some degree of mechanical detail, what was often confirmed by other qualified observers miles or even hundreds of miles away. Although many "sightings" admittedly could well be natural phenomena or wishful thinking, this group also points out the 10 percent or more of such sightings unexplainable even by the U.S. Air Force—unless you wish to class very large numbers of reputable observers as "kooks."

So where do the saucers come from? And why? If they exist then they must come from other worlds, say observers. Why this theory? Simply because the saucers have flight capabilities beyond anything within man's current ability to duplicate. These capabilities include observed speeds of 5,000 miles per hour or more and the ability to stop abruptly in midair and change direction (often at right angles) with "G" forces that no human pilot could survive. "Consequently they are the product of a far advanced technology and piloted, or guided, by a superior intelligence," proponents of this theory would say.

Why are "they" observing Earth? Some saucer advocates go back to the beginning of recorded history to prove that strange flying craft have observed the earth for thousands of years. The most common theory is that these extraterrestrial beings are monitoring Earth at regular intervals—perhaps because we have harnessed the enormous destructive power of the atom before we have learned to control ourselves. "It could be," say the UFO advocates, "that the 'saucer people' want to protect us from ourselves. Or, as we take the first step toward space exploration, to protect themselves and their worlds from our proven capabilities for mass destruction." (One estimate is that, in the total recorded history of our planet, only 15 years have passed without some major war under way!) It does make sense that, if you lived next door in space to the planet Earth, you would be quite concerned about your neighbors' first visit!

It sounds like a plausible theory. After all, we've all seen *Star Wars* and "Buck Rogers" and realize the universe is crammed with intelligent furry critters, clever lizards and cute robots of every size and inclination—none as dull as our day-to-day associations with ordinary people in the pursuit of paying taxes and financing a new car or home. And there are hundreds of sightings daily all over the world; in addition, the press whets our interest with personal experience stories from just plain, average people who have "made contact" with the strange little green men with narrow eyes (though they usually forget to take pictures or bring home artifacts). And although hypnosis has been used to help these persons reconstruct their "contacts," I tend to disregard such saucer lore, since by amateur hypnosis I have convinced friends that they saw and heard perfectly splendid, classic flying saucers as they were leaving my home. It's actually far more difficult to get them to stop smoking for 24 hours!

I promise not to destroy your love affair with flying saucers by poking holes in the space-visitors theory and leaving you with only a ball of pulsating, fast-maneuvering swamp gas as an explanation. However, let's see how many assumptions one must make for the other-worlds theory to hold water:

Our first assumption was that perhaps one of our neighboring planets—such as Venus or Mars—held these superintelligent life forms. Since we've taken the first steps in researching our sun's planets, we now know that *none* (other

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THE ETERNAL DUFFER

When the late Barnaby Jessup arrived in heaven, he looked the place over and promptly reached this decision: He would much rather carry golf clubs than a harp.

by Willard Temple

Illustrated by Thornton Utz

The funeral was mighty impressive. It was bound to be in the case of a man like Barnaby Jessup. Most of the town had turned out, and after it was all over, one of the pallbearers looked up at the sky and murmured, "Be a nice afternoon for golf."

That remark might be considered to bear on the sacrilegious, in view of the occasion, but none of the other pallbearers objected, and they were all old friends of Barnaby Jessup, men in their 60s or higher, all but one of them, and Barnaby Jessup had been 76 when laid to rest.

The six pallbearers walked back across the gravel path to the car to take them back to town, and on the sidelines their names were spoken in hushed tones. For one of them, some years before, had been a candidate for president of the United States; one was a great surgeon in the land; a third, the young man of the lot, was a lean and tanned golf professional, winner of the Open, and it was he who had made the remark about golf.

The men got into the car, and as was natural, they talked about Barnaby Jessup on the ride back to town. But they did not reminisce about the time back in the '20s that Jessup had made a million in the stock market, not about the way he had juggled railroads; it was of quite different matters that they talked.

The man who had almost become president said, "I was with Barnaby the day he put eight straight balls in the lake hole."

The surgeon, his eyes reflective, said thoughtfully, "I played with him the day he took a 27 on a par-three, 110-yard hole."

The mildest man of the group, the man who was simply the head of one of the late Jessup's holding companies, said, "I saw him wrap all of his clubs around a tree one afternoon," and no one commented, because that had been commonplace.

The car hummed across the black ribbon of road, and there was a silence while the men privately considered their friend; and finally the golf professional looked up at the warm, blue sky and spoke quietly.

"I hope Barnaby finds a golf course," he said.

The gate before which Barnaby Jessup found himself was highly ornamental, of a curiously intricate wrought iron, and the pillars were of marble, but a marble that Jessup had never seen, marble with the luster of a pearl.

"Ought to look into this," Jessup said. "The trustees could use it for the art museum."

And so saying, he passed through the gate and was presently standing in the registrar's office, where in due time he gave his name to the clerk, who wrote it in gold letters.

"Glad to have you with us, Mr. Jessup," the clerk said. "A good many of the inmates like to know why they've been able to come here. In your case——"

Jessup stopped him with a wave of the hand.

Like many men who have achieved great wealth and prominence, he was inclined to be autocratic. "I left an art museum behind," he said. "I divided my fortune among colleges and institutions——"

"Not for any of those things did you enter here," said the clerk.

Jessup was momentarily startled. "Well," he said, "I built the finest hospital in my state, equipped it with the best that money could buy and brought some of the greatest medical men in the world——"

The clerk said, "That is entered on page 3,149 under the heading 'Superficial Trivia.' "

Jessup was jarred right down to his heels by that one. He thought a minute and then began a recital of what he had done with his money, the charities he had supported. Before he had gotten under way with the list, the clerk was shaking his head negatively.

"You remember Jim Dolan?" said the clerk.

Jessup thought back down the years. "Jim Dolan," Jessup said slowly. "Must have been 30 years ago, that was. He was a caddie at the club. Killed in an accident."

"You went to see his mother," the clerk said, reading aloud from a page in the ledger. "You had a meeting that was worth thousands to you, and you turned it down to go and see his mother."

"I didn't give her a dime," Jessup said. "Just called to pay my respects and tell her what a fine boy Jim had been. That's all I did."

"That's all," said the clerk gently, and smiled, and Barnaby Jessup scratched his head and wondered—but not for long, because he was a man of action and unaccustomed to being introspective.

"Look, son," he said, "all my life I've been on the go. I don't mean any offense, but tell me this: Do I have to sit around on a cloud? I mean, just sit? And I've no ear for music. I can't play a harmonica, let alone a harp."

"Why, no," the clerk said. "You can do about anything you like; anything within reason, that is."

Barnaby hesitated and said in a low voice, "No golf courses in these parts, I suppose?"

"No country clubs," the clerk said. "There's no discrimination up here. But we have a very fine public course."

Barnaby Jessup smiled and then said, "I didn't bring my clubs. I——"

"Last door down on your left," the clerk said.

Barnaby had another question, but he kept it back because he didn't like to take too much of the clerk's time. And likely Pete Tyson wouldn't be up here anyway. Barnaby and

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Tyson had been business competitors and had fought each other with no rules and no holds barred, but most of all they had battled on the golf course. Ten years before, Barnaby had fought back the tears while he watched the clods go down over the mortal remains of his dearest enemy and closest friend.

He'd sure like to see old Pete. But a man can't have everything, he thought, and he went on down the hall to the last room on the left. A man sat at a bench inside and Barnaby stopped and stared, for he had never seen so many golf clubs. They lined the walls, clubs of every description.

"Help yourself," the man at the bench said without looking up.

Barnaby thanked him and selected a likely-looking driver from a case along one wall. It had the right feel with the weight in the head where he liked it. He tried the rest of the clubs and found them perfectly matched, and finally he put the set in a golf bag and a half dozen balls in the pocket.

"What do I owe you?" he said, taking out his wallet and extracting two $100 bills, for these were hand-designed bench-made clubs and he was ready to pay 200 for all he had there—but not a penny more, because he had always made it a practice not to let people take advantage of him because of his wealth.

"No charge," the man said. "They're your clubs. Look on the shaft."

Barnaby glanced down and saw his name stenciled there. "Well," he said in wonder, "but look here, I want to give you something. I don't doubt all employees up here are well treated, but just the same——"

The man squinted down the shaft of a club. "I'm no employee," he said. "I'm a permanent resident and a busy man."

Barnaby Jessup thanked him and walked to the door. Then he said, "Can you tell me how to reach the course?"

"Six miles due north."

"Is there a cab for hire?"

Barnaby couldn't understand what he said. It sounded like "Fly," and he didn't repeat the question, for the man was plainly eccentric, although a genius at his craft. He went outside to look for a cruising taxi. Then he felt something at his back when he slung the golf bag over his shoulders and discovered that the strap was tangled up with a protuberance growing out of his shoulders.

He wiggled his shoulder blades, and the next thing he knew he was three feet off the ground and treading air, with both wings flapping.

"Well, I'll be," Jessup said, then sighted on the sun, got a bearing on what he considered to be due north and took off, flying at a steady, even clip about ten feet above the ground.

It was a trifle awkward; he got out of balance somehow while trying to shift the golf bag, went into a tailspin and landed on his chin in a gully, but it didn't hurt. Presently he was airborne again. Finally he saw a long stretch of green ahead of him. He flew over the entire 18 holes and surveyed the layout.

When he had finished he knew he had just seen the ultimate in golf courses. The fairways were gently undulating, lush with grass, the greens with huge emeralds. It was a sporty course, too, not too flat, and yet not too hilly.

Getting quite excited, he flew back to the first tee, eager to swing a club, for although he had been one of the world's most successful men, it is said that no man achieves everything he wants in life, and Barnaby Jessup had been a success at everything he turned his hand to with the exception of golf. A not inconsiderable part of his fortune had been spent on the game, but he had remained a duffer. He had in his home a comprehensive library of golf from the earliest works down to the most modern tomes. He had studied under the greatest professionals in the world and had built in the cellar of his home a cage where he could practice on such days that inclement weather kept him off the course. But he had remained a divot digger and a three-putter down the years.

He made a neat two-point landing on the tee, and as if by magic a caddie bobbed up, a small, freckled boy, with a missing front tooth, who relieved him of his bag and handed him his driver.

"Howdy, Mr. Jessup," the boy said. "Nice day for it."

Jessup stared at him. "Jim Dolan," he said. He couldn't see any mark on the boy from the truck. "Like old days, Jim," he said.

"Smack 'er out there, Mr. Jessup," the boy said.

Jessup took the one wood the boy handed him and then reached into his pocket for a tee. He leaned over and jabbed the tee into the soft ground. He stepped forward and waggled his club a moment.

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Jessup stood at the tee, addressing the ball and sighting toward the green, 400 yards distant. Then he ran through the rules, cautioning himself not to press, to keep his head down, to start the club back low to the ground, to let the left arm do the work, to cock his wrists and to shift his weight to the right foot with most of the weight on the heel.

He thought of all these things and then struck the ball, wincing a little as he always did, expecting either a hook or a slice. But he heard a musical little click, and the ball bounced on the fairway about 260 yards away.

"Good shot," Jim said.

"Best one I ever hit," Jessup cried. "By juniper, I had it that time. I think I've figured this game out."

They walked forward to the ball and Jessup selected a brassie, sure that he was going to miss because never in his life had he put together two consecutive good shots.

He swung the brassie and that click sounded again. Jessup rubbed his eyes and said in awed tones, "It's on the green."

The caddie was already walking forward, handing Jessup his putter.

"I never made a par in my life," Jessup said. "I have a chance for a birdie. Oh, I suppose I'll three-putt."

On the green he surveyed the situation, noticing the slope toward the pin. He jabbed at the ball and tightened up, but it rolled forward and fell into the cup.

Barnaby Jessup mopped his brow with a handkerchief and sat down on the apron at the edge of the green.

"Well," he said finally, "accidents will happen. Let's go, Jim. But maybe, at that, I will break 100 today."

The second was a water hole. The lake sparkled a bright sapphire in the sun, and the distance across the water was 180 yards.

Jessup selected a spoon. "I should have brought more than six balls," he said. "Don't know why I didn't. I lose at least six every time I play. I'll put at least three in that lake."

He swung, then listened for the whoosh as the water received his offering. But he failed to hear it and neither did he see drops of water splashing upward.

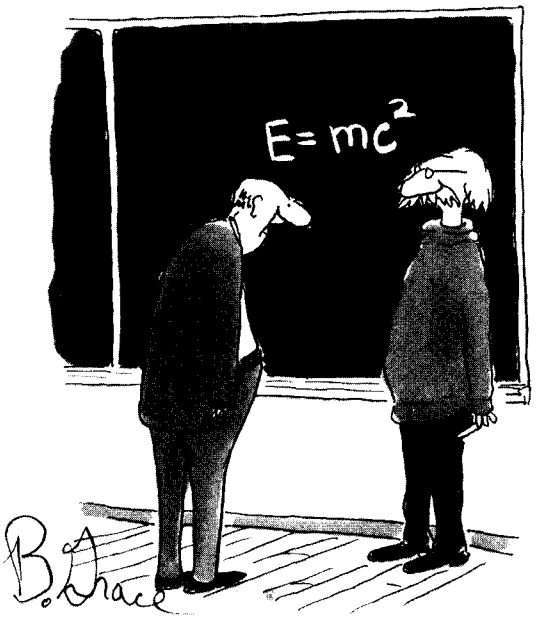
"Lost sight of it," Jessup said.

"Good shot," the caddie said. "It's in the cup. It's a hole in one, Mr. Jessup."

"Now wait a minute, Jim," Jessup said. "You're not supposed to lie up here. Besides, I'm an old man and——"

"It's in the cup," the caddie repeated.

Jessup was looking for a path around the lake when the boy took off and flew across, and Jessup sailed after him. They landed on the green, and sure enough the ball was in the cup.



"Now if we can just get you on 'Donahue' and improve your credibility. . ."

He was too shocked to say anything but assumed that every once in a while this kind of thing happened to everyone—a superlatively good day. But of course he'd go blooie any minute; he always had, he always would.

The next hole was 380 yards, and his drive was straight and far. They came up to it, and the caddie handed him a seven iron.

"I usually use a five this far away," Jessup said.

"You can make it with the seven," Jim said.

Jessup didn't think so, but although he invariably took the hide off people who tried to advise him at business, he'd never somehow been able to disregard a caddie's advice.

Meekly he took the seven and swung. The ball landed twice, rolled forward and fell into the cup. Jessup removed his glasses, blew on them and put them back on.

"You're playing a nice, steady game," the caddie said. "Even twos at this point."

"I am not," Jessup said. "Don't be ridiculous, Jim. I can't possibly have played three holes and only taken six shots. Nobody could, no golfer in the world."

He took the scorecard from the boy and counted it, and counted it again on his fingers. The boy was right—there was no disputing it. He had a three and a one and a two. There was no getting away from it. It wasn't possible, but there it was. He was even twos.

He had started out with the eternal hope of breaking 100. Now he was afraid to think about it. But still, he told himself, he'd go blooie any moment now.

And when they stood on the fourth tee he was sure of it. Despite the fact that he was in heaven, this hole might have been designed by the devil himself.

The fairway was perhaps 40 yards wide, with a dogleg in the distance. On the left was a gorge, the fairway ended abruptly and beyond it was a vast nothingness; he could see clouds below it. A hooked ball was a goner.

"What happens to the ball if you hook it over the gorge?" Jessup said.

The boy's face was serious. "It goes all the way down," he said. "All the way."

"To the earth?" Jessup said.

And Jim Dolan shook his head. "All the way down."

Jessup took a second look and the clouds parted. He got a faint whiff of brimstone and saw a red glow burn madly for a moment.

"The only golf balls they get are the ones hooked over that gorge," the caddie said. "Poor devils."

Jessup placed his ball on the tee. On the right were the densest woods he had ever seen, and the fairway itself was sprinkled with traps. He took careful aim at a grassy spot between two traps and swung. He

continued on page 86

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These low sodium soups from Campbell contain only 25 to 100 milligrams of sodium per serving.

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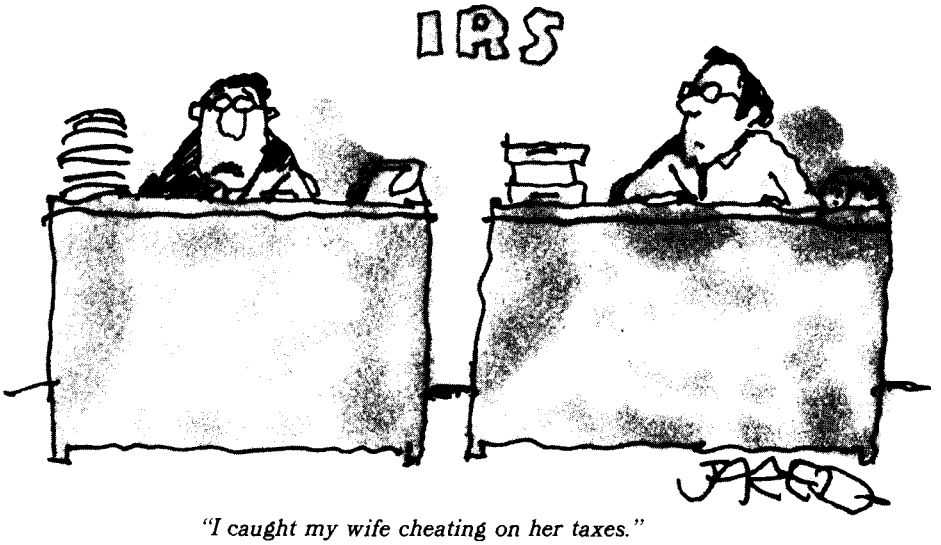
"I can't decide where we'll spend our vacation until I know how far into debt you're willing to go!"



"I caught my wife cheating on her taxes."

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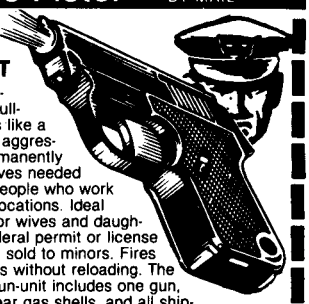

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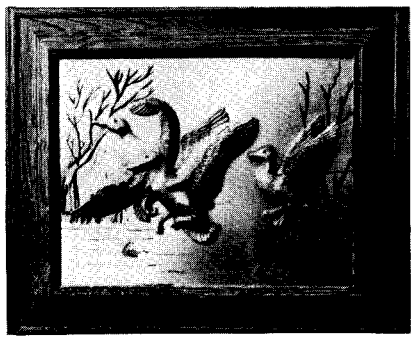

wild animals in 3-D copper. Sizes range from 9½" rounds to 25" rectangulars. Prices from $14.95 to $59.95 depending on size. Sunbow Treasures, P.O. Box 71121, 357 Meyran Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15213.

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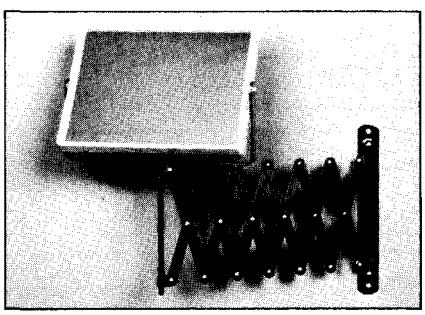
The extension mirror



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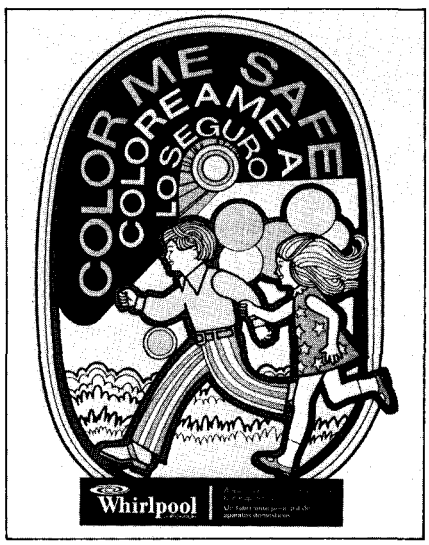

(English and Spanish.) A tool to teach youngsters proper appliance usage. A single copy of each publication developed for children is available free by writing to: Appliance Information Service, Whirlpool Corporation, Administrative Center, Benton Harbor, MI 49022. Please allow four to six weeks for the request to be filled.

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Electric mini-kettle

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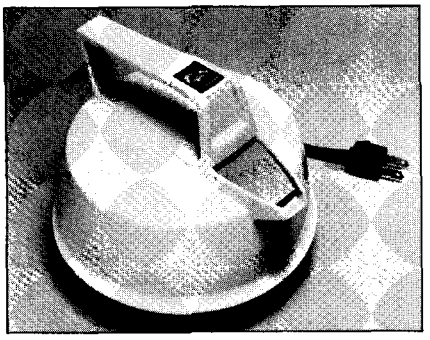
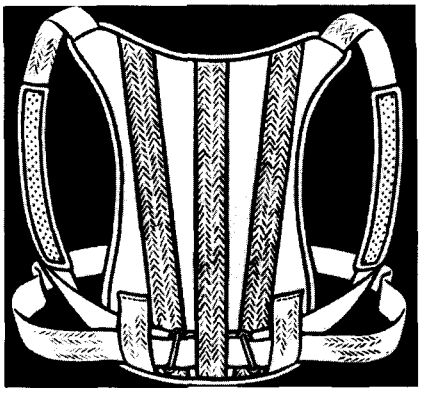


Convenient, economical and safe. Has automatic control, shuts off if kettle boils dry. Almond finished, UL approved. $19.97 plus $2.85 pp. Please write to Holst, Inc., Dept. SPK-184, 1118 West Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

Stop stooping



PiPeer Shoulder Brace® corrects posture instantly, comfortably. Provides even, distributed support for sagging shoulders. No fitting. Lightweight, cool. Men give measurement around chest, women around bust. Only $8.95 plus $1.45 postage. Piper Brace, Dept. SE24SH, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City, MO 64106.

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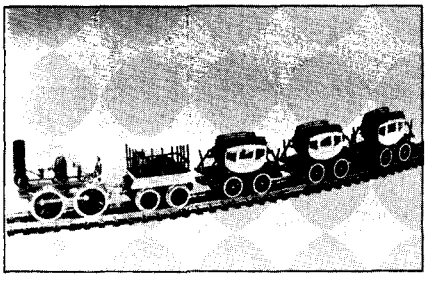
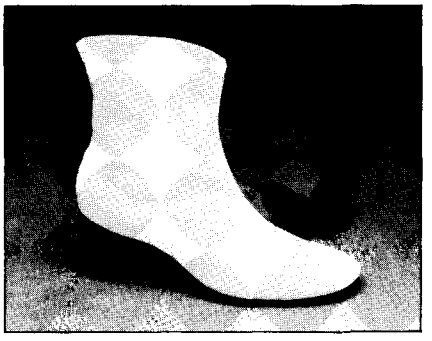


The demi boot. . .



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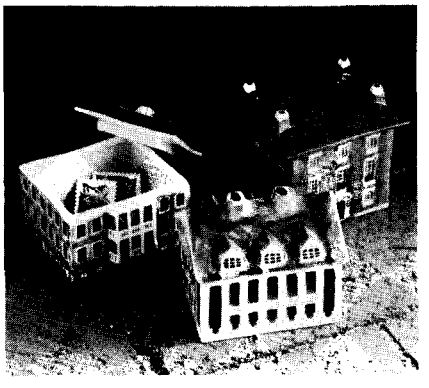
Porcelain houses



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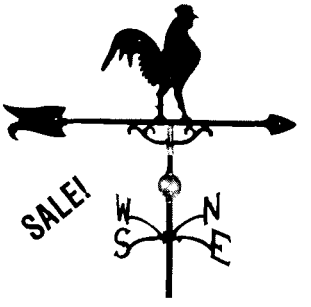

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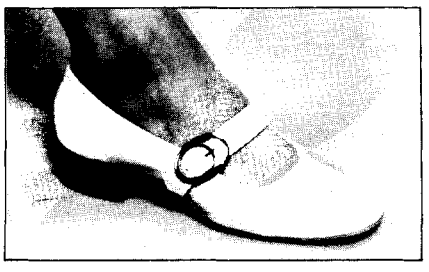
Dancing doll



Comfortable, versatile. Made of soft genuine glove leather with foam padding, elasticized throat, adjustable strap and 1¼" heel. Available in white, bone, black, camel, navy or red. Sizes 6 to 10N, 5 to 10 M/W. $24.95 plus $1.95 postage and handling. Two for $45.90 plus $2.95 p&h. Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. AYM1D, 3740 E. 34th St., Tucson, AZ 85713.

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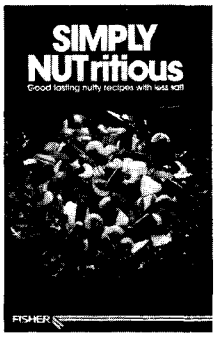

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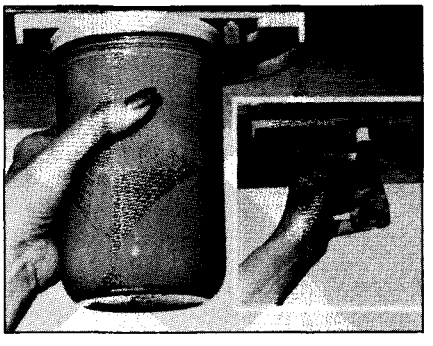

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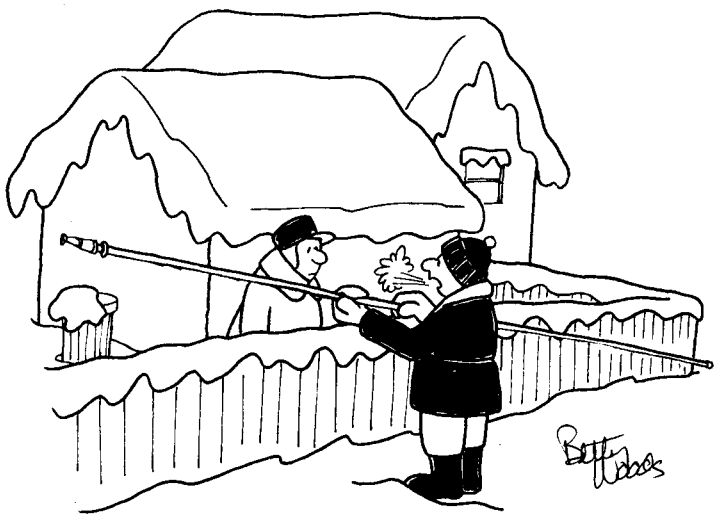

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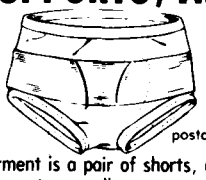
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Miracle

continued from page 51

look and said, "How are you?"

Ruth beamed at him and her heart, which was full, overflowed in a smile. But she spoke neither to the all-powerful Mr. Jalonick nor to the two ogling clerks, nor to anyone. She found it even difficult to speak to herself, for so much had happened that you didn't know where to begin remembering it. There had been parties in her home and the piano had sounded every night. There had also been singing, and Miss Ullman had given imitations of the people in the office that were wonderful. And last night Art had turned on the radio and danced with her in the kitchen and recited poetry.

But there were more important things. For instance, Art sending her mother flowers, and how her mother had sat staring at them all evening and finally smiled. She had seen the smile, although it was almost too faint to notice, and her heart had almost burst with happiness.

The days passed swiftly and this was already Friday noon. All the days and nights were so joined together in a single glow of excitement that Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday were almost here again. She realized this with a catch at her heart as if someone had knocked the breath out of her. When she stood up to go to lunch, her legs were unsteady.

She came out of the dark building and felt bewildered by the sun for a moment. Above the neighborhood smells of coffee, gasoline and old buildings, a fresh, exciting odor lay in the air, as if the sky were a garden. Ruth took a deep breath and started to walk, when she heard someone behind her. She turned and saw Art. He took her arm.

"I'm glad I caught you," he said. "Do you mind just standing here and talking, because I've only got about ten minutes? I'm leaving, you see. They just told me a half hour ago and I'm supposed to be on my way to the boat. I can say I got lost for a few minutes."

"You're leaving?" said Ruth. "For where?"

(continued next issue)

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Leader

continued from page 14

expectation of success.

A positive attitude. No one will follow a disappointed, frustrated crybaby. Because people who decide to be leaders have goals and set priorities, they can't afford to waste time worrying uselessly. They never get bogged down by the petty difficulties of life.

Concern for the success and accomplishments of others. The most important thing leaders do is to lead others. They are interested in *more* than their own success. A leader's goal is bringing out the best in others.

Be an example. Before you can expect anyone to do something, you must first be prepared to do it yourself. You must be the example to follow. Before you ask for commitment, you must be more committed than anyone else. Before you ask for hard work, you must set the example by working harder than anyone else. You must persuade through your example and conviction and see it through. This is critical. You must make it clear you're committed to the role you've taken; that you're in it for the distance. Commitment to lead is the difference between sprinting and running a marathon. You must be prepared to expend energy for a period of years, not days or months.

The most important thing to remember is that no one is born a leader—leadership is something you must commit yourself to.

If you've made it this far with me, you have a little inkling down inside that you are leadership material. If you're floundering a little bit in your life, if it's not as meaningful as you think it could be, if you're bored or feel as though something's missing—maybe you aren't challenging yourself. Maybe you're too absorbed in your problems, and you haven't devoted yourself to someone or something in a long time.

Maybe it's time you accepted a challenge—in your business life, in your community, in your own home. Think about it. Maybe it's time you reached for something outside yourself and reached down for something inside your own heart, for the potential that you haven't even acknowledged exists.

Maybe you ought to be a leader.

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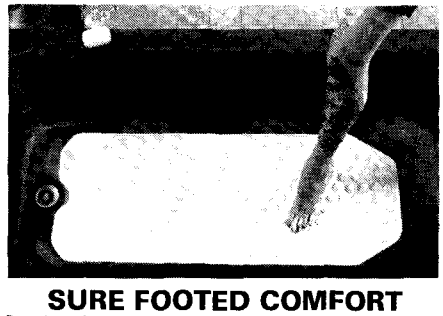

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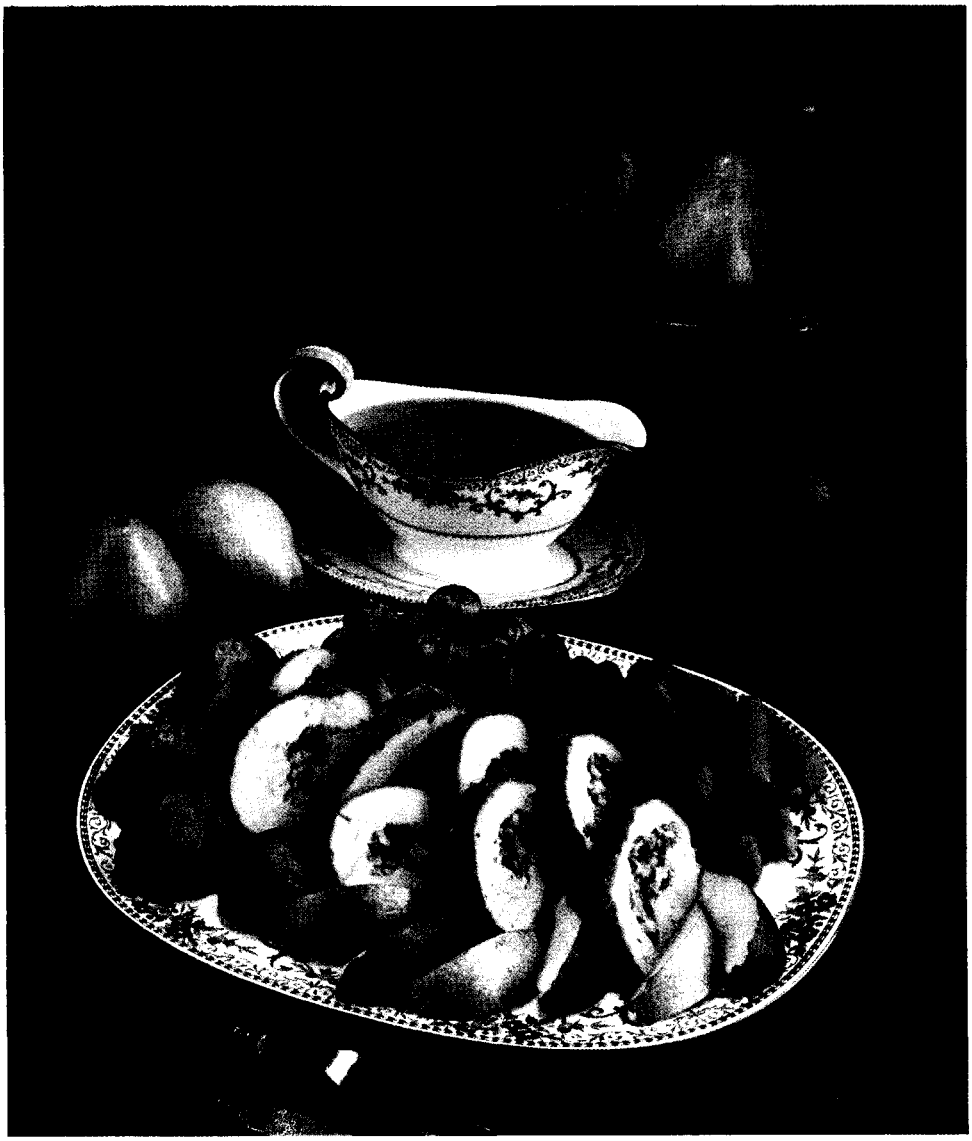
FOOD

THE ART OF FIXING CHICKEN

Low in calories and price, poultry can be your basic ingredient for some highly praised culinary delights.

by Allen Simon

Many a politician has been elected by promising a chicken in every pot. This should also be the slogan for every cook who is interested in well-being as well as wealth. Poultry always gets my vote, even over fish, as the most versatile source of animal protein available. Turkey, chicken and Cornish hens are the lowest in fats and cholesterol among fowls, which include duck, goose and game birds. They're also the least expensive, and the knowledgeable cook can combine them with almost any ingredient to create a delicious dish.



For example, when Napoleon demanded dinner after the hard-fought battle of Marengo, his cooks are said to have scoured the countryside for any food they could find. They scored a victory, too, with their concoction of chicken with onions, tomatoes and wine that was fit for a king—at least a self-proclaimed king. The recipe for Chicken Marengo long outlived Napoleon and remains his only lasting, albeit indirect, contribution to mankind.

Roast chicken alone may be pleasant, but it's also rather peasant. Artfully and adventurously combined with other ingredients, it can become a dish for the ages, or at least one you'll want to serve again.

The possibilities are nearly endless: Combine chicken with vegetables, potatoes, rice, pastas, millet and other grains. Make it tangy by basting with lemon, orange or lime juice; season it to delicious perfection with oregano, sage, thyme, summer savory, basil or any other delightful bouquet of herbs.

How to Cook

Although individual recipes may vary, here are some basic guidelines to follow for preparing a chicken. To cook a hen, boil quickly for a few moments, then remove the skin. Cover the kettle and sim-

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mer very slowly. To test if the chicken is cooked, puncture with a fork. If the fork withdraws easily, the chicken is done. Once cooked, it should be drained and placed on the serving tray. Pat-dry with a paper towel to absorb any remaining fat.

An easy way to roast a chicken: Place in a baking bag and bake. As soon as it is cooked, remove the wrapper and place on an absorbent paper to drain.

A grilled chicken poulet or fryer should be skinned and trussed. Split it through the back and quarter. Flatten it slightly, season and half cook it in the oven. Coat with your favorite seasoning and sprinkle with freshly made whole-grain bread crumbs. This provides a healthy substitute for the removed skin. Finish cooking the chicken under the broiler at a medium heat until golden brown.

Chicken filet mignons can be made by cutting long strips from the top-grade poultry. Cover with mushrooms and sprinkle with lemon juice and bake or broil. Form into rings or arcs for a light side dish.

To get you started off on the right leg with poultry, I've provided some favorite recipes. Included is a Cornish hen dish for use as an elegant, easy-to-prepare entree for family dinners, birthday parties and holidays.

Convenient turkey parts also offer many possibilities. Turkey is a good source of many nutrients, and as versatile as chicken.

Pear Turkey Roll
(Makes 4 to 6 servings)

3 Western winter pears
2 tablespoons celery, minced
¼ cup farmer cheese, shredded
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped
1½ teaspoons pimento, chopped and well-drained
⅛ teaspoon rosemary, crushed
Pinch of sage
½ cup whole-grain bread, cubed
Half turkey breast (2 to 3 lbs.) skinned and boned
2 to 4 tablespoons fine dry bread crumbs
Paprika
Turkey gravy

Core and finely chop half a pear; reserve remaining pears. Combine

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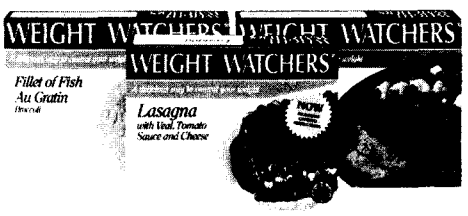

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with all ingredients except turkey, fine bread crumbs, paprika and gravy. Without cutting all the way through, slice thickest of turkey breast. With meat mallet or side of knife flatten into rectangular shape about 11″ x 7″. Spread pear-bread mixture in center of turkey. Starting from long side, carefully roll up, skewer or tie as necessary. Roll in fine bread crumbs, sprinkle with paprika. Place in baking dish seam side down. Bake at 350° F. 1 hour or until done. Let stand 10 minutes for ease of slicing. Core and slice remaining pears; serve with sliced turkey along with gravy.

Turkey Gravy
(Makes 2 cups)

3 tablespoons turkey broth
3 tablespoons flour, unbleached
2 cups stock from turkey, chilled and skimmed
2 tablespoons parsley
Dash of pepper
Pinch of sage

Put turkey broth in a saucepan. Stir in the flour. Add stock, parsley, pepper and sage. Blend well. Heat thoroughly. Stir until thickened.

Barbecue-style Broiled Chicken
(Makes 4 servings)

4 chicken breasts, skinned and all visible fat removed
1 teaspoon onion powder
Juice of 1 lemon
1 12 oz. can salt-free tomato juice
Few drops Tabasco®
1 cup fresh whole-wheat bread crumbs
¼ cup oat bran
1 teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon garlic powder
½ teaspoon chili powder
½ teaspoon thyme
½ teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon sage

Sprinkle skinned chicken with onion powder and half the lemon juice. Combine tomato juice, Tabasco® and remaining lemon juice. Combine bread crumbs, oat bran, paprika, garlic powder, chili powder, thyme and oregano. Add sage if desired. Dip chicken pieces in tomato juice mixture, then in seasoned bread-crumb mixture. Place on nonstick shallow baking pan and bake in upper third of a preheated 350° F. oven for 45 to 60 minutes.

Stuffed Cornish hens look and taste as if they were the creation of a gourmet chef, but they're actually quite easy to prepare with the recipe above.

Turkey Tomato Pilaf
(Makes 6 servings)

½ cup turkey broth
½ cup mushrooms, sliced
¼ cup onion, chopped
1 small garlic clove, chopped
Dash of pepper
⅛ teaspoon thyme leaves
6 whole tomatoes, peeled
⅓ cup All-Bran® or Bran Buds® cereal
¼ cup long grain brown rice, uncooked
2 cups cooked turkey, cubed

In a large pan, cook mushrooms, onion and garlic in broth until tender. Stir in pepper, thyme and tomatoes, cutting tomatoes into pieces. Bring to boil. Stir in All-Bran® , rice and turkey. Cover tightly and simmer about 35 minutes or until rice is tender. Sprinkle each serving with parsley and additional cereal, if desired.

Baked Cornish Hens with Brown Rice Sunflower Seed Stuffing
(Makes 2-4 servings)

2 Cornish game hens, cleaned and dried
1 cup raw brown rice, steamed in 2 cups water 45 minutes
1 large onion, chopped
2 ribs celery with leaves
⅓ cup raw sunflower seeds
¼ cup parsley, chopped
½ teaspoon sage
½ teaspoon marjoram
¼ teaspoon basil
½ teaspoon Mrs. Dash® seasoning (salt-free seasoning, contains 14 natural herbs and spices)
1 clove garlic, minced

Combine all the stuffing ingredients and stuff the hens. Bake in a baking dish covered 1½ hours in a 350° F. oven. Uncover the hens the last 15 minutes and turn the oven up to 400° F. to brown.

Chicken and Asparagus
(Makes 4-6 servings)

3 whole chicken breasts, cut into 6 pieces with bone removed
1 No. 2 can asparagus spears, drained (reserving ¼ cup juice)
2 tablespoons cholesterol-free margarine
1 cup green pepper, cut in strips
¼ cup almonds, sliced
⅓ cup cornstarch
¼ cup low-sodium soy sauce
2 teaspoons fresh ginger
¼ cup onions, thinly sliced

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with chicken; spread soup and yogurt mixture over the top. Add remaining stuffing. Pour broth over the stuffing and bake 30 minutes at 350° F.

Chicken Divan
(Makes 4 servings)

1 10-oz. package frozen broccoli spears, cooked and drained
2 cups cooked chicken, cubed
½ 10-oz. can Campbell's® Low-Sodium Cream of Mushroom soup
3 tablespoons Chablis or other dry white wine
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg, ground
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons farmer cheese, grated

In 1½-quart, shallow baking dish (10" x 6" x 2"), arrange broccoli; top with chicken cubes. In small bowl, combine soup, wine, nutmeg and pepper. Pour over chicken. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake at 450° F. for 15 minutes or until hot.

Italian Turkey Loaf
(Makes 6 servings)

1¼ lbs. ground turkey
2 cups bran-flakes cereal
1 cup eggplant, diced
1 medium bell pepper, chopped
1 onion, chopped
2 medium tomatoes, peeled and chopped
6-8 mushrooms, chopped (approximately 1 cup)
1 whole egg, beaten

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Beat chicken pieces until thin. Add asparagus spear to each and roll up. Fasten with toothpicks. Coat rolled chicken pieces in cornstarch until covered. Fry in coated pan until medium brown. Remove chicken. Place remaining asparagus, onions and green pepper into deep Dutch oven. Mix soy sauce, ginger, ¼ cup asparagus juice. Pour over vegetables. Add chicken, cover and cook over low heat 40 to 50 minutes or until tender. Lightly mix ingredients, keeping chicken under vegetables so the cornstarch will cook into the sauce. Serve with rice; sprinkle with almonds.

Chicken and Stuffing Casserole
(Makes 6 servings)

Stuffing

3 cups whole-wheat bread cubes
½ cup celery and leaves
½ cup onion, chopped
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning
1 teaspoon parsley
½ teaspoon New Vegit®
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
2 tablespoons margarine, melted

Filling

2 cups white chicken, diced
1 can Campbell's® low-sodium cream of mushroom or cream of chicken soup
1 cup plain yogurt
½ cup vegetable or chicken broth

Mix all the ingredients together and drizzle 2 tablespoons margarine over the mixture. Set aside. In oiled 2-quart casserole dish spread half the stuffing. Cover

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Duffer

continued from page 70

was afraid to look, and automatically he was reaching in his hip pocket for a second ball when the caddie said, "Nice shot."

And there was the ball, dead in the middle of the fairway.

They walked toward it and Jessup was shaking as though he had the ague, although it was as nice a day as a golfer could find—no breeze and not too hot, just warm enough to make a man's muscles feel loose.

They had almost reached the ball when they heard a sound in the woods to the right; a moment later a handful of dirt and pebbles came down out of the sky, and then a ball dropped out of nowhere and landed in front of them.

Barnaby stopped and looked around at a lean, lank figure coming out of the woods. He had a turned-down mouth and a bald and wrinkled pate, and he was talking to himself. "By Saturn," he said, "by Venus, that was a shot."

Barnaby stared in amazement and then finally he found his tongue. "Pete Tyson, you old horse thief," he said.

"Well," Tyson cackled, "I never expected to see you here. What did you do, bribe the authorities?"

They shook hands and grinned at each other. Then Tyson addressed his ball. He hadn't changed at all, Barnaby saw. Tyson wound himself into a pretzel until he was next door to strangling himself. Then the club came down, and the ball hopped across the fairway and disappeared over the edge of the gorge and down toward the licking red flames.

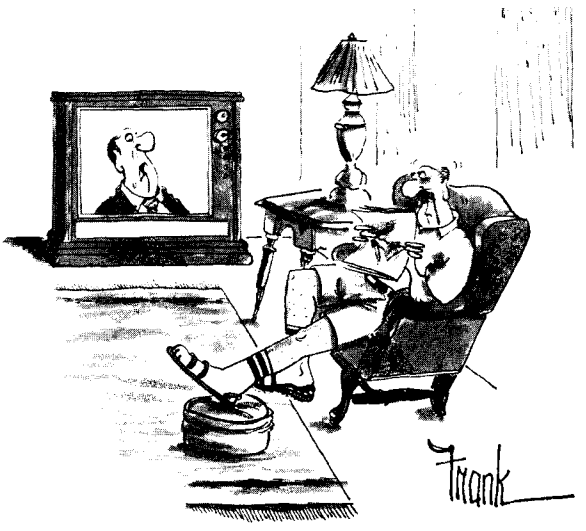
But his old partner had become philosophical—Barnaby had to admit that. "If it weren't for me," Tyson muttered, "they'd have a hell of a time down there." And he took another ball from his hip pocket, placed it on the turf and hit it toward the pin.

It was like old times playing with Pete Tyson, and Barnaby was so puffed up he could scarcely wait to hit his ball. He could hardly contain himself, waiting to see the look on Tyson's face when he showed him how he was hitting the ball now.

Jim Dolan handed him a brassie, and Barnaby stepped up and swung. When he raised his head the ball was lying on the green. He turned and looked at his friend and waited for him to say something.

But Tyson hadn't even opened his mouth. He just grunted and moved on down the fairway, and Barnaby stared at him, his face getting red.

They went along to the green. Barnaby sank a 40-foot putt and he looked up—and still Tyson didn't say a word. That was the last straw.



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They went toward the next tee, and Barnaby exploded. "Why don't you be a man?" he said. "I always knew I was the better golfer and now I've proved it. Why can't you be man enough to admit it? Just standing there and sulking like the cantankerous old goat you are."

"Hit the ball," Tyson growled. "If there's anything I hate it's a gabby golfer. You always did talk too much."

His face purple now, Barnaby stepped up without another word and hit the longest drive ever seen in the solar system. The ball went practically out of sight and then came down on the green. Jim Dolan handed him his putter.

And still Tyson's expression hadn't changed. Barnaby stood there, choking, while Pete hit his usual 100-yard drive into the rough. They plodded along. Barnaby couldn't figure how Tyson had gotten up here, but it was obviously a mistake, and somebody had slipped up somewhere; some mix-up in the celestial filing system that probably explained it. And instead of being grateful, Tyson was more ornery here than he'd ever been down below, which was saying a good deal. And maybe Tyson wouldn't admit it, but anyway, Barnaby was going to beat the tar out of him.

And he did. They finished the first nine and Barnaby totted up his score.

Pete Tyson said, "Gives me a 63. Couple of bad holes, but I'll do better on the back nine. Let's have an ambrosia before we start out."

They walked up to the terrace. A waiter flew out with two tall and misty-looking glasses.

Barnaby put his scorecard down on the table. "I have a 23," he said defiantly. "The caddie will vouch for it. I'll shoot about a 45 for the 18."

He shoved the card under Tyson's nose, but the old goat just yawned and said nothing.

Barnaby sat there and told himself that he was the champion golfer of the universe. But somehow it left him cold, and suddenly he felt old and tired and even the ambrosia tasted flat. He sighed, put down his half-empty glass and got up slowly from the table.

"In a hurry?" Tyson said, grunting.

Barnaby said sadly, "Sorry, Pete, but somehow I don't feel so good. I'm going to turn in my clubs. Don't think I'll play any more golf." And he thought that even if Tyson had congratulated him, he still wouldn't want to play any more.

Pete's wise old eyes squinted up at him and he chuckled dryly.

"Barnaby, you old fool," he said, "I shot a 46 myself the first round I played here. It's one of the house rules."

"House rules?" Barnaby said,

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Flying Saucers

continued from page 67

than earth) can support *any* imaginable life form—much less the environment for building snazzy spaceships.

"Maybe our visitors are from a planet of a neighboring sun?" Well, the nearest sun is Alpha Centauri, a mere 4.3 light years away (which is roughly 6 trillion miles)—a million-year trip going full tilt in a Lear jet! Obviously, if we Earthlings manage to annihilate our planet in one giant atomic explosion, it would have no effect upon Alpha Centauri's possible planets. Frankly, it might well be a case of "good riddance."

Of course, we have billions of such stars in our own Milky Way galaxy, which is 100,000 light years across. Why would "they" want to contact earth? Because we're intelligent creatures? Actually, if they have radio and television, it will be more than 50,000 years in our future before even half of these other earths can tune in "Gilligan's Island" or any radio signal from our planet.

And so the assumptions continue, piled one upon another until we have a fantastic stack of unlikely probabilities that must "mesh" in order to get one space visitor to Earth. (Obviously, if you can get one spacecraft here, you could load a gigantic mother ship with smaller spaceships and explain the many different types of saucers that apparently cram our airways.) But that's just one more assumption added to the stack.

Have we killed off all the little green men and cute, furry space critters for you? Worried because no superintelligence from somewhere in the universe is going to stop us from destroying our Earth? Don't be, because our theory, with only one assumption, explains who the saucer people really are! *They're us.*

In the past 100 years, the people of the civilized countries of the earth have undergone the greatest technological revolution conceivable on any planet anywhere in the universe. We've developed the laser, the transistor and worldwide communications that let us talk via satellite from our living-room chair to almost any other home in any developed country in the world. We can fly (cocktails and dinner included) between continents at almost 2,000 miles per hour. About the only thing we can't build today is a flying saucer that meets the qualifications and flight characteristics of those reported by reliable witnesses, time and time again. Here is a brief composite of those sightings: "It was definitely of mechanical origin. It seemed to have ports or windows around the base or sides. It seemed to be trailing an antenna or submarine-type tower. It changed color frequently and colors seemed to pulsate. It was capable of hovering, then traveling at speeds faster than any plane's. It could stop instantly and then shoot off at a right angle or make these right-angle turns at speeds that would kill any living creature. It was seen by many other observers unknown to me and described in the same manner. It was tracked by airport radar and disappeared off the screen."

When apparently reliable witnesses report on craftlike UFOs, strong consistencies—and important ones—recur. These consistencies support the most likely assumption of all—that these craft were developed by Earthmen.

Now a short course in scientific fact. Of all things in this universe

continued on following page

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Avon

continued from page 47

money is needed, we'll give it to them."

Such a benevolent attitude is part of the "Avon spirit" fostered in the early days by McConnell and preserved today by Mitchell. It's an outlook he has every intention of leaving intact when he retires. For that reason, he plays an active role in recruiting and interviewing candidates for top management positions. He's particularly impressed by persons with a high level of company loyalty, an appreciation of the past, creative ideas for the future and a willingness to pitch in and see a project through to completion.

"Loyalty is instilled by example," he says. "I think the top of an organization sets the pace, and people tend to emulate their leadership. If you've got a man or a woman whose coattails are flying, people perceive him or her to be a mover. And that filters down and, before long, you have movers at every level of the ladder."

Mitchell, much like Avon founder David McConnell, is a mover. His pace is quick enough to lead the company into its second century at a winner's clip, but not so fast as to miss the faces along the way. He cites a favorite story of an elderly lady who retired as an Avon secretary several years ago, but who continues to put in a few hours a day at her desk out of habit and loyalty.

"I passed her on the street the other morning when I was walking to work," says Mitchell. "I didn't recognize her because it was bitter cold and she looked like a tiny mound of clothes—just scarves, coat, hat and boots. When I got around in front of her, sure enough, it was Virginia." He laughs and adds, "You know, there's a sort of mystique about a chief executive officer's job, but if you've got a little common sense and a lot of good employees like that, it's a piece of cake."

Of Mitchell's January 1, 1984, retirement Hicks B. Waldren, the new president, chief executive officer and board chairman, had this to say: "Dave Mitchell has made many fine contributions to the future of Avon. All of us at Avon look forward to his continuing support as a member of the board of directors and wish him the very best in his retirement."

Flying Saucers

continued from page 87

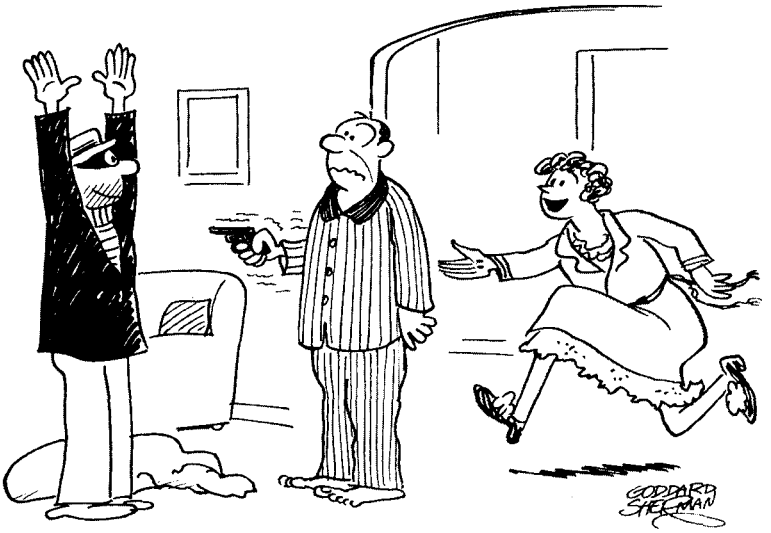
only the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) is consistent. So, utilizing the Doppler principle, we are able to measure our universe and gauge the speed with which we approach or depart any other star system in the universe. (The Doppler principle: The colors of light change in direct proportion to the speed of an object traveling toward us or away from us and move up or down the color spectrum. You've probably noted the same effect with a train whistle or car horn—the pitch gets higher as the horn approaches and lower in tone as it departs. Remember the pulsating colors on our reported "flying saucers" that shifted from yellow to red or green to blue, etc.? This is the Doppler effect you would most likely see if a craft were traveling at close to the speed of light. . .or traveling in *time*!)

Another scientific fact is the nature of time itself. Whether you happen to be a human, an alarm clock or an atomic particle, the closer you approach the speed of light (186,000 miles per second), the more time slows down for you! For instance, if you were to take a four-year trip in a spacecraft traveling at close to the speed of light, you'd be four years older when you landed—but on earth thousands of years would have passed. You would be ancient history—possibly a legend or more likely forgotten for centuries. Civilization (if it existed) would be thousands of years advanced. Language and technology would have undergone unimaginable changes. And you could not safely land your craft and walk about your home planet! Why? Because bacteria and earthly contamination to which these future Earthlings would be immune might easily overwhelm your more primitive immune system. You, in truth, would be alien on your own planet!

Travel into the future is possible. Chances are you've already traveled in time, for time actually slows down for the people aboard a jet plane. On a trip from New York to Los Angeles you arrive younger by perhaps a billionth of a second. The only noticeable effects would occur, however, near the speed of light.

Remember the high-speed, right-angle turns made by our "flying saucers"? If they were observable to you on Earth as they flew at a speed approaching that of light, they would appear to make instant right-angle turns at 5,000 miles per hour, although the time travelers themselves (during the ten seconds you observed their amazing performance) would be living "slower" and thus perhaps having a full hour to execute the maneuver at very comfortable speeds and to exert no more "G" force than a normal turn in a jet airliner.

Certainly neither the United States nor Russia has discovered a



"I found the bullets!"

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means to travel in time. Having "saucers" darting willy-nilly about our countryside for decades would be a lousy way to keep a military secret.

Who—in all the known universe—could the builder be? For years we have searched space with massive radio telescopes. We have listened on all frequencies, seeking one faint radio signal indicating the presence of intelligent life. We have located the center of our universe and listened to the sounds of dying stars millions of light years apart in time and space. By 1981 we had searched to a depth of 2 billion years without a single radio signal indicating intelligence anywhere else in the universe.

Remember the pictures you've seen of flying saucers? Who could build them now? We could—except we don't know how to build the power source or how it operates at this moment. Remember what we have accomplished in the past 100 years—from the horse cart to manned space flight. Today 90 percent of all scientists who have *ever* lived are *still alive*. We're virtually knee-deep in living scientists, technologically oriented and possessing computer systems linking them with the most recent thinking of thousands of others in their field. Computers can solve in seconds intricate problems that only a few decades ago would have taken a team of geniuses many months or years to solve. Forty years ago, college textbooks stated, "The atom is the smallest particle of matter. It cannot be divided." Then came Los Alamos.

Today we are exploring atomic fusion, which is basically safe atomic energy. It can turn the common isotope deuterium (found in all sea water) into electrical power—a source of power so plentiful that mankind will have departed this Earth and the Earth will have died before it is depleted. How far away is fusion as a practicable energy source? Perhaps 40 years or less. Perhaps far longer. But when we conquer fusion, we will be controlling the basic matter of the universe—the power of our sun. Combining this power, computers and other new technology, the possibility of time travel, or "looking into the past," may become a reality. Remember, when you look at any star, you are looking hundreds or thousands of years *into the past*!

Einstein is certainly to be reckoned with when one talks about time travel. He proved our potential to travel into the future, but not our potential to return. There was a paradox. For instance, should you physically travel back to your parents' childhood and kill one of them, then you could never have been born. Or suppose you killed Hitler at the time he was an art student? You would have completely changed civilized Earth as we know it today. We agree. It is *physically* impossible to travel backwards in time—as we know it. Let's look at the rules once more in their most simple form:

Rule 1: You can travel forward in time relative to "Earth time" if you travel fast enough.
Rule 2: You can never physically "see" into that future time unless you can exist in that time.
Rule 3: You can "see" into the past. Because of the time lag in light reaching you from *any* object you see, you always see in the past. (As you read this you are seeing words as they existed a thousandth of a second ago in your past. When you look at a star you may be seeing many thousands of years into the past.)
Rule 4: You cannot physically exist in the past—due to the paradox discussed above (i.e., killing your parents before you were born).
Rule 5: Time is relative to the speed of light and is different on Earth from any other point in the universe.
Rule 6: There's a lot we don't know about the nature of the universe, although scientists suspect that the universe curves back upon itself in a warpage of time and space. One amazing thing about the rules of our universe is that there are places where the rules that should apply—don't.

Astronomers call these places "black holes"—areas of space where atoms are so compressed that the population of Earth would fit into a teaspoon. The mass of the mysterious "black hole" is so great it captures everything—including light and atomic radio signals. We can't see them or hear them—yet the

continued on page 93

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Winter Olympics Host

Yugoslavia—a best-kept secret in bargain tourist destinations will soon go public.

During two short weeks this February, Americans will have their first real introduction to a country that few of them know anything about—Yugoslavia. The XIVth Winter Olympic Games will be held at that time in Sarajevo, and ABC Sports Television will bring more than 60 hours of coverage into our living rooms. We will see not only the games, but also a good deal of background on the country and the people who live there—a portrait that most Americans will find surprising.

The current president is a woman. Many women are selected for the parliament and other positions of power in the government—especially surprising because both men and women seem to believe it proper that women do the hard, dirty work while men sit by drinking beer, "supervising." In fact, Yugoslavia is so surprising in so many ways it is difficult to generalize about the

Olympic-class skiing: one of Yugoslavia's many selling points. Historic Sarajevo will host the 1984 Winter Olympics.

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country or its inhabitants. From town to town, or province to province, one observes an enormous variety of costumes, dialects, behavior and architectural styles. A Serb will tell you, "Notice how lazy the Macedonians are when you're there." Later in your trip, a Macedonian will ask you, "Did you notice how lazy the Serbs are?" Both of them laugh at their good-natured gibes at their neighbors.

As far as their present socialist economy is concerned, it does not seem to entail, as many of us would imagine, five-year plans—or any planning at all, for that matter. The economy basically works like this: Any industry with more than ten employees is owned by the workers, who make all decisions, large or small. As a consequence, little or no free-enterprise competition exists, the quality of manufactured goods is low and Yugoslavia therefore does not have a healthy export business.

The country's economic system is generally chaotic. Its unit of currency, the dinar, is weak. Prices—for example, for rooms—are frequently given in U.S. dollars (they know that the dinar, worth little today, may be worth less tomorrow). Inflation is high, as is unemployment. Little or no real planning for community development, industrial growth or upgrading the economy seems to be done. On the positive side, the people have good health care, educational programs are basically free and individuals are at liberty to choose their own line of work, religion or way of life. They are happy and proud—sometimes even to the point of boastfulness.

Over the past centuries, the country has had many rulers: Romans, Turks, Austro-Hungarians and Nazis. But in November 1943, Yugoslavia as we (dimly) know it today was reconstituted under Marshal Tito and began to undergo extensive economic and social development, as well as rapid population growth. Today its inhabitants feel free to travel, criticize their government, vote, talk politics and drink copious amounts of their excellent beers and wines.

So the people are pleasant, the prices are right and the country is fascinating: Therefore, the real mystery about today's Yugoslavia is, Why don't Americans flock there the way western Europeans do? Each year only a few percent of the tourists visiting the country are Americans, and many of them stay only a night or two (usually in Dubrovnik) before flying on to someplace else. It doesn't make sense. The country is so diversified it is a mini-Europe; something different is found around every mountain. Prices for Americans are extremely low; a room costs 25 to 50 percent of what it would run in such "must" countries as Switzerland or France. In '83, double rooms with private baths in hotels ranged from $20 to about $50 a night, with super-hostelries going up to about $80 for two. Food and drinks are good and not expensive, and the sights are incomparable. A real haven for the sportsman, the country offers good fishing, hunting, swimming, hiking and skiing. And the "Riviera," the Adriatic coastline, rivals its namesake except for the show of wealth and the levying of outlandish prices.

Dubrovnik, of course, is Yugoslavia's great drawing card. It is one of the world's most beautiful and picturesque cities. Surrounded by high walls and ramparts protruding into the Adriatic Sea, it is a wonderful relic of another age. No visitor seems to get enough of this old city, or indeed of the more-than-1,000-mile-long Adriatic coast.

Although Dubrovnik has many fine hotels, smaller inns and even rooms available in private homes at about $5 a day per person, the

(Left) Visitors to the Winter Olympics will see the Islamic influence on much of Sarajevo's architecture. The capital of Bosnia, Sarajevo was Islam-dominated for centuries. (Above) An artisan practices his ancient trade.

Plitvice Lakes, in northern Yugoslavia, form a unique natural phenomenon. Sixteen lakes of varying hues and elevations cascade into each other between mountain massifs.

An old fishing village with a narrow causeway to the mainland, Sveti Stefan is now a luxury-hotel complex.

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world's most unusual hotel lies just a short way down the coastline from Dubrovnik. Named Sveti Stefan, it is an entire 15th-century village and island connected to the mainland by a narrow, artificial isthmus. Room rates range from $37 to $80 a day—not bad booty for staying in an old pirates' lair!

Many day tours originate in Dubrovnik. One takes you to Budva and Kotor, old cities badly damaged in a 1979 earthquake, and another to the island of Lokrum, one of the truly great, Edenlike, tropical nature preserves on the planet. From Dubrovnik harbor, regular, small ferries (cheap), tour boats (more expensive) and boat taxis (very dear in price) go out there.

A few hours by road directly north of Dubrovnik is Sarajevo, the Olympic site and a meeting point of East and West. If you are like most people, including many of the inhabitants, you will not be thrilled by the slab-sided, unattractive high rises in the newer parts of the city. But you will be enchanted by the many Turkish mosques and minarets and the narrow, cobblestoned streets and tiny shops of the old town's marketplace. Its strange sounds and smells make you feel as if you are in Istanbul. One of its surprises is its 17th-century clock tower. It keeps time Turkish-style, which means that noon comes at sundown—and that its time will never match your watch. And from now on, thanks to the Olympics, the city will also be an international winter-sports center.

Sarajevo's place in history, of course, would be quite secure if the Olympic committee had bypassed it entirely. For it was here in 1914 that Gavrilo Princip, a Bosnian Serb, shot the Austrian archduke Francis Ferdinand and set into motion the events that led to World War I.

The war, while not fondly remembered by most Yugoslavians, did produce one happy event as far as most of them are concerned—the birth of their nation. The area now called Yugoslavia had been a crazy quilt of Turkish and Austro-Hungarian possessions and a number of small states until Princip fired his fatal bullet. It was Woodrow Wilson's principle of self-determination that gave rise to the Yugoslavia of today—one more reason Americans can expect a warm welcome when they visit.

One other outstanding sight in Yugoslavia, located in the northern part of the country near Zagreb, is the Plitvice Lakes National Park. Many world travelers have seen altogether too many museums, galleries and parks and might react, "Oh, no, not another nature preserve." But Plitvice is not just another park. It is worth traveling any distance to see. The large, hilly, forested area contains 16 lakes of clear, blue-green water falling into one another via thousands of waterfalls ranging from small to sizable to spectacular, with water falling through, under and over greenery everywhere. Except for a bus-train taking you to a starting point and an electric boat crossing one lake, this heaven-on-earth must be explored on foot.

The clever Slavs have built a narrow, golden path of wood and gravel, which occasionally takes you right over the tops of waterfalls—a vantage point both lovely and a little frightening. A visit here is exhilarating, exciting and absolutely unforgettable.

Much of the ground travel in Yugoslavia is like Plitvice' golden path—slow and incredibly scenic. Covering nearly the same area as Wyoming, Yugoslavia is the ninth-largest country in Europe. Because its twisting roads and rail beds wind through the many mountains, visiting these spots can be time-consuming. For those wishing to travel on their own, ground travel by bus or train is inexpensive, often crowded and frequently late. For buying tickets, booking seats and making arrangements, communications are often a problem. All the big car-rental companies, as well as some that are not so big, are present—but the associated costs are high, partly because gasoline prices are so painfully expensive. As a tourist you can get 10-percent-discount coupons, but 10 percent off a lot isn't very helpful. Although independent travel is possible, visiting Americans would be wise either to go on a prearranged guided tour or to go directly to Dubrovnik, see it for at least a week and make day tours (or multi-day tours) from there.

Being almost tropical in character, the southernmost coastline of Yugoslavia is a wonderful place to winter. It is a considerably less wonderful place to be in the summer—especially in July and August, when it is hot and crowded with tourists (and prices are at their highest). Natives agree that spring or fall is the best time for tourists to visit, except for the winter-sports buffs willing to endure the cold to indulge in their favorite entertainments in the mountainous provinces.

Getting to Yugoslavia has become extremely easy. Both Pan Am and JAT-Yugoslav airlines fly directly between Yugoslavia and the United States. You can fly into Ljubljana, Zagreb, Belgrade, Dubrovnik, Split and, at least during the Olympics next February, directly into Sarajevo. A visa is required, but it is easy to obtain, either from a Yugoslav consulate or embassy in the United States or at a border crossing or airport in Yugoslavia itself. No photos are required and there is no charge.

We Americans have been missing a real opportunity for a long time. Yugoslavia is beautiful, diverse, inexpensive, safe and friendly. And as television will make clear to us this February, it gives us the chance to experience three worlds: the East, the West and that area the network has so properly called the wide world of sports. ✖

Dubrovnik is said to be the most beautiful tourist resort of Yugoslavia. The town itself has preserved a medieval character, and the climate permits swimming and sunbathing from spring to late autumn.

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Flying Saucers

continued from page 89

"black holes" swallow up almost infinite amounts of matter, which *simply disappear*! It would be similar to pouring 100 gallons of water into an infinitely small funnel—with nothing coming out the small end of the funnel. It shouldn't happen but it does!

Meanwhile, separated from the "black holes" by thousands of light years are the phenomena called "white holes" where matter gushes into the universe—from where? Are black holes and white holes somehow connected in a fifth or sixth dimension? How does the matter travel between them—if it does? This phenomenon indicates connections between time and space we do not yet understand. When we bring our future research to bear on the problems of fusion power, we'll learn more about these doorways into the nature of time and space.

The year is A.D. 2381. Our scientists have discovered the technology to short-circuit normal space and time. They have discovered that, although they cannot physically exist in the past (due to Einstein's paradox), they can see into the past by a form of time travel. In the same manner that you could see over a very tall brick fence by using a trampoline to bounce you high enough to see over that barrier, they have used the unlimited power of fusion to create a warpage of time and space. Their equipment for this adventure is a flying laboratory that does not necessarily fly at all—but rather travels in time. Like the trampoline, it gains its power in short bursts that enable it to temporarily rend the fabric of time. Safely enclosed in a bubble of its own time, it oscillates perhaps thousands of times a second, back and forth between A.D. 2381 and the past. The enormous power requirements for each "jump" or oscillation into the past cannot be created aboard the laboratory, and therefore the craft must exist in its own time many times a second to "refuel." The speed and power utilized in these cycles determine both its location in the past and its ability to move in time.

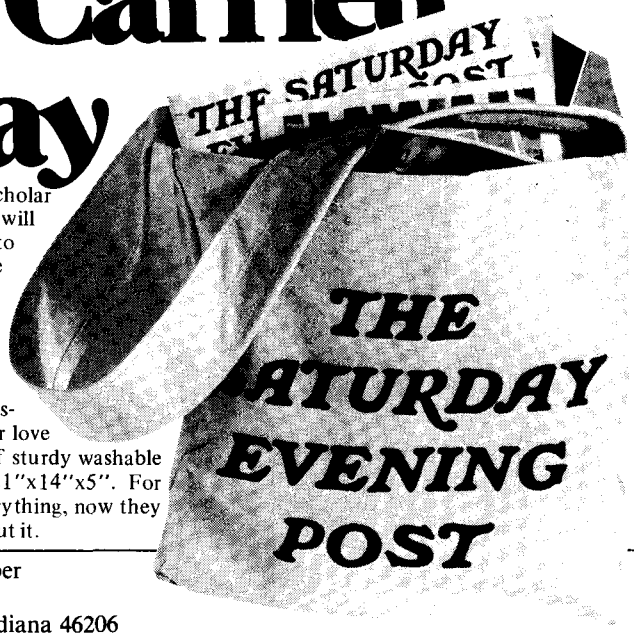
Like a theater today in which we watch 24 still pictures a second become a solid moving picture, the 1984 "Earthling" sees a solid UFO. Humans have an "eye fatigue" that retains images for a short period after they cease to exist. It's why movies work—and possibly why UFOs seem real. (If you've ever photographed a TV screen or movie screen, chances are you got a blurred photo—since the camera does not have eye fatigue. Of course, if this theory is true, it would seem that qualified observers might have good, detailed descriptions of the UFOs they've seen—and photographs might consistently be fuzzy or lack good detail. And we must admit that, in spite of the millions of cameras that exist today, there has not been one *good* photograph of a UFO in spite of the amateurs' ability to get clear photos of jet aircraft *apparently* traveling many times faster!)

Since Earth is in constant motion through space and time, the time traveler does not depend upon wings or airfoils for locomotion. Rather, he uses the power at his command to travel in time, which serves as an excellent means of moving about. (Example: If you could stay exactly where you are right now, relative to our sun rather than the Earth, you'd find yourself freezing in space in seconds. The speed at which you travel in time determines your location. To the amazed viewers on Earth watching your apparently solid ship, your hovering in their space and time makes them see this unusual maneuver as "helicopter-like." Your enormous power and ability to travel in time and to approach the speed of light in the hovering process explain why the electrical field emanating from your craft may change colors or pulsate. Remember the Doppler effect?)

Now remember that by traveling at speeds approaching the speed of light, our time traveler is living in a "slower" time. What seems to be a five-minute maneuver at high speeds, with impossible right-angle turns, is made very comfortably at these "slower" times. For the pilot of the saucer, several hours may have been involved in these very comfortable maneuvers you observed at your "faster" time.

(continued next issue)

Get Carried Away



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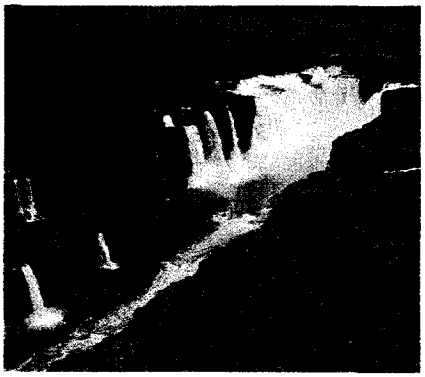
Where in the World?

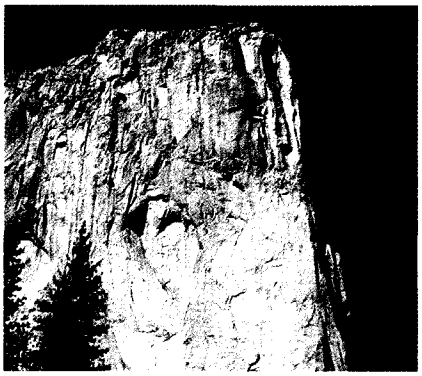
Be it Buffalo or Bangkok, Timbuktu or Tyre, each picture has its proper place. Just find it in the list below.



A

- ☐ *Canada*
- ☐ *Brazil*
- ☐ *Argentina*

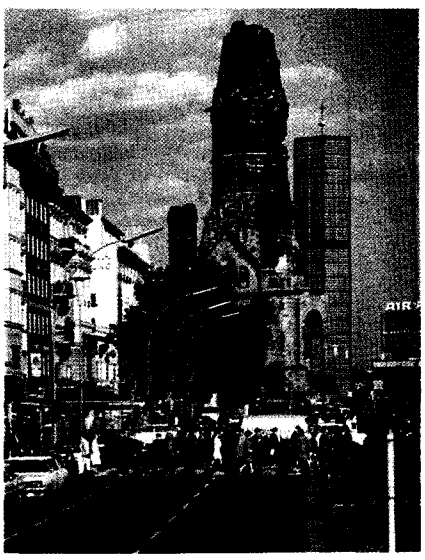
A jungle surrounding Niagara Falls? Haven't these odd weather patterns gotten a little out of hand? Stop your worrying. This is not Niagara—it's four times larger, and nobody takes honeymoons here. But guessing the answer's still no cinch. None of the options is absolutely correct, and only one is completely wrong.



B

- ☐ *Yellowstone*
- ☐ *Yosemite*
- ☐ *Zion*

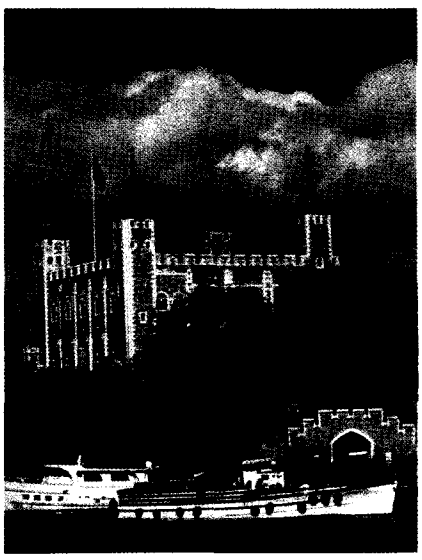
El Capitan—the name is a Spanish attempt to translate an old Indian name for this granite mass, the largest block of granite in the world. It is situated on land set aside by President Lincoln in 1864 for purely public use—the first time in history that land had been so designated. The land now comprises one of our most famous national parks.



C

- ☐ *Berlin*
- ☐ *Warsaw*
- ☐ *Rotterdam*

These two church towers constitute a remembrance of the awful suffering once seen in this area. The older tower, a ruin since the 1940s, has been left as a war memorial; the modern tower is dedicated to Christian martyrs.



D

- ☐ *London*
- ☐ *Paris*
- ☐ *Edinburgh*

This structure is *not* an insane asylum, despite the many persons who lost their heads during their stays here. But it is true that attendance was involuntary.

(Answers on page 102)

Kiwanis

continued from page 59

transportation, treatment and rehabilitation exclusively for pediatric trauma victims. Whenever a physician treating an injured child determines that emergency care is required," he said, "a fully equipped and staffed medical helicopter is dispatched to the referring hospital. With a five-minute launch time and a two-mile-per-minute speed, the medical crew provides safe and rapid transport."

Kiwanians are also concerned for the families of injured children. "Just last month we admitted a boy burned on more than 60 percent of his body," Lockwood said. "The president of the local Kiwanis club and his wife picked up the child's mother and drove her to Boston so she could be with her injured son."

That's really one of the intangibles Kiwanis offers. Getting down to figures, Lockwood said, the Kiwanis Foundation of New England and its 10,000 Kiwanians have pledged to raise $245,000 annually toward the trauma institute's $800,000 budget.

And so it goes around the world. In the Bahamas, the project is immunization; in Alberta, Canada, a drug campaign. (The entire K-Family was out in force supporting Nancy Reagan's TV program "The Chemical People," dealing with drug and alcohol abuse.) Elmhurst, Illinois, Kiwanians employ a puppet to warn kids of "stranger danger." The combined Kiwanis clubs of Tempe, Arizona, gave that city a $500,000 park. The Rock Valley, Iowa, club helps children with muscular dystrophy; Kirkland, Washington, with the mentally ill. An Ohio club focuses on driver's education, one in Ontario, on volunteers and in Miami, the Little Havana Festival.

Aubrey Irby can go on for an hour or so recounting these Kiwanis ventures and adventures.

"The challenges and opportunities of this coming year are great indeed," he said, running his hand over an enviable mane of silver hair. "Under our international umbrella theme of 'Seek the Widening Path,' our Major Emphasis Program for 1984 will be 'Enrich the World of the Handicapped.' "

President Irby explained that

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Kiwanis' broad commitment covers the mentally as well as the physically handicapped and all ages, from infants to people of 40 and 50.

"Take my home town of Tyler," he said. "With 80,000 population, I believe it's fairly typical. And probably out of 300 people under age 18 in various degrees of mental or physical impairment, only a small percentage are able to go to a child-development center. Kiwanis International is strongly in favor of President Reagan's philosophy that it is better for a volunteer organization to take over the work than to send one dollar to Washington and get ten cents back to do the job.

"Of the possible 300 handicapped people in Tyler," Irby continued, "we have gone into the homes of exactly 29 people. And the gap between 29 and 300 is pretty big."

Mainline Kiwanians are helped in their task by younger groups. James D. Troyer, president of Circle K International, directs the world's largest collegiate service organization. Its 12,000 coed members, 800 clubs strong in seven countries, put their youthful minds and muscles into numerous Kiwanis projects.

"Our particular thrust this year," said Troyer, having just arrived at world headquarters from a private college in Washington state, "is working with families. My own club just finished painting a house for a family that couldn't afford to have it done. There are so many that need this 'hands on' kind of help," he said. "They may get money from other organizations, but where else can they find someone to roll up his sleeves and pitch in?"

Troyer's 60-member club works with children at a battered women's shelter. "We take them roller skating, to plays on campus, the state fair—any number of activities," he said. "We also raised funds for a huge Junglegym for a child-care center for emotionally disturbed kids."

At the Atlanta Circle K convention where Troyer was elected, 1,000 Circle K members went down to donate blood to the Atlanta chapter of the American Red Cross. Talk about blood, sweat and tears! The Georgia governor recognized them by issuing a special citation.

Kiwanis is in high schools, too. Matt Perrine, a senior at Walker High in Jasper, Alabama, is presi-

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dent of Key Club International, which has 108,000 members. The Key Club theme for '84 is "Confront Confusion—Discover Direction." These young members confront confusion by becoming more aware of themselves, their families, their peers and what they want from life. Their direction is aimed at the school, at the home and at the community.

Certainly not confusing are the clubs' accomplishments. They range from a Teachers' Appreciation Day to buying things for the school, from cheering grandparents in nursing homes to working with mentally disturbed kids. One club bought a computer device to help a child with cerebral palsy to read. Another club has entered *The Guinness Book of World Records* by collecting and lining up 4.2 miles of pennies on their gym floor. The money then went to the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children.

Yet another group of Kiwanians comes in even smaller sizes—the Builders Club. Its members, ages 12 through 15, are nonetheless as determined as their big brothers when it comes to helping others, serving their schools and improving their communities.

Kiwanians have never been ones to pat themselves on the back. In fact, they keep a rather low profile, and O.K.'d this article only because, unlike the Marines, they are looking for more than just a few good men. They are looking for many more, because there is so much to be done.

"We are putting a major effort on growth," Irby told me. "I'm persuaded—in fact, I know—" he said, "that there are thousands of communities of 3,000 population or more here in North America without a Kiwanis club. And there are as many clubs that need more workers to do more good."

So, when was the last time you rolled up your sleeves?

Rockwell

continued from page 65

the perfect model for the school teacher, and she says she had no trouble with the role.

"He asked me to wear tailored clothes, but I've always worn tailored clothes, so that wasn't hard. He really went into details, though. I forget what kind of shoes I wore, but he didn't like them. We were at the grammar school posing with the children, and my shoes bothered him. His wife, Mary, was there and he asked her to take off her shoes. I put on her shoes, and he liked them for the picture. They were about three inches too big for me, but he said they were fine. He was such a perfectionist."

She has no idea where the original painting is now. A great many of Rockwell's *Post* covers and inside illustrations have disappeared. Once he finished them, they became the property of the magazine.

"I suppose," says Anne Braman, "that some executive at *The Saturday Evening Post* had a daughter who was a teacher and he asked if he could have the painting. So they gave it to him. I often said to Norman, 'Who would want it, who would want it?' "

Everyone, it seems, would love an original Norman Rockwell painting today, if just for an investment. The Old Corner House, a museum of Rockwell's works on Main Street, has just purchased a painting titled *Aunt Ella Takes a Trip*, used to illustrate a story of the same name in the April 1942 issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The price was nearly $200,000. Some of the people of Stockbridge seem surprised the paintings for which they posed are considered so important today. The paintings didn't seem very important when they were posing. It was sort of fun, and Norman. . .well, he was just Norman, sort of a good old shoe who was around all the time.

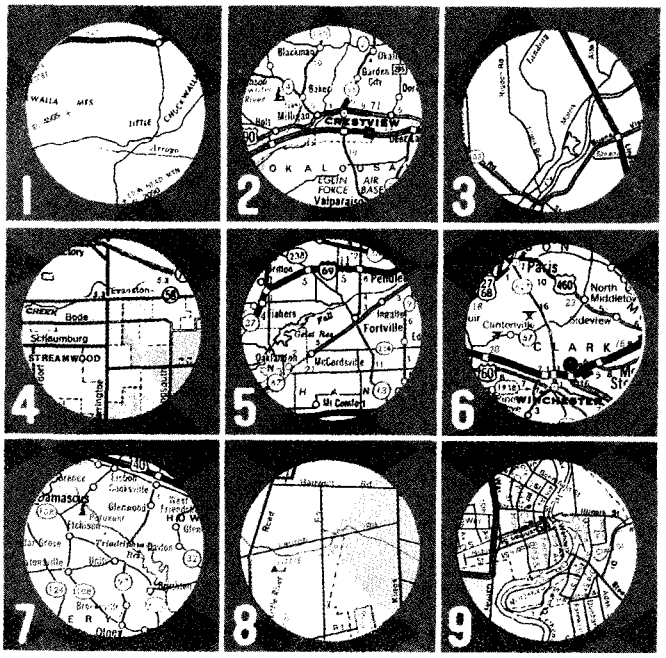
"My aunt was his cook, and my mother would help out at his house when he was holding parties," says Marty Salvadore, "and one day he asked me if I'd pose for a picture."

Salvadore is now a vice president of Wheeler & Taylor, a real-estate and insurance company on Main Street. He's a native of Stockbridge, and in 1966, when Rockwell asked him to pose, he was 17 and a student at Berkshire Community College in Pittsfield.

"He was always walking around, looking at people's faces, and if he found one he wanted, he'd just ask you to pose," says Salvadore. "So one day he called me and asked if I could sit for him."

The painting featured the Peace Corps for the cover of *Look* magazine, and Salvadore's face was one of many faces on the

continued on page 110



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 102)

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Speaking Out

A MENTALLY RETARDED BABY IS FOREVER

Severe mental retardation and death from galactosemia can be prevented with screening and early treatment. If mothers passed the laws, all babies would be screened. You can help.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

State legislatures are important because they can pass laws that change people's lives.

I can't think of a more drastic change in a young woman's life than to become the mother of a mentally retarded child, when for a few cents a day, that child, if treated in the first days or weeks of life, could have developed a normal brain.

All but a few of our states have passed laws that require *all* babies to have a heel prick with a droplet of blood drawn to test whether the child may have hypothyroidism.

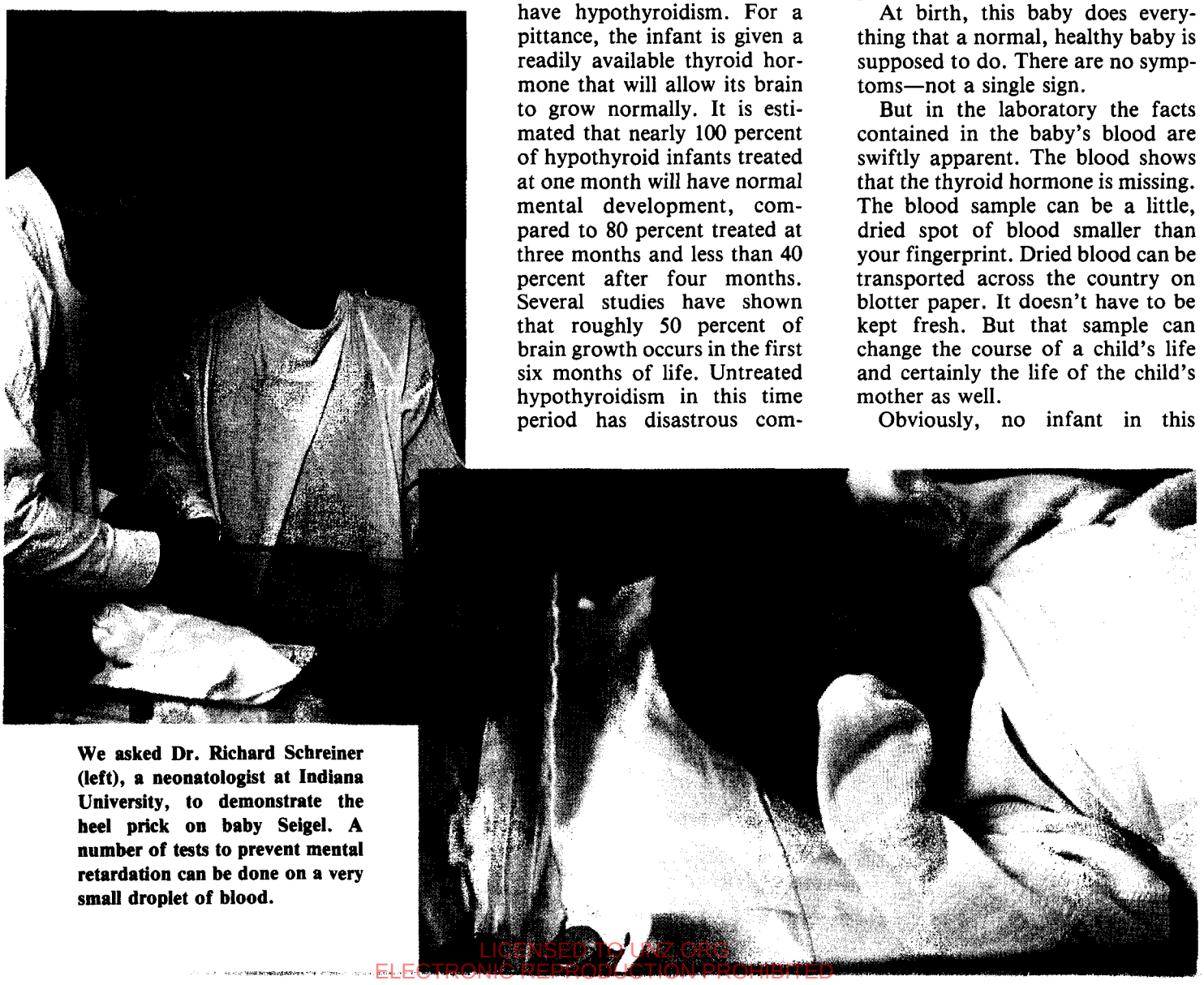
One out of 4,000 infants born in the United States is found to have hypothyroidism. For a pittance, the infant is given a readily available thyroid hormone that will allow its brain to grow normally. It is estimated that nearly 100 percent of hypothyroid infants treated at one month will have normal mental development, compared to 80 percent treated at three months and less than 40 percent after four months. Several studies have shown that roughly 50 percent of brain growth occurs in the first six months of life. Untreated hypothyroidism in this time period has disastrous complications in the baby's brain.

Yet there are no symptoms, and there is nothing about the pregnancy of the healthy mother who bears a hypothyroid baby to give even a clue that the baby will not develop normally. No doctor can tell by physical examination. The most experienced pediatrician cannot tell.

At birth, this baby does everything that a normal, healthy baby is supposed to do. There are no symptoms—not a single sign.

But in the laboratory the facts contained in the baby's blood are swiftly apparent. The blood shows that the thyroid hormone is missing. The blood sample can be a little, dried spot of blood smaller than your fingerprint. Dried blood can be transported across the country on blotter paper. It doesn't have to be kept fresh. But that sample can change the course of a child's life and certainly the life of the child's mother as well.

Obviously, no infant in this



We asked Dr. Richard Schreiner (left), a neonatologist at Indiana University, to demonstrate the heel prick on baby Seigel. A number of tests to prevent mental retardation can be done on a very small droplet of blood.

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civilized country should be permitted to grow up mentally retarded from this highly preventable cause. A small amount of thyroid hormone replacement given orally every day allows the infant's brain to grow and function normally.

The only remaining states that do not have the mandatory testing law are Virginia, Mississippi, Nebraska and Hawaii. These states have voluntary programs for screening their newborns, but they are not mandatory. Virginia has passed a law requiring hypothyroid screening that will be in effect on July 1, 1984.

Another preventable cause of mental retardation is phenylketonuria (PKU). PKU is the inability of the infant to metabolize the amino acid phenyalanine, an amino acid present in protein that accumulates in the blood. By decreasing this amino acid in the diet during the infant's rapid-brain-growth period, mental retardation can be avoided. Testing for PKU is mandatory in every state except Mississippi.

Galactosemia

The test that The Saturday Evening Post Society wants to crusade for at this time is another enzyme deficiency test that can be easily detected—from the same drop of blood already mandatorily drawn from the baby for the PKU and hypothyroid tests. The next most common cause of preventable mental retardation is *galactosemia*, which simply means galactose in the blood. Galactose is a milk sugar that needs an enzyme to convert it into glucose; otherwise the galactose accumulates dangerously in the blood. If the baby doesn't have the enzyme, it will be fine as long as it isn't fed galactose. The only natural source of galactose is primarily in dairy products, so the baby should be taken off milk immediately or, ideally, never be started on milk. If milk feeding is continued, the baby will not only become mentally retarded, but will die at an early age.

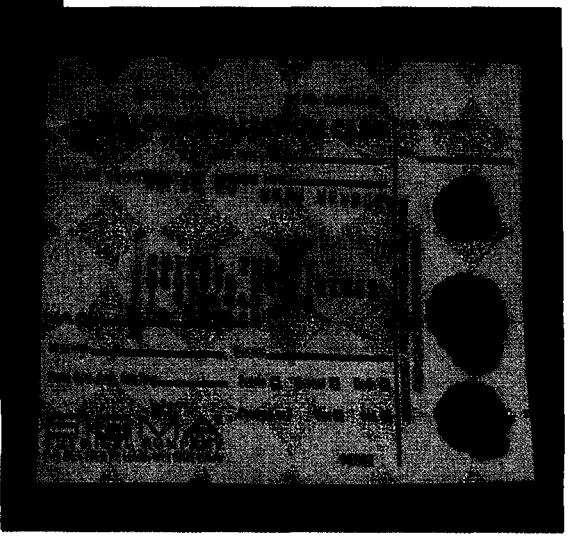
In one typical family the first child, a boy, died from what was presumed to be pneumonia at one month of age. Unfortunately, at the time their second child, a girl, was born, her state, California, did not yet require routine screening for galactosemia. The baby failed to gain weight and was sent for extensive testing. Galactosemia was finally diagnosed when she was one month old. The disease process was arrested then as all dairy products were removed from her diet, but damage from one month's lost time left her with cirrhosis (hardening) of the liver and cataracts, along with some learning disabilities. At ten she is having difficulty learning to read. Her mother hopes screening will soon be mandatory in all states. She says, "I don't think a parent should have to go through the loss of a child in order to save the next one."

"One third to one half of the families that have a galactosemic child eventually diagnosed have already had one infant die with a disease that, in retrospect, at autopsy or clinically, looked like galactosemia," said Dr. Richard Koch, Professor of Clinical Pediatrics at the U.S.C. School of Medicine and Head of the Division of Medical Genetics at the Children's Hospital of Los Angeles. I asked him how many galactosemic patients were being discovered. "We're running about one in 40,000 here in California," he replied. "It is slightly more common in Dutch and Northern European groups. Galactosemia occurs in blacks at about the average incidence." In discussing the cost, Dr. Koch said, "All you have to do is find one patient, and it pays for all the screening."

The best way to get a law passed requiring that all newborns be tested for galactosemia in your state is to write to your own state representative and state senator asking them to introduce a bill.

In California the incidence of galactosemia has been about one in 40,000. If your state has 400,000 births a year and it doesn't screen for galactosemia, you could be sure of saving ten children from mental retardation and death—if you could get the mandatory testing law put into effect.

You can make a difference.



The blotter paper (right), containing baby Seigel's blood, will be sent to a laboratory to rule out the possibility of PKU and hypothyroidism. The same sample *could* be used to test for a galactose defect. In California, Ohio, Texas and Massachusetts it would be. What about your state?

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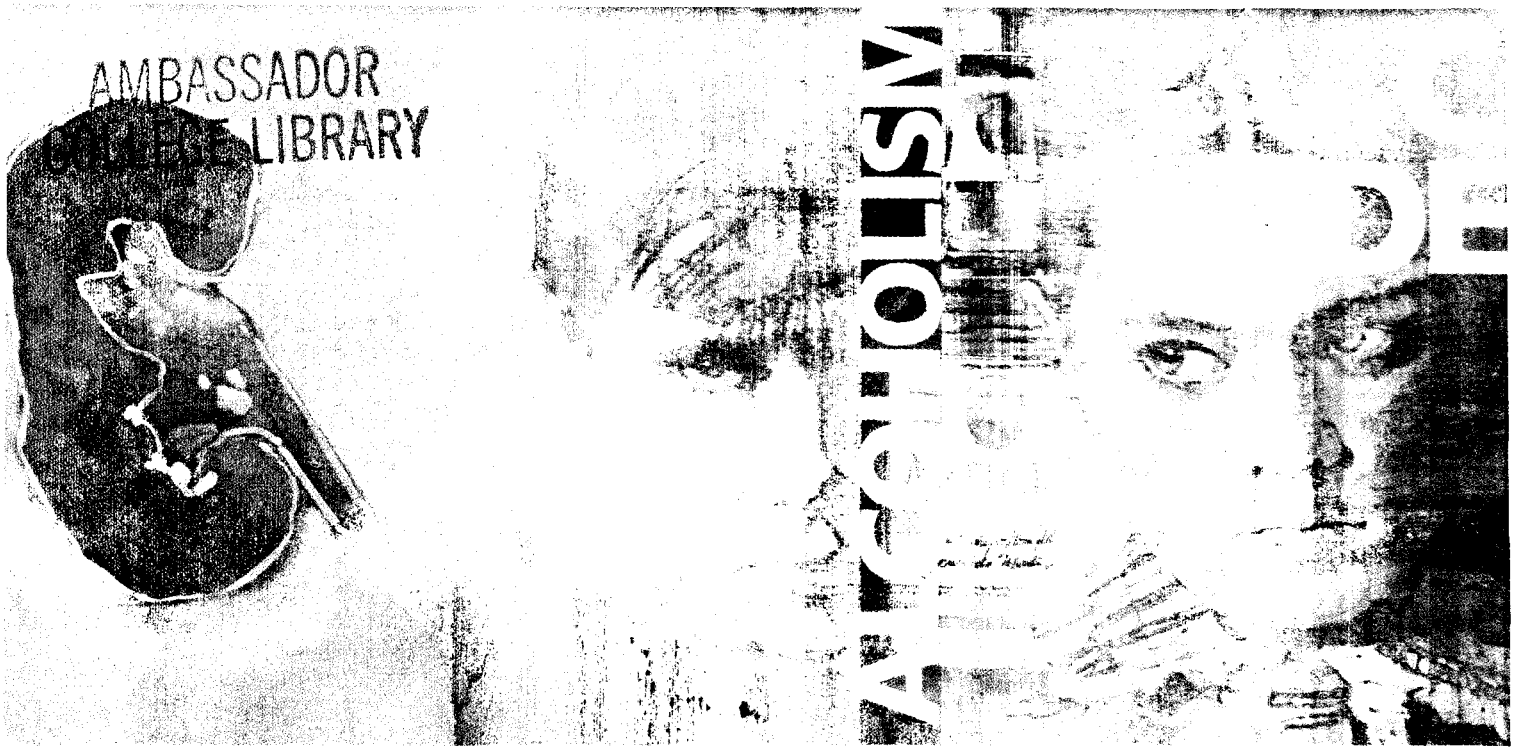

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January 5
Kidney stone sufferers

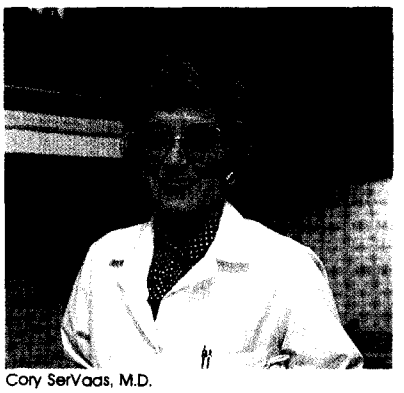
Wait! Don't have surgery for removal of kidney stones. The first kidney stone lithotripser in the U.S. has just arrived from Germany. Learn all about how stones can be converted to sand with a non-invasive treatment. It has successfully destroyed stones in over 800 patients in Munich. Now it will be available in the U.S. Learn all about how you might avoid surgery if you should have a stone. The equipment may have other exciting applications. Learn all about it during this segment.

February 2
Alcoholism Isn't Macho

Alcoholism can give a man embarrassing, large-sized breasts. This assault on an alcoholic's masculinity occurs because female estrogens are left in the blood when his cirrhotic liver can no longer detoxify them.

February 9
Galactosemia

Keeping little babies from growing up mentally retarded or even saving their lives—this is what screening newborns for galactosemia and "maple syrup urine disease" can do.



Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Pat Robertson

February 16
Check Your Bones

You should know if you're calcium deficient—because thin bones with calcium leached away can break easily . . . especially hip bones in senior citizens. X-rays don't show deficiencies until you've lost 50% of the calcium in your bones. Photon densitometers can give you an early warning. After 50, most women, and many men, do not get enough calcium in their diets.

February 23
Lower Cholesterol by Diet

To lower your chances for a heart attack or bypass surgery, get up to speed on LDL/HDL ratios, the best indicators of whether or not you'll suffer from cardiac disease. Eating oats selectively lowers the bad (LDL) and leaves the good alone or raises it a bit. High marks also go to beans and other water-soluble fiber-containing foods.

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Vandeweghe

continued from page 61

guy to have on your side," says Vandeweghe.

His interest in Roman coins was sparked by a friendship with numismatist Bruce McNall. McNall's search for rare coins has taken him to remote digging expeditions around the world; he has even taught the basketball player the complexities of coin-dating. "I think it's unbelievable that you could be holding a coin in your hand that was around in Caesar's time," says Vandeweghe.

Kiki's interest in antique cars goes back to his high-school days; his one "untouchable," decidedly not for sale, is a 1969 Shelby—red with gold stripes—"the first car I owned." Pressed for advice on auto investments today, he proceeds cautiously. "If you buy a car like a Ferrari, a good, solid model, you almost can't go wrong," he says. "I also like the well-made American cars such as the new Corvettes."

His next off-season project, he says, will be feature films. The plunge will not come, however, until he is confident he's learned as much as he can from experts in cable-made movies.

The ubiquitous Vandeweghe is already looking ahead to his post-playing days, although he insists retirement is a long way off. His mentor, as previously mentioned, is former Senator Tunney, because he believes his future, like New Jersey senator Bradley's, is in politics. "Senator Tunney is also into horses, and we've become pretty good friends," says Vandeweghe, whose principal residence remains in California. "He's obviously a great person for political advice; he's very, very knowledgeable."

But for now, the NBA's grueling schedule absorbs his energies. "I'd like to play as long as the team wants me to play," says Denver's scoring ace. And *that*, after all, may be a long, long time. The way he's going in business, Kiki Vandeweghe should own his own NBA team before he's 35.

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 96)

1. California
2. Florida
3. Columbus, GA
4. Chicago, IL
5. Indianapolis, IN
6. Kentucky
7. Maryland
8. Detroit, MI
9. Fairbanks, AK

WHERE IN THE WORLD

(Answers from page 94)

A. The Iguacu Falls are located on a stretch of the Rio Iguacu that forms the boundary between Brazil and Argentina. The name is derived from a Guarani word meaning "great water."

B. El Capitan is one of the great domes in Yosemite Valley, along with Cathedral Spires, North Dome and Half Dome. El Capitan, a mile thick, is a popular attraction among rock climbers.

C. The Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church was left standing on Berlin's Kurfurstendamm as a reminder of war's devastation.

D. Construction on the Tower of London was begun in 1078. Among other things, its uses have included duty as a prison, a fortress, a royal residence and an observatory.

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Duffer

continued from page 86

bewildered.

"They let you have up here what you don't get below," Tyson said. "You always wanted to be a perfect golfer. So did I. But somehow, most of the residents prefer to go back to being themselves. You can make your choice."

Barnaby didn't have to think twice for the answer to that one. And suddenly the sun came out, his loneliness was gone and he was itching to get out on the tee again.

"Tell you what," Tyson said. "On this back nine I'll play you for the ambrosia at the 19th. I'll give you three strokes."

"You'll give me strokes!" Barnaby's face was purple again.

"You've gotten hogfat since I saw you," Tyson said. "And besides, I've had lessons from Macpherson."

"Sandy Macpherson is up here?" Barnaby said in a whisper, for his was a name to reckon with.

"And where else would he be?" said Tyson. "So it's only fair I give you strokes. I wouldn't take advantage of you."

Barnaby's jowls shook with his laughter. "You'll give me strokes! Do I look like a man who takes candy from a baby? I never saw the day when I had to take strokes from a string bean of a man put together with baling wire. Strokes! Come on," he said. "I'm going to play you even!"

"Man, you'll rue the day," said Tyson, and their scowls wavered for a minute and became broad grins as the love they had for each other came through.

The caddies came up and they hurried across to the tenth tee. "Start it off," Barnaby said. "Give me something to shoot at."

Tyson wound up and he missed the ball on his first try. He swung again and got himself bunkered behind the ladies' tee.

"If I couldn't do better than that," Barnaby said with a chuckle, "I'd quit."

He took his stance. Then he saw a stranger watching him, a hawk of a man with a blade for a nose, a man with sandy red hair, shrewd gray eyes, a pipe in his mouth and a contemptuous, dour look on his face.

"Meet Sandy Macpherson, our pro," Tyson said.

"Too bad we didn't meet earlier," Barnaby said. "I'd have liked a lesson from you, but I'll not be needing one now, for I've finally grooved my swing."

"Then swing, laddie, and dinna talk sae much," said Macpherson.

Barnaby waggled his club over the ball and ran over the rules in his mind. He started back with the left hand, kept his eye on the ball, pivoted with the hips and shoulders and did everything according to the book—or so he thought. But there was a whooshing sound like a wet sock falling on a concrete floor, and the ball blooped into the air and came down in a meadow to the right

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of the fairway.

"You'll have to hit another," Tyson cackled. "The Elysian fields are out of bounds."

Hit another he did, a topped, dribbling shot. He turned to Sandy Macpherson.

"I'd better have a lesson tomorrow," Barnaby said. "I must have done something wrong."

"Something!" said Macpherson with a laugh like a rusty safe door opening. "Ye dinna keep yere head doon."

"No, sir," said Barnaby, humble and ashamed.

"Ye swing like an old witch wi' a broomstick."

"I suppose I do," Barnaby said meekly, bowing his head for shame.

"Hoot," said Macpherson, "I'll hae to throw yere game away, mon. I'll hae to start from scratch and see if there's aught to be done wi' ye. Ten o'clock sharp tomorrow."

"Yes, sir," said Barnaby, "I'll be there." He grinned at Tyson, who was grinning back at him, and then started out to hunt for his ball in the Elysian fields, whistling a tune of his youth, and happy as a lark.

Chicken Recipes

continued from page 85

1 egg white, beaten
⅓ teaspoon oregano
⅓ teaspoon sage
⅓ teaspoon tarragon
1 clove garlic
¼ teaspoon pepper (or to taste)
2 tablespoons low-sodium tomato sauce

Place all of the ingredients except the tomato sauce into a large mixing bowl. Mix well until all ingredients are well incorporated. Press mixture into 8″ x 5″ x 3″ pyrex loaf pan. Spread the tomato sauce evenly over top of loaf. Bake in oven at 350° F. for 30 minutes. Remove from oven and drain off excess liquid. Return to oven for additional 45 minutes or until loaf is done. Allow to set a few minutes before removing from pan and slicing.

Sesame Baked Chicken
(Makes 5 servings)

5 boneless chicken breasts
1 egg beaten
½ cup whole-wheat flour
1 teaspoon low sodium baking powder
1 teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons sesame seeds
Pepper to taste
Garlic if desired

Skin and remove all fat from the chicken breasts. Dip the chicken in the egg mixture. Combine the remaining ingredients in a paper bag and add chicken. Shake to coat the chicken. Place the chicken in a lightly oiled baking dish with the pieces not touching. Bake at 350° F. for 30-40 minutes or until lightly browned and tender.

Lemon Chicken

1 chicken, cut up for frying
Lemon juice
Pepper to taste

Clean the chicken pieces, remove all skin, and place in a baking dish that has been slightly coated. Sprinkle the lemon juice over the chicken and season to taste. Cover the chicken and cook at 325° F. for 1 hour. Remove the cover for the last 10 minutes.

What's a little eggplant doing in the chicken dishes? Well, this recipe, which came from a contributor, is so delicious that we couldn't wait another month to get it to you.

Eggplant Monterey
(Makes 6 servings)

2 medium-size eggplants
1 (16-ounce) can whole tomatoes, including juice
1½ cups onions, cut in sections
1½ cups sliced mushrooms
1 teaspoon garlic powder
½ teaspoon thyme
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
¼ teaspoon allspice
1 tablespoon blackstrap molasses
3 dashes Worcestershire sauce
8 ounce Monterey Jack® cheese, sliced

Peel eggplant and cut into ½-inch rounds. Broil slices on both sides until golden brown. In skillet, sauté onions and mushrooms in tomato juice until onions are transparent, about 10 minutes. Add tomatoes, garlic powder, thyme, cayenne pepper, allspice, blackstrap molasses and Worcestershire sauce, breaking up tomatoes with a wooden utensil. Simmer for 15 minutes. Assemble casserole by layering eggplant, tomato mixture, and cheese slices, beginning and ending with eggplant. Bake in 350° F. oven for 30 minutes.

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"You will observe with concern how long a useful truth may be known and exist, before it is generally received and practiced on."
—Benjamin Franklin

Cancer Prevention

Dr. Karoly Lapis is a distinguished professor at the Semmelweis Medical University in Budapest who heads up a team of researchers experimenting with lysine and white mice.

Last month we reported how they injected mice with tumor-inducing materials. After the mice grew tumors, they were given *lysine* with chemotherapy to determine if these mice would survive better than another group of the same breed of mice that were given only chemotherapy. The group of mice that was given lysine with chemotherapy had more survivors; even those who died had lived longer, on the average, than the mice in the group given chemotherapy alone.

When Dr. Lapis visited our offices, he inspected the

Dr. Karoly Lapis (left) of Budapest, Hungary, with his good friend, renowned cancer researcher, George Weber, M.D., Director for the Indiana University Laboratory of Experimental Oncology. The package he is showing contains high-lysine corn that was developed at Purdue. It can prevent children in Africa and South America from dying with kwashiorkor disease, but can it help reduce our high incidence of cancer? The *Post* wants to know.

"It's definitely either mid-life crisis or mushroom poisoning."

We had an exciting opportunity to ask questions during Dr. Lapis' (left) visit when he met our Indiana lysine friends Dr. Edwin Mertz, Purdue University developer of high-lysine corn (hidden behind Dr. Lapis) and Dr. Arthur Norins (right), chairman of dermatology at Indiana University, who has taught interns and residents the use of high-lysine/low-arginine diet for the treatment of herpes.

Linda Rasor (left) is three months into the *Post*'s experiment feeding high-lysine/low-arginine rations to 60 cancer-prone AKR-strain mice. To date the mice that are receiving the highest proportions of lysine weigh slightly less than the 40 mice on regular chow. We are praying that the lysine-fed mice will live longer and even be spared their cancer deaths altogether. An ordinary mouse lives about three years. The AKR cancer-bred mouse dies in six months to a year. (Right) Dr. Edwin Mertz of Purdue University developed corn that contains 100 percent more lysine.

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mice we have been feeding a high-lysine/low-arginine diet since August. Dr. Lapis is not able to obtain this AKR strain of leukemia-prone mice in Hungary. We know that the AKR mice on regular mice chow will start to die from their leukemia in February. We hope the ones that are receiving high lysine and low arginine will live longer. A normal life span for a healthy, ordinary mouse is about three years.

We asked Dr. Lapis if he believes lysine is absolutely safe to give humans experimentally with conventional radiation and chemotherapy. He assured us that, in his opinion, lysine is completely safe for such use. We are discussing possible clinical trials with practicing oncologists to determine whether lysine given to cancer patients with conventional therapy would prove beneficial.

Although we are optimistic that lysine may be used in conjunction with the conventional therapy in treating cancer patients, our real anticipation is that the use of high-lysine/low-arginine diets will act as a cancer deterrent in normal cells. We reviewed with Dr. Lapis the results of our reader survey, which disclosed that a large population of our readers regularly taking lysine have a very low incidence of cancer compared to our readers who are not taking lysine. The significant difference holds true when the groups are matched as to age and sex. This epidemiological data gives encouragement to our research colleagues that lysine might be a determinant in the prevention of cancer.

We believe that the widespread use of the high-lysine corn developed by Dr. Edwin Mertz might make a difference in the incidence of cancer. Lysine has long been an important food supplement in the commercial feeding of chickens and pigs. These animals, like humans, have one stomach. Cattle, which have four stomachs, do not require lysine supplementation. The good news is that high-lysine corn tastes better and is sweeter than ordinary corn. An article on high-lysine corn recipes appeared in the December '83 *SatEvePost*.

High-Lysine/Low-Arginine Research

We were pleased to note that the November 11, 1983, issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* made mention of the high-lysine/low-arginine diet in herpes research. They wrote: "One unusual finding comes from the laboratories of Eli Lilly and Company, Indianapolis, where in vitro data indicate that an arginine deficiency suppresses HSV-1 (herpes virus) replication. The investigators have suggested: 'Patients prone to herpetic lesions and other viral infections, particularly during periods of stress, should abstain from arginine (found particularly in nuts and seeds) excess and may also require supplemental lysine (an essential amino acid found in all animal products) in their diet.' *Chemo-*

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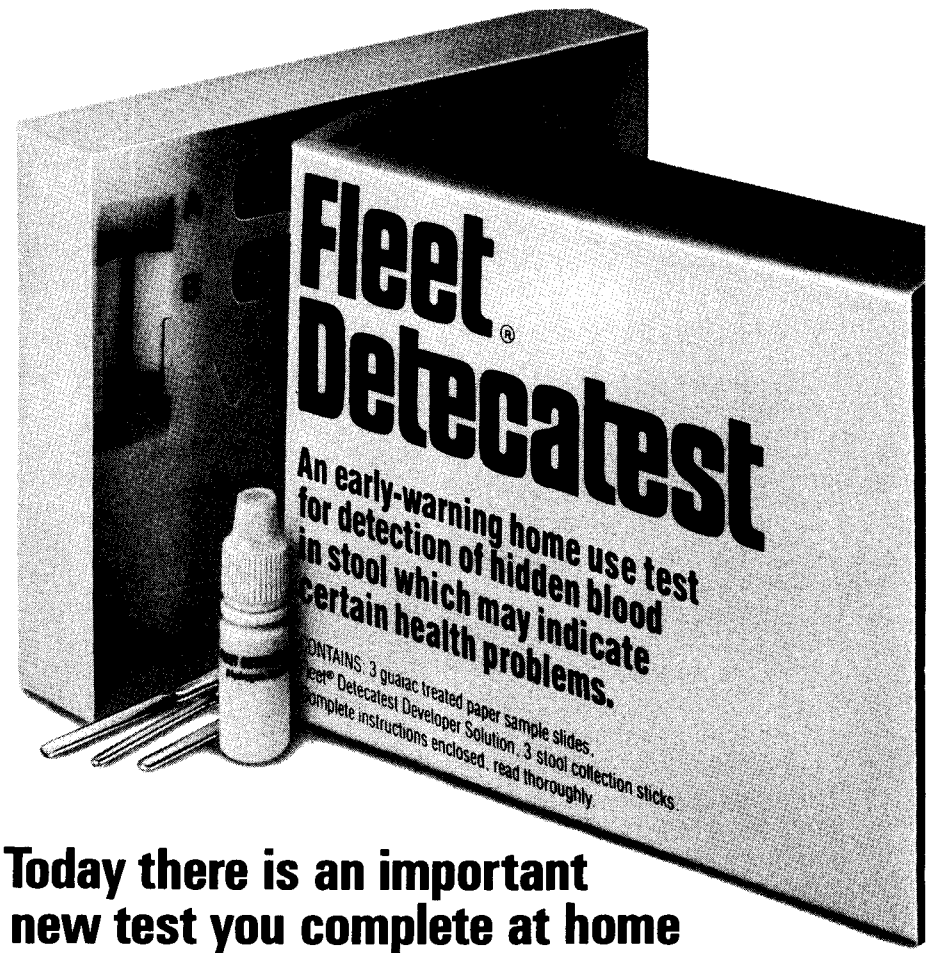
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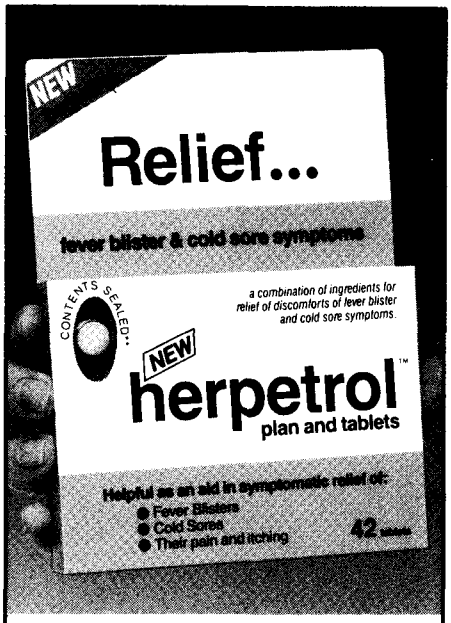

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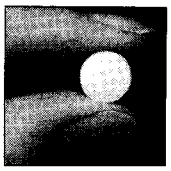

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therapy 1981; 27:209-213."

In the same paper, Dr. Richard Griffith of the Eli Lilly Company had reported that lysine appears to be an anti-metabolite acting as an analog of arginine. Lysine competes with arginine for the transport system across the wall of the intestine and also with the reabsorption of arginine by the transport system in the renal (kidney) tubules.

The net result with the oral administration of lysine is a reduction of the arginine absorption and an increased excretion of arginine in the urine. Dr. Griffith further explained that lysine entering the transport system of the tissue cells decreases the intracellular content of arginine. The total result is a depletion of the amino acid pool of arginine with a preponderance of lysine, a detrimental ratio *for viral replication*. A genetic variation in arginine and lysine utilization may make certain individuals more susceptible to viral infection, he theorized.

Genital Herpes Not Always from Sex

An estimated 85 percent of genital herpes infections are attributed to herpes simplex 2 virus. The rest of genital herpes cases are attributed to herpes simplex type 1 virus which is the "cold sore" virus. Herpes simplex type 1 virus was formerly associated almost exclusively with cold sores and herpes keratitis. Our mail has certainly convinced this writer that genital herpes can be contracted by people who have been widowed and celibate for as long as ten years prior to acquiring it. We trust their statements and believe that it can be acquired by self-contamination via fingers touching a cold sore and then the genital area.

Neonatal Herpes

Dr. Andre Nahmias of Emory University School of Medicine in Atlanta has been granted a five-year, $1.75 million grant to determine the incidence of herpes, how it develops, the nature and severity of its symptoms and at what stages it is contagious to the sexual partner or to the baby born to a mother with genital herpes.

An infant who is delivered vaginally and whose mother has an active genital herpes infection has a 40 percent to 60 percent chance of becoming infected. Public health officials estimate the resulting death rate among such neonates is probably 50 percent or greater.

The key to avoiding neonatal herpes is for the patient to be totally honest with her doctor, even though she may have never revealed her herpes history before. A woman can shed genital herpes virus from her cervix without having visible lesions, so it is important that the physicians know if she has ever had sexual relations with a herpes-infected partner.

Pap smears, herpes antibody-level blood tests and viral cultures have all been used to diagnose questionable cases. Culturing requires up to four days because the virus grows slowly, but it is the most dependable test. Unfortunately, however, culturing is not available in all hospitals.

The FDA has just approved a new herpes diagnosis laboratory test in which monoclonal antibodies bind to Herpes 1- or Herpes 2-infected cells, giving them a brilliant fluorescent appearance when viewed under the microscope. The test differentiates between Herpes-1 and 2, but doesn't diagnose genital herpes in pregnant women without symptoms.

Molybdenum Against Cancer

Animal research on molybdenum done by Dr. S.P. Yang at Texas Tech University indicates that sufficient molybdenum in the diet may protect people from esophageal cancer. In Dr. Yang's experiments, molybdenum is included in very small amounts in the diet of rats. The animals are then exposed to a chemical that is known to cause esophageal cancer in rats. Rats that do not receive the molybdenum in the diet develop cancer 80 to 90 percent of the time. In the animals given the molybdenum, the incidence of cancer was reduced by an average of one half.

On the basis of Dr. Yang's work and that of Dr. E.F. Rose with the Bantu of the Transkei, we are recommending multivitamins which contain molybdenum. The sources of molybdenum in multivitamins with minerals are very limited; our survey showed only three with any molybdenum. These are: Centrum, 15 mcg. by Lederle; Nature's Bounty 1 Tablets, 15 mcg., Nature's Bounty; and One-A-Day Multivitamin Supplement Plus Minerals, 10

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mcg., Miles Laboratories.

Good News For Kidney Stone Formers

At the time this magazine reaches our readers, the first U.S. external shock wave kidney stone crushing machine will be in place at Methodist Hospital, Indianapolis, one of the nation's leading research and teaching hospitals. As its name implies, this equipment can disintegrate kidney stones within the kidney, and it does so without surgery and without risk to life. This extracorporeal technique targets high velocity shock waves on the kidney stones causing them to disintegrate into sand.

We visited Germany to observe the equipment and to interview the doctors and their patients who have had their stones removed. They are literally able to relax with music in a large tub of tepid water while their stones are being eliminated. My favorite patient was one who went shopping in Munich the day after his rather large stone was removed. If I ever have a stone, this is the only way to go, and I hope we will be able to use this type of equipment for eliminating calcium plaques and gallstones before long.

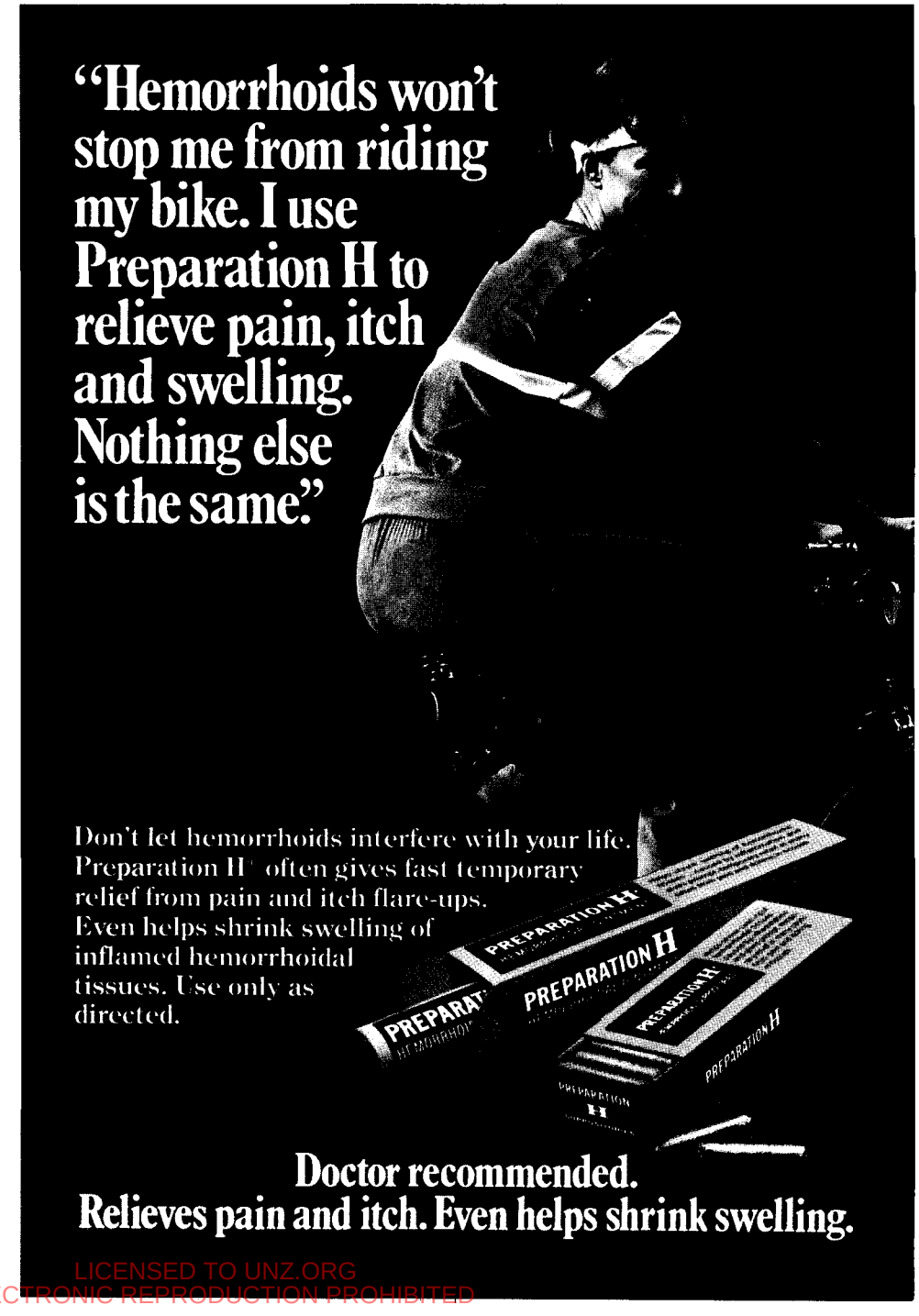
Over 800 patients have had their kidney stones removed in Munich, Germany, in this manner which requires almost no convalescence at all.

A team of German urologists will train personnel at Methodist Hospital. Indianapolis urologists have already performed the stone removals at Klinikum Grosshadern hospital in Munich, Germany, under the direction of the machine's pioneer, Dr. Christian Chaussy. Our readers will remember reading about him in *Post* May/June, July/August, October and November 1981 issues. The equipment costs nearly $2,000,000. We hope that the machines will eventually become available in many medical centers of the U.S.

This surgery-free, non-invasive technique is not to be confused with another method of removing stones which has recently been heralded in newspapers and on TV as "avoiding major surgery." That method, which is now practiced in a number of centers all over the country, still involves an invasive procedure which necessitates making a rather large tract, the diameter of which is about the size of a man's thumb, through the body into the kidney to give access to the stone. One center which has done 12 cases has had 3 complications where surgery was still required. In one case, the pelvis of the kidney was lacerated and required major surgery to be repaired. In another complication, a patient's ureter was severed. The technique also frequently involves basketing of the stone particles, which is never completely without risk.

We interviewed several of the urologists who are performing the ultrasonic lithotripsy, and all of them agreed that the German method, being non-invasive, is much superior.

Any of our members who have the option of waiting to have their stones removed are urged to consider delaying until the external shock wave stone crusher is available to them. Any readers wanting more information about the German equipment and/or wishing to be put in touch with U.S. or German patients who have had their stones removed in Munich, may write to the Kidney Stone Formers Club, P.O. Box 2166, Indianapolis, IN 46206.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Rockwell

continued from page 96

cover. John F. Kennedy's was another.

Charlotte Markham also works at Wheeler & Taylor, and near her desk is a copy of a Rockwell painting known as *The Church Supper*. She is one of the people waiting to be fed as the turkey is carted in.

"All those people are local people," she says. "Some are dead now but most still live here."

Rockwell had his critics—particularly during the era of confrontation and unrest in the 1960s and 1970s—who accused him of painting an idealistic and unreal America that never existed. Don't tell that to the people of Stockbridge, though. He was real, they are real and their town is real. If he was idealistic and reflected it in his paintings, what's wrong with that?

Rockwell did adapt to a changing America. Some of his most powerful work was done in the 1960s, particularly *Look* magazine illustrations—one, *The Problem We All Live With*, of a little black girl being escorted to school by four deputy U.S. marshals and another, *The Right to Know*, of a diverse group of people standing in front of a judge's bench.

David Gunn knows those paintings well. He is 83 and was one of the people in *The Right to Know,* as was his son, his son's wife and a grandson. The proud little girl in *The Problem We All Face* was a granddaughter now married and living in Texas.

If Rockwell can be accused of limiting his painting to true American types, then Gunn certainly fits that description. He is proud that he was the first black man to be athletic director of a white private school in New England, at Lenox School for Boys. He is also proud that he is the great-grandson of Agrippa Hull, who was born in Northampton in 1789, died in Stockbridge in 1852 and served in the Revolutionary War as the servant of the great Polish general Thaddeus Kosciusko. One of Gunn's special possessions is Hull's Continental Army discharge, signed by George Washington.

And Gunn is certainly proud he knew Rockwell and proud of their relationship. "He called me Dave and I called him Norman, and he'd tell me he was looking for someone with a certain facial expression. So I'd look around and find someone for him, and it usually worked."

When he absolutely couldn't find the exact model he wanted in Stockbridge, Rockwell would resort to professional models, but such occasions were few. In one case it was disastrous. He needed a cat and hired an animal trainer to bring one to his studio. The cat was so hyperactive from the ride, however, that it wouldn't sit still. The trainer finally gave it a tranquilizer, and the cat rolled over and went to sleep. Rockwell finally went out searching for a neighborhood cat, which did just fine. Mostly he was happier sticking to the people and animals he knew in Stockbridge.

Ernie Hall, who has run Hall's Auto Service in the center of town for 35 years, is the quintessential Yankee, sparse with words, reluctant to divulge any secrets of Stockbridge.

But the "yeps" and "nopes" he customarily gives as answers to a stranger's questions are expanded to friendly and enthusiastic sentences when it comes to Norman Rockwell.

"Everybody in this town liked him," he says. "He was just one of those people. He'd do anything for you and you'd do anything for him. Remember all those Boy Scout calendars he did for years? He did those for nothing. That's what kind of a person he was."

As happened so often in Stockbridge, one day Rockwell told Hall he'd like him to pose for an illustration. "So one day I went over to see him," says Hall.

The result was *The Expense Account*, with Ernie as a suffering salesman returning home on a train and worrying over his expense account. It was the *Post* cover for November 30, 1957.

It also has a special distinction from any *Post* cover before or after. Rockwell used the name of his model. The expense-account sheet that was the background of the painting had Ernie's name on it. There it was: Ernest Hall.

"He asked me if he could use my name and I said sure. He said I'd never see another name on a painting. I think it just amused him."

Asked if Rockwell lived near the center of town when the painting was done, Hall had a most appropriate reply.

"He's still here."

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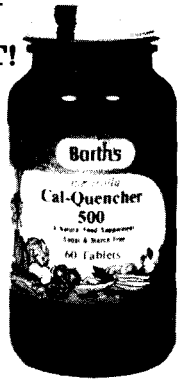

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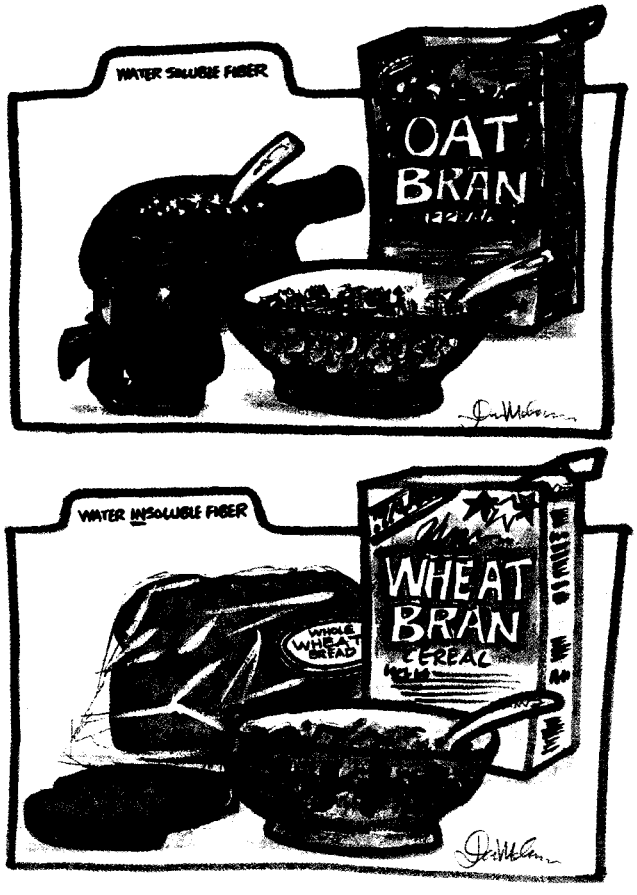
$5,000 Award for Best Fiber Story



To demonstrate the tremendous medical importance of adding fiber to everyone's diet, The Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society is offering a $5,000 cash award for the most interestingly told story that will best motivate people to add water-soluble and water-insoluble fiber to their diets. The public needs to understand that water-*insoluble* fiber, as found in wheat bran, eliminates constipation and prevents diverticulosis and even cancer of the colon—but it does nothing for lowering the cholesterol level. Water-*soluble* fiber, as found in oats and beans, is needed to lower cholesterol, and it also lessens some diabetics' insulin requirements—but does nothing for constipation. So people need both kinds, and they need them daily if they are to avoid many degenerative diseases suffered in our Western civilization.

The Society hopes to encourage many writers to do stories for their newspapers, magazines, house organs and church publications and present the fiber story in depth rather than superficially. It is important for everyone to know that the quickest way to get both water-soluble and water-insoluble fiber into the diet is to mix oat bran with wheat bran and eat it every morning.

But since this is also a boring routine for most people, we need to get many new fiber recipes, especially those including oat and wheat bran and beans. High-fiber dining can be every bit as appealing as the old-fashioned diet of refined carbohydrates. Each submission will be judged by our panel of journalists and doctors for in-depth research, including recipes, interviews and health success stories from fiber-conscious people. Any article published between the dates of October 20, 1983, and July 1, 1984, will be considered. However, articles need not necessarily have been published to qualify. The award-winning work will be published in *The Saturday Evening Post*. We hope the $5,000 cash grant will allow the winner to visit a foreign country of his or her choice to study dietary customs and food preparation.

Entries should be submitted by July 1, 1984, to:

Fiber Award Committee
Benjamin Franklin Society
1100 Waterway Blvd.
Indianapolis, IN 46202

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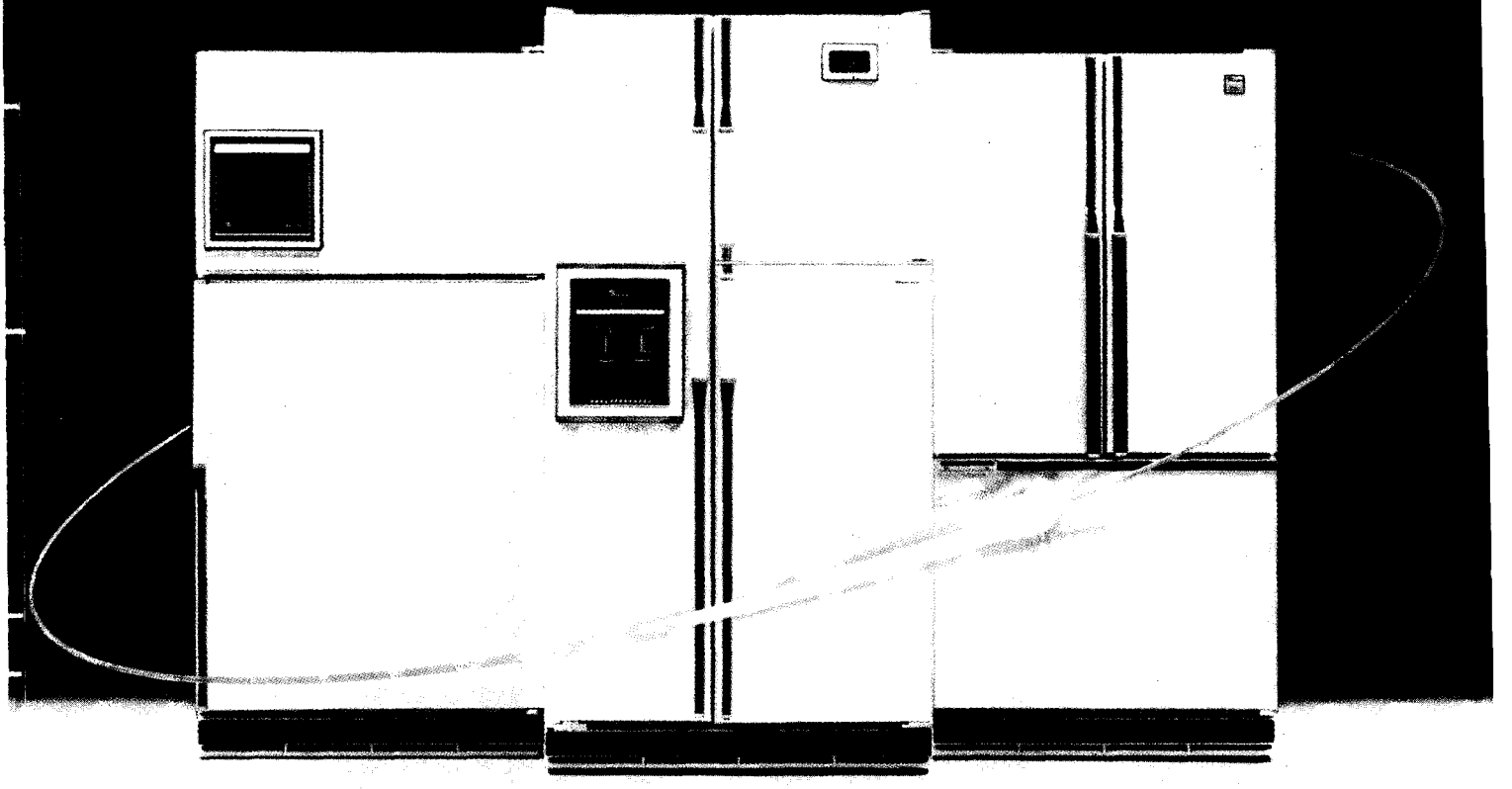

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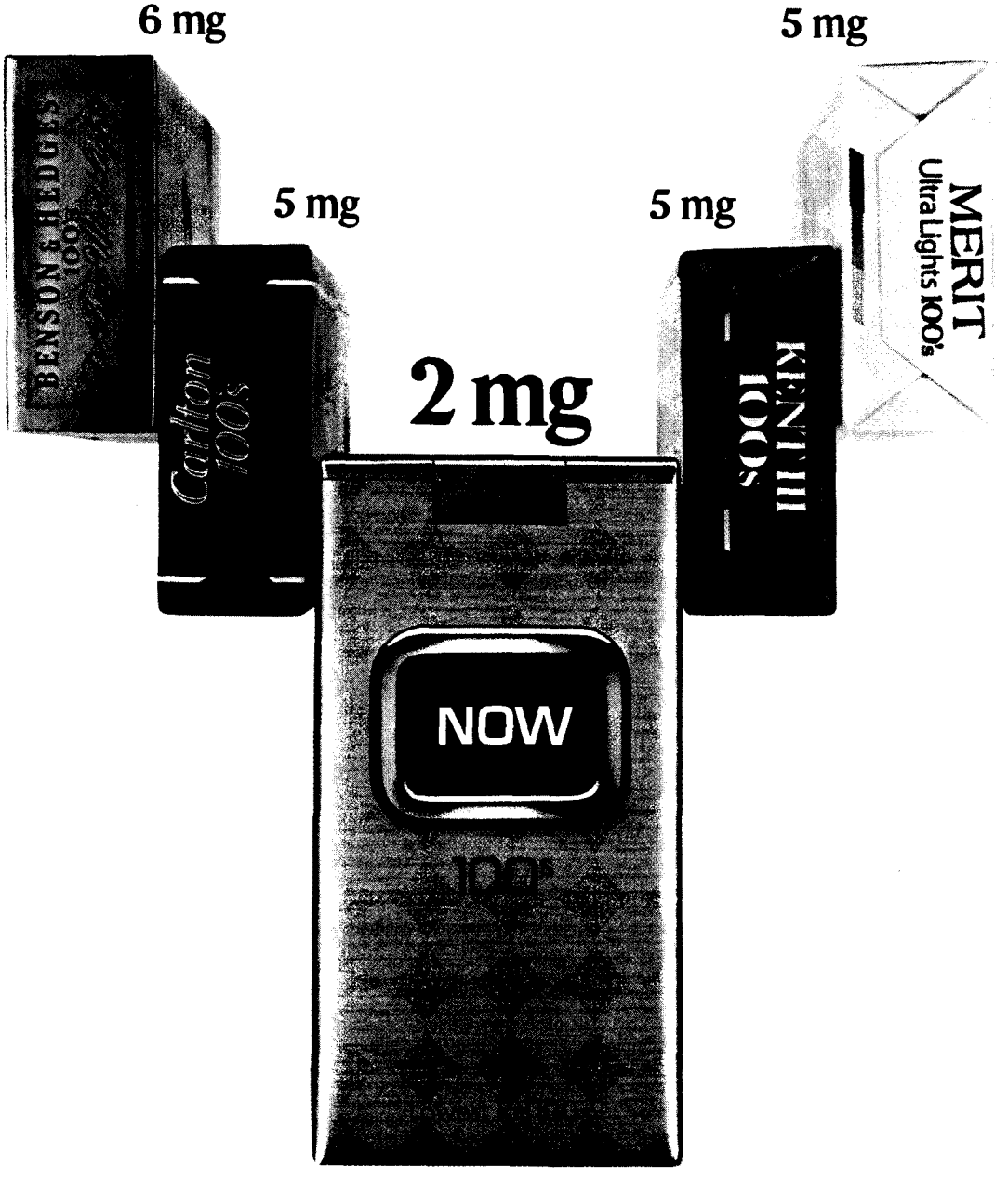

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